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NUMBER 1

Provincialism

For four score years I've passed my days
In earnest labor livin'.
My life I've spent in simple ways,
In happiness, God-given.

I've learned to love this home of mine,—
The very soil it seems.
I've learned to love these sunsets,
The fields, the woodland streams.

I've saved a little money, and
My folks want me to travel,
To see the cities men have built,
In big affairs to dabble.

But in my eveningtime of life
I'd like to end my days,
Where God has blessed my sinful soul
In many wondrous ways.

Let others travel if they will,
Admire the works of man;
I'm content to watch the play,—
To help them, if I can.

They tell me I'm provincial,—
That I'm rooted in this sod;
But, I ask, can he be narrow,
Who has cognizance of God?

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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The Star Spangled Banner versus America

IN this age, there is a desire, on the part of a great many people, to destroy all those things which are held sacred. The Socialist is trying his utmost to influence his fellowman with his false doctrines; the Materialist is ever lurking in the shadow to cast his spell upon those in whom he sees the least sign of weakness; the Radical and the Reformer are bobbing about seeking to alter or destroy all those things which are within the bounds of reason and common sense; the Propagandist, whose wail is the loudest and whose effect on man has so far been the greatest, is ever alert to sway, by his unholy pen, those who are willing to accept anything as the truth. Whether he uses means different from the rest, at any rate his influence has been felt and it will take quite a while for the people to purge themselves of his vile effects. In all, the Propagandist, the Radical, the Reformer, the Socialist, the Materialist and others have ever attempted to tear down old traditions, traditions held as sacred; they have introduced changes of every description; they have overstepped the limits of common and legal sense, and, until the mass of righteous people rise up and thwart them in their false undertaking they will have done irretrievable harm. These bands of fanatics have worked their spleen upon many nations, and those nations, which did not clip them in the bud, suffered untold misery, resulting in religious and moral decline, disintegration and revolution.

Every nation has, at one time or another, been the victim of some form of fanaticism, but the one nation which seems to be the target for all forms, at the present day, is America. Our Nationalism has been challenged by them; our old traditions and institutions have been the object of scorn; the power of the pen has been used to instill into our people false notions and the petty wrongdoings of our early heroes; and above all, an attempt has been made to crush from our hearts the love for, and to silence our lips in singing the "Star Spangled Banner"—our immortal national anthem, and sad to say, they have attained a very mild degree of success.

Not long ago, at one of our patriotic community celebrations, the leader announced that the national anthem would be sung. "Anyone will do," he said, "either the 'Star Spangled Banner,' or 'America,'" better known as "My Country! 'tis of thee." However, at this particular time "America" was sung; the people stood up; the men doffed their hats and the real anthem was forgotten. This situation has taken place not only on this occasion, but also on other occasions.

Truly, "America" is a pretty song, in fact beautiful; it is worthy of respect and should be sung properly, but it is not our national anthem, and it is not to be given the respect as such. Our anthem must be recognized and respected. Go down into our soldiers' training camps! Go over to West Point! Go to Annapolis! or to any such institution, where our principles and ideals are held high in reverence, and you will find no such thing as a substitution for our national anthem; it is respected, and it must, therefore, be respected and kept sacred among our people. "America" is alright for a community fete or a Sunday School gathering, but it is not and cannot be the joyous song which will stir us to feats of valor and thrill us on the march in times of war, and cheer us with inviolable memories in times of peace. For every line of the "Star Spangled Banner" is history—most eventful—most glorious; every word is deep-seated in zeal and portrays the courage of our people in those dark days of the struggle for freedom, the misery endured by them, the cruelty of a relentless enemy, the valor and patriotism of our men, and the virtue of our women. Ah! let us cherish our national anthem; let us preserve it in the original and revive and re-sing the third and fourth verses, which have been plunged into obscurity; let us not substitute another for it, but learn, foster and protect it until we are utterly forced not to, which can only happen after the fanatic and the over-zealous propagandist have completely driven every spark of honor, loyalty and patriotism from out of our American hearts. But this, too, will never occur, for we are well aware of the fact that our American people forget things for awhile, and become lax, but as soon as danger threatens, they are aroused as one man, and rise to the occasion. Yes, people may tamper with our personalities, our laws and our customs, but they cannot as much as touch our immortal ideals and institutions and, above all, our national anthem, which has been the triumphal

song on many of the world's most glorious battlefields. It has cheered our early warriors; it has brought comfort to the slave and it has thrilled and revived the stricken and destitute peoples of many lands; it will continue to do so, and may

"The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

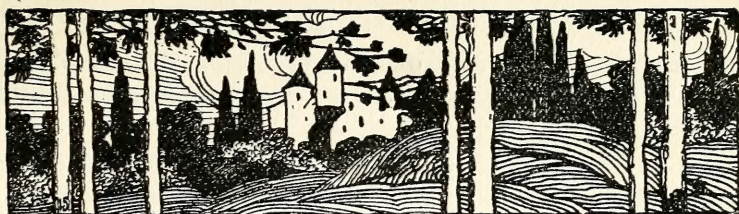
JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.



Home

I can sing of nature's grandeur,
I can paint her every mood,
Where summer's beauties have their birth
And winter's storms are brewed.
On my palette there are colors
To paint a pretty face,
To endow it with perfection
And with surpassing grace.
I can speak of heroes' exploits,
I can tell of noble deeds
And of epic, glorious actions
Which are history's primal seeds.
But my song is tuneless, silent,
And my paints are hard and dry,
When to write or sing or picture
A simple home I try.
For I'm but a clumsy human,
Whose abilities are few,
And 'twould take a very deity
To give the home its due.
So I will not e'en endeavor
My feelings to impart,
For mere, drab words can ne'er portray
The emotions of the heart.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



You Never Can Tell

MARY had foolish notions. There was no denying that. The girls at Steinberg's Department Store said she was queer and had a lot of silly notions about princes and kings and queens. One might often see her sitting quietly staring into space. She fancied herself among royalty at the most wonderful affairs. But usually these would be rudely shattered by the curt words of the floorwalker.

"Straighten up your counter, young lady, and stop that day dreaming."

But Mary didn't mind the snickers of the other girls. They just couldn't understand. So what was the use of explaining? She kept her mind away from the dullness and drabness of her life by these excursions into the land of Make-Believe. It was her firm conviction that some day her real prince would come to her.

"Say, Mary, did you see the sheik that's working in the stock room?" Betty, the girl at the perfume counter called across the aisle during a lull in the late afternoon rush.

"Yes, I saw him. He looks like some foreigner. Too dark to suit me."

"He has Valentino backed off the map."

"I don't care. You can have him."

"Ye gods, here he comes now."

A youth, tall, slim, good looking came toward them. He was unusual. People stopped to look at him. But that did not bother him. He had the air of one accustomed to such attention. He stopped at Mary's counter and said in a quiet voice, "Here, Miss Mason, are the watches which you ordered."

"Lay them at the end of the counter," Mary said in a short voice, "and don't mess up those cards."

He placed the watches are directed and without any further words went on down the aisle.

"Gee you acted snippy enough, Mary. I think he is wonderful!" said Betty, her eyes following the handsome clerk.

For some reason Mary took a dislike to him. Maybe it was because all the other girls raved about him. Or it might have been because he was so nice to her in a timid sort of way. Whatever it may have been it proved to be an effective barrier against him, and his subsequent visits to her counter did not alter his status with her. But though she treated him with ill-concealed contempt and the other girls made no secret of their efforts to attract him, he noticed none save Mary. She, however, abruptly cast aside his little gesture of friendship and assumed a haughty air when he invited her to a "movie."

The girls called her a fool, but Mary was smilingly indifferent. She could be, for was she not firm in the conviction that one day her prince would come? Carrie, over in the waist department, summed it up pretty well when she said to Mary after the invitation to the show. "Listen, kid, you're filled with a lot of foolish, fairy-tale gossip. There aren't any Prince Charmings these days. They just don't happen now. I've got a notion that the clerk likes you. What's the matter with him, anyway? He is good-looking and he's got money. He can take me to the movies any day."

Mary's answer was, "You're welcome."

Thus matters stood. The handsome stock clerk's quiet and unassuming efforts to please her were unsuccessful. He didn't seem to care for any of the other girls.

One day, shortly after the opening hour, a handsome young fellow came up to the watch counter. Mary came forward to wait on him. She stopped, faltered. Her heart beat wildly. Here was the personification of her Prince Charming.

"Let me see that watch in the corner," he said, pointing to a white gold watch of a very expensive make.

Mary obeyed as if in a daze.

After giving the watch a thorough investigation, he said, "I'll take this one. Charge it to Mrs. Van King. Here is her number."

Mary took her slip to the floorwalker. He talked to the man. Turning to Mary, the floorwalker said, "The sale is all

right, Miss Mason. Mrs. Van King is one of our best customers. Here is your slip."

Mary, noticing the name on her slip was startled. For it was none other than that of the gayest prince of all Europe, Prince Rudolph Von Swingthebull, whose antics had been front page stuff for the last three years.

The rest of the day for Mary was just a dream. She had met a prince. She had spoken to a prince. He had talked and laughed with her. He had even promised to see her again. The other girls were impressed.

The day's work ended as it always does, and Mary gathered her things and started home. At the nearest corner, she bought an evening paper, folded it neatly and ran to catch the next car. Once aboard the car, she sat for a few moments dreaming about her prince. A sense of complete satisfaction filled her with joy. She felt in love with the world. After a bit, she opened her paper to skim through the front page as usual before seeking the funny page. She gave a startled gasp. Why, it couldn't be true, but there it was in black and white under his picture. "A man, posing as the Prince Rudolph von Swingthebull, was arrested at the Rex Department store at noon today. His arrest followed a telephone call from Mrs. Van King, with the information that she was not entertaining a prince nor had she given anyone the privilege of using her charge account. It is alleged that many stores of this city were made the victims of this clever criminal through the use of Mrs. Van King's name."

It was hard for Mary to believe even after that. When one's castle comes tumbling down it takes a while to recover your stability. Sadly Mary Mason turned to the next column. It contained the picture of a young man. There was something familiar about him. Mary read the name and the article beneath it. It was Prince Charles of Bernkonion, "who disgusted with royal life had run off to America. He had been working under the name of Zoniwich as a stock room clerk at Steinberg's Department store until he was discovered yesterday by his uncle, the Duke of Graft. The Prince and his royal uncle will sail for home late today."

"My stars!" was all Mary could say—or think for that matter—as she rode three blocks beyond her stop.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Jones' Folly

("It isn't what your enemies say that hurts, but the reports of it brought by your fool friends".)

1

Says William Brown to Arthur Jones,
 "I have no use for Bertram Pool;
His friendship is to me a pain,
 For he's a boob, a chump, and fool".

2

Now, Arthur Jones professed to be
 To Pool a friend, the best in town.
He forthwith went and to him told
The cruel, biting words of Brown.

3

When Bertram Pool had heard the words,
 He raged, and raved, and cursed, and swore;
Then hunted up this William Brown,
 And beat him very blue and sore.

4

When Brown was good and well again,
 He looked and searched for Arthur Jones;
He did not cease till Jones he found,
 And broke and bent in him, his bones.

5

The moral of this little rhyme
 Is only one of common sense:
If you are wise, then silent be;
 And thereby give no one offence.

JOHN H. SAVULAK, A.B., '26.



Can War be Suppressed?

(Contest Oration)



AN war be suppressed? Will peace ever be established among the nations?" For the last twenty years or more this question has been the paramount topic of statesman, schoolmaster, and citizen. From every part of the world, from every race and every clime, have come men to try to answer this question. Far-off Russia sent its Czar to call the Hague Conference; President Wilson crossed the ocean to assemble the League of Nations. There have been peace pacts and disarmament conferences, but to-day that question still seeks its answer. And while learned men think, and holy men pray, that they might truly answer yes, the shadow of savage strife still haunts this war-weary world. Wild-eyed dictators, shrewd politicians, and self-styled sons of liberty continue to keep the nations in turmoil. The unwillingness of European nations to trust one another has destroyed the effectiveness of disarmament. The efforts of the United States towards further reduction of armaments have met with open hostility from England, France and Japan, engaged as they are in feverishly increasing their military strength. The opposition of Italy and France to the admission of Germany into the League of Nations has destroyed what little remained of that body's influence, and what meager hope of peace it had promised. But that question is still with us, and we must answer it.

There is but one answer and only one. There is but one reply to this momentous question. When the nations of the world will return to God; when their people will become followers of Christ, and abandon the pursuit of unjust gain and illicit pleasure; when men will agree to love God and their neighbors; then and only then will war be suppressed. You may disbelieve this answer, you may scorn its content, but if you examine the causes of war, the reasons for internecine conflict, you will see that that answer is the only true one.

What is it that causes war, that causes man to maim and kill his fellowmen? What is it that turns a nation of peaceful citizens into a band of life-destroying fanatics? It is forgetting to love God, and consequently neglecting to love one's neighbor. When men become materialistic, when they exclude God from their calculations, when they gratify their pride and unlawful ambitions, when jealousy and hatred spring up between nations composed of such men, there is but one result. Beings made to God's image and likeness, the temples of the Holy Ghost, are desecrated and destroyed to gratify the passions of unworthy leaders.

Look at the World War, for example. For years the great nations had forgotten God. For years they had been worshipping the fruits of materialism. Science and invention had been utilized to build up a vast system of materialistic progress. Commerce and industry were developed to a marvelous extent. Communication between peoples and nations had apparently reached its highest point of development. The comforts of life were distributed to every part of the globe, and materialistic civilization seemed firmly established. But they had banished God from their thoughts. And when the demon of jealousy arose, there was no religious influence to stop a dozen nations from tearing each other to pieces. Millions of men were slaughtered, millions of souls were cast into eternity—and why? Why? Because men had turned their backs on God, because they had enslaved themselves to greed, and avarice, and immorality, and had attempted to rule the world without recourse to Him who made it. Ah! of what use is it to formulate plans for suppressing war, when deep down in the hearts of men are the seeds of ungodliness, of hatred, of sin? Of what use is it to regulate human actions, when men have wandered from God, their only hope and salvation?

There have been many plans for establishing peace. Men have attempted again and again to secure peace without recourse to God, but they have always failed. Some thirty years ago, a conference was held at The Hague in Holland to formulate plans for the suppression of war. Representatives from every land were present, and the world's leading diplomats discussed and debated the plans. But there were not two nations there who respected the demands of the Almighty, that we must love God and our neighbor; and after bickering for some months the countries there repre-

sented, steeped as they were in jealousy and hatred, came to no agreement. Then a code of international law was drawn up, which was endorsed by every country. But what respect had England or Germany, or France for international law, or any law, when expediency told them that treachery and dishonesty were necessary for success? None at all. For in the late war they proceeded to violate every principle of honesty by murdering and starving even non-combatants, women and children. For four long years the continent of Europe reeked with blood, and many countries endured most terrifying starvation. And when that slaughter called the World War was finished, and International Law, and God's law, and every law of right and wrong, had been broken, the League of Nations was founded. These very nations which had ever trampled on justice and neighborly love, were leading the countries of the world to suppress war. Oh, it is a mockery to think that honor and friendship will ever be protected by the very ones who have always attempted to destroy them! And is it any wonder that this league has not been strong enough to do away with strife, and that its satellite, the World Court, has been a failure?

Lacking any strength, lacking any authority, founded and supported by the destroyers of uprightness and justice, how can it ever suppress war, how can it ever establish peace?

Thus we see that man-made plans for the suppression of war have ever been failures because they did not strike at the root of warfare, which is disregard of God and His commands. And we are led to the inevitable conclusion that the only way to suppress war and establish peace, is for the nations of the world to hearken to the precepts of the Almighty that men should love God, and live in peace and friendship with their neighbors.

PATRICK W. RICE.





Life



OMEWHERE in the world thousands on thousands cheered while two pugilists fought for the championship of the world; somewhere other thousands applauded their passing monarch; somewhere folks made merry at a wedding; somewhere a theatre was crowded; somewhere there was dancing and laughter and song.

In a dreamy little village nestled among the verdant Vermont hills lived Pop Macey or Old George Macey as he was often called. Pop was the town cobbler, and had been such as long as any living resident could remember. Everyone liked Pop,—so they said, if you asked them,—but no one ever gave the poor old fellow much serious attention. They knew him for a pleasant, peaceful, quiet old gent who bothered no one. There their knowledge exhausted itself. Sometimes when inclement weather kept the villagers indoors, Pop would become the topic of conversation for a time. Where did he come from? Had he any relations? Wasn't there some story of a runaway son and a wife who consequently died of grief? No one was certain about anything in Pop's history and Pop, himself, never talked. So no one worried much about him. They simply took him for granted.

Pop could never remember a father or mother. His earliest recollections were of a lonely, starving existence in some big city, painting pictures. Yes, he was an artist,—a man with a high, pure artistic ideal. He lived for his ideal,—an ideal which was never realized. He remembered marrying. Life became harder. It was hard for two to live on the income that had scarcely kept one of them alive. He remembered a son,—a wayward son,—who disappeared when in his eighteenth year. He remembered how, after this, his wife slowly pined away and died. Happy relief of death! Then for a long time memory failed him. He drifted,—drifted with the tide, praying for death. He drifted into this little town in

Vermont. Here he is,—a cobbler. How he became such he could never make clear. Time moves on.

The humdrum existence of Pop's life never changed. In this it did not differ much from any man's life; but in Pop's life there were no diversions, no excitement to at least hide the fact of the stupidity of Life.

Pop forgot there was ever such a personage as a Postman. It was something that never entered his life. But one day Bill Miller, the postman, brought a letter. Amazement, wonderment, perplexity were his only emotions. For over an hour it lay across his knees unopened, while he stared away off into space and thought. Of what? Who knows? Someone came into the shop. Pop awoke from his reverie and handed the letter to his customer.

"Al,"—Pop knew everyone in town by name,—“Al,” he said, “will ye read me this?”

“I certainly will, Pop,” was the ready answer.

Al looked at the postmark. New York. He tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter. This is what he read:

Dear Dad:—

A son, whom perhaps you have forgotten and indeed who deserves to be forgotten, is writing to you for forgiveness. You must remember that wild, thoughtless boy who left you many, many years ago. I am here in New York, married and blest with a little son, George III; and, Dad, I am wealthy. When I first left home I went to sea and never set foot on my country's soil again for four years. I went home at once, but no home was there. I hunted and hunted—followed every clue,—but to no avail. Finally I gave it up. As I grew older in years, I grew older in wisdom. I went in business. I prospered. I am a rich man. Last week I was talking with a friend just returned from a town in the mountains of Vermont. He was speaking of a little town where he had stopped for a week. He mentioned an old cobbler who was quite a hand at painting. He described you. He mentioned some of your pictures. It was enough. I traced you and made certain you were my Dad.

Dad, I'm coming for you, I am motoring up with my wife and boy. I will arrive on the twentieth. Good-bye, until we meet, never to say good-bye again.

Your loving Son,

George.

Al finished reading. He looked at Pop, but Pop was crying, so he left him with his memories and went out to broadcast the strange news.

The twentieth! Why, this was the sixteenth! Four days, what days they were. Excitement, Peace, Joy, Tears. Neighbors came in to congratulate the old man and help him prepare for the Prodigal's Return. Three days. Pop was almost bursting with joy. Two days. He marked it on the calendar. Work was suspended. Everything was hustle and bustle and joyous anticipation. One more day. The whole town joined with Old George Macey in excitement and happiness. At last the day arrived. The twentieth.

Bill Miller, the postman, making his last stop at the end of straggling Main Street, was the first to descry the big yellow car approaching from the west, and about to cross the wooden bridge over the creek. In it he saw a man, a woman, and a little boy. He turned to tell Mrs. Rodgers, his latest customer, that Old George Macey's party had at last arrived, but stopped short at the look of dismay in her face. He followed her gaze to the crooked road, to the rickety bridge. Both were empty!

The two ran breathless towards the creek, to see the broken rail, and down below, the wreckage of the handsome racer half sunk in the muddy bank of the creek. A second look at the passengers was not necessary to tell them that all three were dead—the man, the woman, and the little boy.

Four of the men of the town and two women approached the cobbler's shop. It was a sad procession. How would they tell him? What would he do? God! It was terrible. They reached his door. They paused, whispered words of encouragement and advice to each other. They entered, but their precaution was all in vain. There, sitting in his accustomed place, with a smile of complete happiness on his face, as of an ideal at last attained, was old Pop,—dead!

* * * * *

Somewhere thousands cheer the champion pugilist; somewhere other thousands cheer their powerful monarch; somewhere folks are merry at a wedding; somewhere people applaud the actors of a great tragedy; somewhere there is dancing, and laughter and song. The world moves on as it has done since the beginning. It's life.

FINIS

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.



World of Dreams

A Fantasy

The Reader has finished a modern "realistic" novel and is feeling its dispiriting effects. "Why," he muses, "have we destroyed the olden world of romance and fancy? Why cannot we get back to the old-time tales that yesterday took us away from our drab, everyday world?" He falls into a reverie and is surprised to see a gallant, gay-clad sailor emerge from between the pages of an old sea-story that lies, dust-covered, on the table before him.

The Reader: "Why—why—who are you?"

The Sailor: "Some one you have long since forgotten—"

"I was a sailor bold and free,
I sailed the wide world o'er;
My flag has flown o'er every sea,
My gallant bark right merrily
Has touched on every shore.

"The decks I've trod in hurricanes
That lashed the waves in wrath;
I've shouted back at the roaring gale,
And laughed as it filled our bulging sail,
And drove us down our path.

"I've sung the chanteys of the deep
When the moon was riding high;
I've watched the stars the seamen love,
And sailed 'neath clouds that sailed above,
Ships of a wind-swept sky.

"And I've fought my fights as a seaman should,
My ship-mates at my side;
I've met the rovers hand to hand,
And scattered many a pirate band
Upon the seething tide.

"I've searched for treasures in islands hid,
I've found my chests of gold;
I've seen strange lands and tribes unknown,
And sights that might turn a man to stone
In the gallant days of old.

"Ah! that was the life for a heart of oak!
Ah! those were the days of glee,
When men were brave and maidens fair,
And song and laughter everywhere
Rang out o'er land and sea.

"But that was before the cynic came
With his devilish, blighting sneer
That sought the hearts of men to rob
Of joy and mirth and the love of God,
And the things that soothe and cheer.

"But these are the days of shattered dreams,
And oh! but my heart is sore,
For my gallant ship that sailed the world
Is a broken wreck and its sails are furled
On a dreary, dreary shore.

"And stilled are the voices that bravely sang,
And the good swords swathed in rust,
And the chests of gold under lock and key,
And the great, brave hearts that sailed with me
Have slowly turned to dust.

"And the pirates that fought now only cheat
And lie to gain their ends,
And the stars are dimmer than stars should be,
And the moon looks down on a cheerless sea
Bereft of its ancient friends.

"It's true that I only lived in dreams,
Dreams were my ship and sea;
But the world of dreams was real then,
For dreams were dear to the hearts of men,
And they loved to dream of me.

"Yes, ours was the world of make-believe,
The world that with fancy teems;
But gone is that world that used to be,
You never read these books, so we
Must perish with your dreams!"

The Reader: "Yes. It's true! The world of fancy is going fast. Our modern prophets are taking away even the fairyland of children. As for the great supernatural world that is the only real world for the human heart, they would banish it utterly. Then what is left? A universe of clay and metal! Benefactors of humanity? Bah!"

MICHAEL JOSEPH BRANNIGAN, M. A., '25.



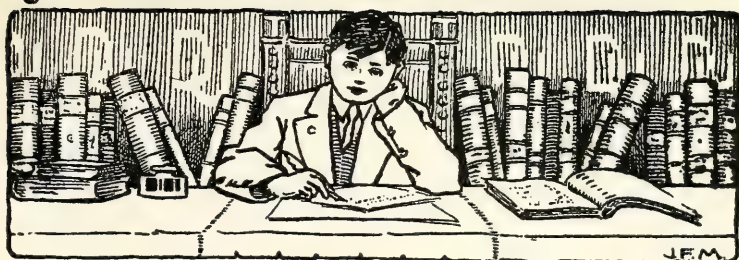
The Girl at the Corner

A simple little child was she,
Of years she had but eight.
Her eyes like twinkling stars to me
Seemed fortune's kindly fate.
A little waif in rags she stood
And begged her wretched fare;
Her little form in tattered hood
Displayed no mother's care.
I watched her while the driving rain
Beat down upon her face;
The wind seemed minded to restrain
Of joy the smallest trace.
Yet not a murmur did I hear,
Not e'en a whimper slight;
I marveled at her happy cheer
On such a wintry night.

I went to her at last and said:
"Pray tell me why you roam;
Is this the way you earn your bread?
Have you no happy home?"
Her two dark eyes on me at last
She rested, full of shame.
"Kind sir, I'll tell you all the past
That has disgraced a name.
"My mother died three months ago,
God took her far away;
She left me; how will I e'er know
To face the light of day?
"She died of shame, disgraced. Oh how
I watched her fade away!
I have the grief and sorrow now
For father far away.
They say,—they say he killed a friend,
A pal of boyhood days;
And so in jail a life he'll spend
Because of his mad craze."
The dreary night did quench those sighs;
I caught her drooping head

RAYMOND BERG.





SANCTUM

The Curtain Rises

IN assuming control of the Duquesne Monthly for the coming year, the members of the staff are fully cognizant of the obligations which they are undertaking. They are also perfectly aware of the success of those who have gone before since the first staff published the initial number of the Duquesne Monthly thirty-three years ago. Since then the magazine has grown. Its roots have become firmly embedded in the history, life and work of the University. Today it is the outstanding publication on the campus. That it may continue in its present position under its regime is the ardent desire of the incoming staff.

As for our aims, a word. To give Duquesne a magazine that will not only rank with that of any other school, but one that will prove a source of interest and pleasure to its students, alumni and many friends; to fill its pages with live, worthwhile material; to fashion of it an instrument for advancing those aims so dear to the life of every student. In a word, to promote Duquesne and all its activities, to foster a real love for Alma Mater and to give to each reader a deep, abiding confidence in his school. Fiction, the essay, verse of all kinds will find ready access to the Monthly. The dry-as-dust, the uninteresting, the hackneyed can have no place on our pages. It will chronicle only those things which are of the greatest importance and interest. New features have been added. Others are to come. Gentle criticism of a constructive nature will be employed when occasion demands. Every effort will be made to maintain a high standard of published student work.

To the student who would write for the Monthly, a thought. The campus publications for the student who wishes to become writer is a most valuable means of instruction. Literature, the production of which should be the aim of every prospective writer, is in its very nature dependent upon publication. At this particular stage in the development of the young writer, the college magazine or paper is of the greatest assistance. It is to be hoped then that the students will avail themselves of this opportunity to have their work published. Cooperate with the staff that it may achieve those things for which it is striving. Its goal is that of every loyal son of Duquesne. Its efforts tend toward that for which every wearer of the Red and Blue is hoping—the advancement and progress of Duquesne University.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

The Amateur in Sport


One by one the different domains held sacred to amateur sport have been invaded by the professional. Not only are the leading sports controlled by the money-interests, but many of those labelled as amateur are in reality under the control of professionals.

Americans have been shocked at the large number of amateurs, who were found to be receiving money for their services. The exposure of amateur hockey was the first great surprise. Until two years ago, so-called amateur hockey stars were receiving large salaries for their exhibitions. The disgraceful conduct of those behind the invasion of Nurmi and his troupe, was a hard blow to those who placed sport above dollars. The mad rush for coin inaugurated by Grange and others as well as the confession of a well known Eastern college coach, that his players were receiving what practically amounted to pay, manifested that even college football was not the sporting proposition so many of us believed it to be. The fact that certain tennis players are in reality professionals adds another page to the now stained history of sport. Add to this the exploitation of baseball by financial wizards, and one can find much food for sad thought as he contemplates the athletic endeavors of the day.

It is a sad reflection on our citizens that they cannot even indulge in athletic contests, without defiling them with the sordid taint of financial exploitation. It is to be hoped that Americans will awaken in time to realize that athletics are doomed, unless amateur sports are carefully cultivated and protected.

PATRICK W. RICE, A.B., '27.

Alertness as the Objective in Study

HE cultivation by the student of a right attitude of mind in the matter of study is of primary importance if education is to be an asset instead of a liability. Now it seems undeniable that schools were instituted not so much for stocking the mind with information as for providing such material as would quicken the intellect. Of course, cognizance has to be taken of the natural talents of students, but the school has also for its purpose to aid those pupils who have only mediocre abilities to express their personality most effectively.

From this viewpoint the value of disciplinary over mere informational objectives is apparent from the fact that life gives no advance knowledge of what it is going to do. In the unexpected occasions that arise it is not the lore of a savant that is needed but the quick wit, the intelligence of the average mind. Often,—and this is no “success” advertising,—a single act dictated by an alert mind in an emergency, earns for the doer high recognition. Men in authority want, in most of their work, not an overburdened brain but a quick, penetrating mind.

It follows as a consequence that the cultivation of perspective in pursuing any subject is all-important. The subsequent amassing of detailed information of one's life-work is not precluded from purview, but in the preparation for such work it would seem advisable deliberately to omit at times the preparation for a certain study in order to test one's wit and efficiency. This training in emancipation from enslavement to verbal formulae that have been taken in by conscious cerebration, will develop mother wit in evaluating the factors operative in any given situation, an accomplishment more important than mere ability to give copy-book recipes without appraisal of the proper way to apply them. As Sterne has pointedly remarked, “Learning is the dictionary, sense is the grammar of science.”

That education is incomplete which fails to realize this aim; and, contrariwise, that man is best educated who is able to make the most of the least. That should be the aim of all education,—to give a man more leisure by enabling him to do things so effectively that he can perform his work quickly and with the least effort. When an individual is trained to

work effectively he can have a varied life, for he is able to acquire new things with ease.

What value is there in striving for subjects that per se will not be needed? Studying them as an end in themselves only atrophies the intellect. Instead of mental development it may be mere memorization. Again, the point should be stressed that this observation refers only to subjects intended for mental training. But even in one's profession an abnormal amount of information is distasteful. Some scholars, brilliant in their work, are helpless as babies in other endeavors.

To conclude: it is not the Latin or Greek you learn that counts, but whether your methods of acquiring them were good. They are meant to provide material to be scientifically studied. The result of their study should be the ability to go about the acquisition of anything that is new.

JOHN MURPHY, A.B., '28.



Duquesne Day by Day



THE College of Arts, the oldest school of the University, began its forty-ninth year on September 13. The policy of the college has always been conservative. Instead of delving into every new and fantastic subject, the authorities have always prescribed a course of study that includes not only the best that modern thought has produced, but also those classics which for the last two thousand years have been the intellectual food of the great men of every country. This year the schools of Education and Science are associated with the College of Arts. Rev. Fr. James F. Carroll, S. T. D., has been dean of the college for the past few years.

* * *

While we day students were busying ourselves with work and play, three hundred men and women were spending their vacations in an intense summer study of the regular college courses.

* * *

We take this opportunity, in behalf of the staff and readers of the Monthly, to congratulate our Reverend President on his safe return from his trip to Europe, as delegate of the Holy Ghost Chapter for the United States. Father Hehir arrived in Pittsburgh on Tuesday, September 14.

* * *

The honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred by Villanova College at its annual commencement exercises on Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., vice-president of Duquesne University. Incidentally it might be remarked that Father McDermott is now beginning his twenty-fifth year in the capacity of vice-president of the University. He is at present the Dean of Studies.

* * *

Duquesne welcomes two additions to the college faculty, Fr. Dewe and Mr. Matthewson. Fr. Dewe, who taught here once before, was formerly attached to the staff of Columbia University. Mr. Matthewson, a graduate of the University of Toronto, has been professor of English Literature in the Preparatory school. Fr. Dewe will have charge of the Department of Economics, and Mr. Matthewson is professor of Literature.

The transference of Fr. Edward Malloy to a missionary parish in Virginia is a cause of great regret. Fr. Malloy achieved renown while president of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and later as its field secretary. He was a national figure in student mission circles, and his retirement has caused a vacancy that will be hard to fill.

* * *

Those secret sessions inaugurated by the "Duke" football mentor must have had effect, for they were followed by a pleasing 13-0 victory over Westminster. The Dukes should be a popular drawing card this year if the large crowd which stormed the gate for upwards of an hour before game time, and the long lines of parked automobiles can be taken as a criterion. It is to be expected that the team does not disappoint the loyal students who have hoped and prayed in vain for a winning team. I doubt if there is a more loyal crowd of students anywhere than right here in Duquesne. There were games last fall when the students never left the field till the very end, although snow and rain were drenching everyone and the team was 20 points behind. Such loyalty should not go unrewarded.

* * *

While we are discussing the team it might not be amiss to chronicle a suggestion from a loyal supporter of the Dukes, that the students of the different schools be placed in separate sections for the games. He claimed that a student cheers better when he is surrounded by friends. This system was tried out a couple of years ago and fell through principally because certain sections of the University failed to put in an appearance. Now that these schools have taken fire again the division plan might be worth a trial.

* * *

As we watched 34 perspiring freshmen transport the bleachers under the watchful eyes of Brother Ammon and a corp of sophomores to the new resting place, we felt that even the most conservative college professor would have to admit that freshman rule has its advantages.

* * *

Beginning Monday, September 27, every Freshmen must wear a red and blue cap, popularly referred to as a "dink." The aforesaid Freshman must refrain from smoking, talking

to or eating with upper-class men. He will also respectfully salute every upper-class man whom he may encounter. John Stafford and his Sophomore police force will see that all rules are enforced among the Arts men. It might be added by way of conclusion that a roar of indignation arose from the Freshmen when it was learned that "dinks" were to be purchased in the infant's section of a well-known department store.

* * *

David Byrne has been elected president of the Senior class. The ever popular "Dave" is also exchange editor of the Monthly. John Lambert, who caused a sensation by winning the oratorical medal in his Freshmen year, is president of the Junior class. John Stafford, our active business manager, will preside at the meetings of the Sophomore class, while Dennis Abele, our trusty Librarian, is the leader of the Freshmen.

* * *

The college authorities have taken a step forward in adding the "Monthly" and "Duke" subscription rates to the activities fee. It is to be regretted that through some oversight this was not done in the other schools of the University. This method of handling the publication subscriptions does away with the financial worry which for the greater part of last year hounded the editors of the younger publication.

* * *


Among the innovations this year the new catalogue and the revised schedule take precedence. The University is making many new friends through the thoughtful and interesting explanation of courses contained in the new catalogue. The new schedule was a source of much gloom to the Seniors and Juniors, as every one of their afternoon periods was filled, while the broad smiles on the faces of sundry Sophomores reflected the two welcome gaps on their afternoon schedule.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.



Exchanges

The Policy of the Exchange Editors

HE reviewing of publications by us from time to time will aim to promote a friendly interest and relation between the editors, authors and schools that are affected by our exchanges. The criticisms reflect our personal opinion and we are modest enough to have them accepted or rejected at their face value. Destructive criticism has no place nor power within these pages. Thus all the articles treated will be treated sincerely and with an earnest effort to give just rewards of merit and criticism of a constructive basis. With Shakespeare's "The Quality of Mercy is not strained" ever in mind we will hew to the line and peruse the works of young authors offering them our interpretation of the effectiveness and distinctiveness of their work.

DAVID S. BYRNE, A. B., '27.

Alumni Notes



DUQUESNE has given a worthy contribution to humanity, sending forth many doctors, lawyers, priests and men of business. Graduates representing these professions could be found in any part of our land and, indeed, some even in foreign countries. We cannot recall all but will promise our best.

This column should be a source of inspiration for our students. Men who have achieved success in life occupied the same benches we do and what is more they faced the same difficulties. If others could, so can we!

With your good wishes we assume our task.

In the ordination exercises held last June at St. Vincent's Seminary no less than six well-known graduates received the sacrament of Holy Orders. These names are appended to a long list who have been nurtured in their vocations by our Alma Mater. The newly ordained are: Fathers John P. Joyce, Thomas J. Gillen, Herman Heilman, Michael A. Cusick, Gerald A. Schroth, and John Powlowski. May they continue to be an honor to Duquesne.

It is with great honor and excessive pleasure that we announce the future of the class of '26. Thirteen from an enrollment of 18 have decided to continue their studies in preparation for the priesthood. James McCaffery and Charles Rectenwald have entered the Holy Ghost Novitiate at Ferndale, Conn. Francis X. Foley, William D. Savage, Edward Wethorn, John J. Brent, Raymond J. Buechel, Wm. Shaughnessy, Francis V. Mullen, Lawrence A. O'Connell, Coleman Carroll, John H. Styka have gone to St. Vincent's Seminary. Thomas J. Yeaglin will be a student in the Law Department, and Joseph Bulevicius has chosen life's serious problems in business. There is a great record! We wish them success.

Duquesne's well-wisher and great athlete was in Pittsburg last summer. Father "Mac" is looking well and expressed his kind regards for all Duquesne.

A Duquesne alumnus succeeded in obtaining third prize in a recent contest held by the Philadelphia Company. The distinction is worthy of mention for the task was difficult and the competition keen. The honored alumnus is Francis Finnerty.

It was our good fortune to meet with Frank Benlaza, 1906, at our Commencement exercises. His achievements are great and his possibilities unlimited. For the last twenty years he has been employed with the Standard Oil Company and now fills a very important position.

Jack Carney is an artist of the Saxophone in Keith's Circuit.

Our venerable Charles "Red" O'Connor is still interested in Duquesne. He is rising rapidly in the Pennsylvania Railroad executives.

EDWIN R. HEYL, A. B., '28.



Duquesne Defeats Westminster



HARDENED band of Duke warriors bent on retrieving football prestige, somewhere lost during the fall campaign—not meant as a pun—last autumn, arrived in a vengeful mood from the clean farms of Edinboro, Pa., where they acquired the fitness which only the “wide open spaces” can give. Physically fit, as the saying goes, was only a harbinger of a team well drilled in the fundamentals of football, as those fortunate enough to gain admittance to secret practice sessions will testify. That Coach Frank McDermott had the squad mentally and physically on edge is not saying enough, for the fiery Coach had not only a smooth-running machine, but also a team imbued with his own characteristics. Figuratively speaking, it was the “Fighting Mac” himself.

A warm sun beamed devilishly on some three thousand persons who watched “Dike” Beede’s cohorts from New Wilmington go through their paces just before the Red and Blue came on the field for the initial fray of the season. A mighty cheer, starting at the south end of the stands, gained momentum as one section after another vocalized a tribute to McDermott’s clan. Like race horses prancing at the barrier, the Dukes lined up to receive the kick-off.

The teams seemed evenly matched as “Buzz” Coleman called the first formation. This impression pervaded as a dual exchange of punts soared up and down the field. Then the Dukes started a hammering offensive at Westminster’s first line of defense, and the superiority of the Hillmen was no longer a question of doubt. Velar and Gusanavic smashed through for first down on their own 30-yard line, and Duquesne was off—or on—whichever you prefer, to an unquestionable victory. Velar rounded left end for a three yard gain. Deliman, pile-driver, fullback of the Dukes, bored

through center for five. Gusanovic was stopped by Lauder as he circled left end. Westminster rallied long enough to force a Duquesne punt. But the invaders had nary a chance as the enemy backs came to earth with a dust-raising thud.

With the start of the second period Gusanovic with a 17-yard run started a march which ended with Deliman plunging over Westminster's goal line for the first touchdown of the year. Velar aided materially in bringing the ball up the field.

Donnelli kicked goal. With the score 7 to 0 in Duquesne's favor the game became a repetition of what had gone before. The Red and Blue chargers gained seemingly at will while Westminster gamely bucked an immovable body. Even the famous "spinner" play, which Bede learned while playing for Carnegie, failed to bring results. Thus the one-sided battle wore on, reaching a climax in a spectacular dash by Velar during the third period, which ended the Bluffmen's scoring for the day. As Simeon's flying cleats said adieu to the whole Westminster eleven, they recalled the all-scholastic star of a few years back. As Donnelli failed to add the extra point, the score stood and remained 13 to 0. Duquesne made 16 first downs against 2 for Westminster, who might just as well have pounded at the famous wall of China.

Duke followers are optimistic in the belief that the present eleven is the greatest to represent the Bluff school in many a year. It is singular that little groups stood discussing the merits of the team long after McDermott's bruisers yodeled "Annie Rooney" under the showers. It means that many are preparing to herald that day when Duquesne will have a gridiron squad superior to any in the city. And that day is coming—as surely as so-called wonder teams now evade a combat with "Chick" Davies' basketeters of a year back. It is no idle boast that the Navy is smirking under the defeat of last year. But to get back to football, we have a team—a real team—so let's rally round and give them the support that is their due. Here is the schedule—may it be a memorable one!

Sept. 24*Westminster at Pittsburgh
Oct. 2Juniata at Huntingdon
Oct. 9*Geneva at Beaver Falls
Oct. 16St. Francis at Pittsburgh
Oct. 23*Thiel at Greenville
Oct. 30*Bethany at Pittsburgh
Nov. 11*Waynesburg at Waynesburg
Nov. 20Ashland at Pittsburgh
Nov. 27Edinboro at Erie

*Tri-State Conference games.

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.



Gridiron Gossip



UREKA! The Dukes have done it. Casting precedent to the four winds, McDermott's scrappy crew turned up their noses at custom and convention, went into their first game of the season and trotted home with the proverbial bacon. It came as a distinct shock to some few thousand students. It had been prophesied, but, then, every year prophecies like that have been made, and so the Dukes went out to watch the game more than half expecting to see their team lose. It's a bad spirit to have but it has been planted and nurtured by previous seasons of one terrible defeat right after another. At first the new turn of fortune left the student body dazed but they shook off the blow and are now all smiles and joviality. It is certainly a treat to taste the fruits of victory after such a long diet of the bitter tomatoes of defeat. (Pardon the figure.)

* * *

While enjoying the turn events have taken, we begin to wonder what is the cause of it all and so the post-mortems begin. Of course, after a three years layoff, Demsey was — —. Excuse us, what we meant to say was that the general trend of things on the Bluff is for a bigger and better Duquesne. Great changes have taken place in the last few years and are still being made in every part of our University. This general trend upward is going to be the ultimate cause of a great winning football machine on the Bluff in a few years, and Boyd's Hill will be known as University Hill and our University will be "The University" in Pittsburgh. Remember the words of our song, "Onward ever Dear Alma Mater." Let's go, Dukes, Excelsior!

* * *

No matter what the ultimate cause might be, the immediate cause of last week's victory was McDermott. Mac deserves all the credit we can give him and more. He took the team to camp at Edinboro this year and started all over again. Last year is forgotten forever. It was just a dream,—a night-

mare. Many another man in Mac's position would have given up. Not so, Mac. The blacker things look, the madder he gets and the more determined he is to force Dame Fortune to smile. Mac is a great little man,—the Knute Rockne of Duquesne. We think we voice the opinion of every Duke when we say that the students are proud of him and believe in him. He has become possessed with the ambition to make the Duke football machine as greatly feared as the Duke basketeurs. It seems as though he'll do it, if he has to "hock" his last pair of shoes. Let's try to imbibe some of that spirit from Mac. We've got the right man now, so get behind him, boys. Then, watch our dust.

* * *

This year's team is as different from last year's as the Dempsey at Philadelphia was from the Dempsey at Toledo. It was beautiful to watch them. Of course they are by no means perfect and possibly are due to lose more than once this year, nevertheless they are good. No one can deny that, and when the Tri-State season ends they will be right up among the leaders. We almost cried for joy, to see Duquesne backs, boring through the line for eight, nine and ten yard gains; and to see them circle the ends for twice and three times as much. It was such a pleasant change. Is it any wonder we couldn't talk when we went home, and had to write our demand in the form of a little note, when we wanted someone to pass the butter?

* * *

The big improvement seems to be in the line. The back-field last year was good, but had absolutely no support in the way of a good line. The opponents went through the line like a knife through hot butter and snared plays before they were half begun. This year it is different. Those linemen are good, everyone of them. They made holes in Westminster's defense big enough to drive a truck through. They broke up Westminster's interference with ease, and became a veritable stone wall when the Blue and White tried for a needed yard through center or off tackle. Also,—did you notice how fast those ends were down under a punt. Those boys are good. Velar, Dilliman and Gusanovic are as pretty a trio of backs as we have ever seen on a Duke outfit. Taking it all in all, is it any wonder that a broad grin could be seen on Velar's face all during the fracas?

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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Winter's Threshold

November's days of stabbing coldness
Depict dread winter's war-like boldness,
Until each humble human creature
Becomes aware of some new feature
About to trek upon the stage
Of nature's playhouse, to presage.

And so, the critic comes to see it,
With great ambition to decree it
And tell us not at all to fear, for
It will be a different year, or
That the elements have changed,
And nature's ways are rearranged.

But know we well of such predictions
Because of winter's past afflictions.
To us, this harsh, unfriendly season
Is in itself, sufficient reason
For everyone to carry on,
Until the scene is dead and gone.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. Sc. E., '29.



Ingratitude



INGRATITUDE played a large part in the history of mankind. It has been one of the great errors of man, and has arisen in many forms and circumstances. It is an act often irretrievable and almost unpardonable.

Not alone in Scripture, where we read that, of the ten lepers whom Christ cured, only one came back to thank Him, but in history down through the ages, ingratitude has been shown in many ways and under many conditions. It has been manifested by subjects towards their rulers, and by rulers towards their subjects. Leaders of nations, and especially those engaged in the battle for the independence of their own native land, have been the victims of that Scourge, if I may so call it; teachers and professors, at some time or other, have suffered the pangs of sorrow, due to its manifestation in their pupils; fathers and mothers have been the victims of sons' or daughters' ingratitude; and, no matter where it has cropped up, it has sown seeds of bitterness, unrest and remorse.

But, to-day, one of the most despicable demonstrations of ingratitude is the attitude towards America of many European nations, among whom the more conspicuous are England and France. When the French were fleeing from Paris, like chaff in the wind, before the all-consuming advance of the powerful German army, America sent two million men across to their land and immediately stopped the German drive. When England's back was to the wall and her people, in a constant fear of the overhead attack of the massive German Zeppilins, when her naval power and mastery of the sea was threatened by another, just as powerful, America, I say, with the same army, the same men of courage and valor, quieted their fears, saved their lands by driving the Germans from the air, destroying their submarines, their naval power, and forcing that mighty foe back beyond the Seine.

It was the American army that thrilled the peoples of Europe, and especially these two nations, with their daring feats of valor. They considered it an army arisen from the unknown, and composed of supernatural men, unconquered and unconquerable. It is said that our army extended for miles, when on the march, and everywhere along the way it brought comfort and aid to the war-stricken and helpless peoples.

Let me illustrate with a story you have perhaps heard before. The American army was passing through a little French village, near the city of Paris, in which there were many wounded French soldiers. Huddled in a corner of a small shell-riddled cottage were a blind Frenchman and his little son. They were ever on the alert for any noise, which to them might mean another victory for the enemy and perhaps destruction of home and selves. But the old French soldier said to his son who knelt beside him, seemingly a protection, but only a consolation, "What is the cheering, my little one? Oh! that my blinded eyes could see! Hasten, my boy, to the window, and see what the noise in the street may be."

"They are men, my father, brave and strong; and they carry a banner of wondrous hue, with a mighty tread they swing along."

"Now you say, son, you see white stars on blue? Look! Are they the red and white and blue? Ah, yes, it must be true. O my God! if I had my sight! Thank God, the Americans come!"

"Thank God! the Americans come!" whispered the father and son, and both knelt down and silently, yet earnestly, sent upward the greatest *Te Deum* that ever went skyward. "Thank God, the Americans come!" was the prayer not only of the blind French soldier and his son, but the prayer of all Europe. It was the attitude of every nation on the Allied side. Our army was hailed as the deliverer; towns and cities were at its disposal and the nations of Europe bowed in reverence. Yes, America saved the nations of Europe, among whom were England and France. She gave them back their lands; she received nothing; she took no booty; she acquired no new

lands for herself, and her army returned home, with the coveted crown of glory and victory, but left sixty thousands of soldiers dead on the red-stained fields of France.

But now just eight years have passed since the Great World War, during which America's strength and courage were unfolded to the world and her good-will and courtesy plainly manifested; and during that time she has asked nothing of these nations but that they pay their honest debts. America asks no recompense for her services; she asks no unjust indemnities, only an honest debt; she seeks it, not because she needs it, not to be considered cruel, not as a haughty conqueror, but as a nation which wishes those countries to assume some obligation to compensate her for her losses. Yet America realizes that Europe will never be able by any material reimbursement to satisfy her or the American mothers and fathers for the loss of their brave boys.

Yet France, within the short period of eight years, has forgotten the days of her peril, for she has publicly demonstrated her ill-will towards America and her ingratitude has reached the insane. It is reported, but we hope it is not true, that she has even desecrated the graves of the American boys, who had nothing in their hearts but mercy, bravery and good-will. England, too, has within that short time of eight years forgotten her sad days, and in her ingratitude she has represented America to the world as "a Shylock crying for his pound of flesh." Perhaps nothing can be done to crush their hard hearts. Perhaps we are too merciful to notice their misguided actions and open insults, but we only hope that in the name of justice and common sense, and in the name of those thousands of heroes who now lie cold in their graves on the bleak hills of Flanders, England and France are brought to their senses and made to realize that America, their deliverer, is no proud and boastful conqueror, but the greatest open-hearted philanthropist the world has ever known.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.



Touring in Europe

IN setting forth our day-by-day account of travel in Europe, we do not do so in any boastful or ostentatious spirit. Neither do we purpose to submit these notes as rivals to the literary works of others on the same subject. We do not wish to assume a role of braggadocio. We submit them merely as an account of a student's tour to the usual places of interest in Europe, with no pretense of making it a literary work. We have at times, and in a very small way, attempted to emulate the work of Samuel Pepys, because we wished in our diary to be clear, concise and as accurate as possible.

Herein are set forth the places visited and the sights seen; we do not congest our notes with sizes, ages, dates of erection and destruction, or any other tiresome data. These can be obtained in histories and geographies. Only what was deemed essential was jotted down. In verifying this, let me cite an experience. A certain lady in the party was continually taking notes about the various points of interest. She had the date of discovery, or the name of the designer, or even the size of a building to the very inch. On a certain day, after returning from sight-seeing, we inquired if she had enjoyed the day's journey and if she had seen all the points of interest. To our amazement, she did not remember seeing a single place of note during the entire day. Her time had been taken up in marking in her note-book what the guide was saying. True, she had more notes than anyone and her book abounded in them, but she had not actually seen a thing. Our time was spent, not in merely noting, but in actually seeing. Our prime motive during this trip was to see the sights and profit by them. Many humorous incidents cropped up, which we shall try to set down as they actually happened. So with these admonitions in mind let's all gather round the camp-fire and begin our story.

On Board S. S. Leviathan, July 3, 1926.

This is being written on board the ship a few miles out. We boarded the ship this morning at 10:30. One cannot contemplate or even imagine what comforts are to be had on ocean-going liners. They are palatial, they are magnificent, they are enormous. The passengers are fast acclimating themselves to the surroundings and slowly making acquaintances. This is my first ocean trip and I am, so far, delighted with it. We are having wonderful weather; the sea is calm and the sky is cloudless. We finished luncheon soon after passing the Statue of Liberty and the islands. The luncheon was very good, with wholesome food being prominent on the menu. In the afternoon we passed several ships bound for New York, and in the evening a few could be seen in the distance. Thus ends my first day at sea.

July 4, 1926.

This is being written on the night of our second day out. I awoke early and had breakfast. Let me pause a moment to say a few words about our meals. Only the highest of praise can be given to those who are in charge of our dining saloon. We are given plenty of food, which satisfies the most ravenous hunger. The waiters are most courteous and the stewards are gentlemanly in every respect.

To-day we ran into a heavy fog which delayed us considerably and which is very uncomfortable to the passengers. Our average speed has been only seventeen knots per hour and our distance only three hundred and fifty miles from New York. Games were played to-day on the deck and all the participants, as well as the onlookers, took keen delight in them. Refreshments were served in the late morning and—by Jove!—tea was served in the late afternoon. In the evening we had community singing of patriotic and plantation melodies, into which all entered with much vim and vigor. Later in the evening I joined old friends and met new ones in the Social Room. So to bed, late.

July 5, 1926.

This is being written on the third day out. The weather

is clear and we are proceeding under full speed. During the late morning I felt rather dizzy and shaky. I went to my berth for a short time and had a very welcome two hours' sleep. At noon I partook of a heavy lunch and am none the worse for it. In the afternoon I walked the deck, enjoying the salt air and becoming more acquainted with surroundings. The ship has been rocking just a bit too much and some passengers are on the sick list. So far I have experienced no ill-effects, but the voyage is not yet completed. After dinner we had a musical entertainment and then dancing. At midnight all retired.

July 6, 1926.

It is our fourth day out. The weather to-day is extremely rough and I do not feel very well. At times I become quite dizzy, but as yet I have not missed any meals. Late to-day we sighted a steamer which was having a rather rough tussle with old Atlantic. In the afternoon we—Oh, I'm going to bed, not feeling at all well.

July 7, 1926.

This is our fifth day out. The trip is becoming just a little bit monotonous. One soon tires of the routine. Those in charge are doing their utmost to alleviate any monotony which might arise. In the morning the medicine ball is put to use; then bullion is served; at one o'clock we have luncheon. In the afternoon we had a mid-summer frolic in which all contestants performed some silly act. Tea was served as usual at four o'clock. Shuffle board, quoits, and other deck games were played, but these, too, lost their attraction. Dinner was served at seven o'clock and then we had our evening dance. To-night there was a masquerade ball in which everyone who participated dressed in some outlandish costume. These were well made when one considers the time, place, and opportunity given. After watching the fun for a while I retired comparatively early. Thus ends my fifth day.

July 8, 1926.

This is our sixth day at sea. This morning, after breakfast, I strolled around the deck, wishing in a small way that

I were on dry land again. The sea is beautiful, magnificent, inspiring, and all else, but to me dry land is home. In the late afternoon a party was to be organized to tour the refrigerating and commissary departments of the ship, but permission could not be obtained, so we had no party. I then very energetically went to my cabin for my usual siesta. The sea to-day has been extremely calm. I have experienced no great discomfort, except for a slight attack of dizziness. I am a better sailor than I imagined, but "sh!—keep quiet!" I have another day on board the boat. Old Levi is certainly plowing towards her goal, but methinks we shall not arrive on time. It will be early Saturday morning before we arrive at Southampton. Cherbourg is to be sighted to-morrow. The view of dry land will be heaven, whether it is Cape Town or the topmost point of Alaska. So now good-night, till our eyes rest on what is popularly known as terra firma.

July 9, 1926.

This is our seventh and last day at sea. This morning all was excitement throughout the boat, for to-day we expect to sight land. Everyone has packed and is prepared to leave. We sight first the Isle of Jersey. We sail into the break-water at Cherbourg, and there await the tenders which will take passengers and mail to the dock. Large ocean liners are unable to dock here because of the shallowness of the water. The passengers are amused at the antics of the French sailors who beg for coins and cigarettes. We Americans do not appreciate the luxuries which we have at home. After all the passengers, baggage and mail were taken off we weigh anchor and steam for Southampton. At dusk we descry the English coastline, and soon the huge lanterns begin to signal their warnings to incoming ships. With friends I mount to the topmost deck and watch the docking of this huge liner. One is amazed with what ease this boat is guided to her landing place. Passengers are not allowed to land after dark; we, therefore, return to our cabins for our last sleep on the Leviathan.

(To be continued)

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27



The Tree Outside My Window

O tree that grows without my window-pane
More dear than friend you have become to me,
As through the many months I've come to see
That you have greatness I can ne'er attain.
Not beautiful but gnarled, rugged, plain,
Dynamic yet with strong simplicity,
You rise in all your noble majesty
That makes my human efforts all seem vain.

O tree that lived long years ere I began,
Please give me of the wisdom you possess
And of your cleanness, strength and mightiness
Your staunchness and your trueness, if you can ;
Give me simplicity and humbleness,
And then, O tree, I'll call myself a man.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.





These Boys Called Students

FROM the days of Aristotle and Cicero, to our own times, when we have Will Rogers and the Cathedral of Learning, there have existed people who believe that there are young men who go to school really to study. Devoted parents and well-meaning relatives send their sons, their idols, to school in order to study, but alas! they little know of the fraternities, the "dugouts," the theatre passes and the thousand and one things connected with colleges and universities, whose one aim is that the embryo student be splendidly equipped to do everything and anything except study. And so, after fifteen years of filling a seat in a school room, and after meeting myriads of other youths who have filled comfortable seats in other school rooms, I have come to the conclusion, dear readers, that most boys are not students. We are merely poseurs who are kidding the public, as well as papa and mamma, and I blush to admit it, fooling ourselves.

I once met a youth who fulfilled the wishes of his parents and teachers in regard to study. But the good Lord realized he was too good a student to attend school and took him away to a better land. Meanwhile, our institutions of learning (perish the word) are crammed with young men who are there to study, to assimilate knowledge that may be utilized in later life. But what are they really doing? Alas! my heart grows heavy as I chronicle the deeds of "students" such as me. We loaf, we waste time, we cut classes as frequently as possible, get in trouble with the worried Dean and his despairing assistants, and perchance, as Cicero would say, we fail to pass our examinations, or, as we would say, we flunk. When a youth fails, and neglects to bring home a diploma, he weeps on mamma's shoulder, and with righteous mien, tells papa that the only reason he didn't pass was because

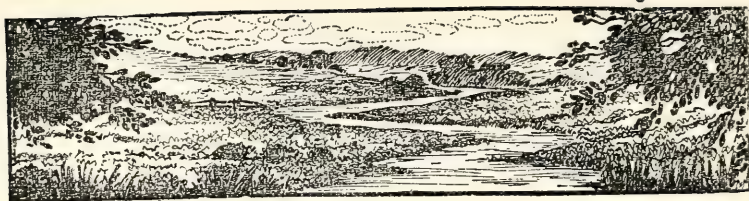
he forgot to laugh at the "prof's" stalest joke, the day before exams. The family, from grandpa to the youngest maiden aunt, board the communal "fliver"," and hie themselves hither to hound a peace-loving professor, whose only fault is that life-saving one of marking 60 when he should have placed 40. No one stops to realize that, like, most of us mortals, he was naturally lazy, and unfortunately, there being no one at hand from whom he could copy, he failed ingloriously.

We are gifted with a faith in ourselves that should move mountains. We believe that we have a trained mind which should enable us to go out into the world, and as the Dean sadly says, become leaders of men. But instead of being fired by the ambition to work, strive, and succeed, we are but burdens on society for twenty-two long weary years. Ah yes! golden-haired youth is the time to strive and fight, even if we fail, but it should not be the time to play and carouse. We, who do not fight now, will find ourselves discontented and penniless in old age. We will be sad, discouraged, down-hearted, beaten nobodies—all because we played in the arena of life when we should have worked and fought.

A ray of hope—there is one thing in our favor. We are frank about our misdeeds. We admit our ignorance and levity. But the sad part of this is, that we are contented—yes, we are content to be failures. We put that Latin book or Greek book under our arm and leave school for home. On the way we meet a friend. He sees the Greek text, and asks us why we study Greek. We don't exactly know, but we glibly say, "It develops the mind." Then he smiles, and we smile, too. After a bit we go home and put that Latin book, and that Greek book, on the table, under the table, or on the shelf. The evening finds us in a show, at a dance, or on the street. On the morrow we trudge to school unprepared and tired out after the night. The professor notes this as he plies us with questions, and, like two fighters in a ring, both the professor and we anxiously await the bell.

We are these boys called students!

JOHN M. LAMBERT, A. B., '28.



What is to Come?

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come."

Ecclesiastes VII, 3.

IT is a typical college man's room. The table in the center is littered with books, odds and ends of paper, pen and ink and other equipment of a student. To the right of the table is an open hearth grate, adorned with a heavy oak mantelpiece fairly creaking under its burden of athletic trophies and cups. Behind the table a window opens on the college campus. In the lower left hand corner stands a single white iron bed, across which are thrown sundry articles of wearing apparel, including no end of sweaters. The door is in the upper left above the bed. The stage is set.

Two men face each other across the table. They are the exact antithesis of each other. One is tall, robust,—an athlete. He is fairly good looking, somewhat careless and devil-may-care. The other, smaller in stature, is apparently far more intellectual, and an energetic, serious-minded man. His clear eyes, high forehead and firmly-shaped head denote ability. His well-kept hands, his general appearance, in fact, denotes culture. Something about his mouth, however, tells us of a man weak in the face of temptation. In him is embodied the tragedy of a great ambition fighting against some inherent, unexplainable weakness of character. The smaller man is speaking, hurriedly, excitedly; and ever and anon, he paces nervously around the room and back to the table. His fingers open and close continually, and continually he mops his feverish brow.

"God, Jim, don't look at me like that. I know I've done wrong and I don't know why I did it. You are aware of my ambition, how I want to be a big man in this town some day, a controller of the commerce of the place. You know,

too, that I'm well on the way to achieving that goal and—now, I had to do a thing like this. Jim, it would be the death of mother if this ever comes out. That's why I'm coming to you. You can't realize how much it costs me to plead like this to you, but, as you well know, mother has set her whole life on me,—on seeing me be a great man some day. With you it's different, you—.” He pauses confused, and drums on the table nervously.

“Go on, say it. It won't hurt me. I'm used to it.” This from Jim, accompanied by a careless laugh.

The other continues: “Well, mother never cared much for you. You were always away. You had little affection for her, Jim. It wouldn't hurt her so much if you disappeared with the guilt of my crime on your head. You can live it down, I can't. I don't know how to fight these things. You can go away. Escape is easy. All I can do is to stay here and await arrest. You know what that means,—imprisonment, disgrace and mother's disillusionment,—maybe her death. Who knows?” He dropped into a chair, exhausted, overcome with remorse and embarrassment. It was hard for a man of his caliber to restrain his idealism, his pride, and plead mercy of a man like Jim, even if they were brothers.

Jim lit a cigarette, tossed the match into the grate and strolled to the window, all the while smiling. He stood for some time, looking out over the campus. At last he turned slowly and spoke, “All right, I'll do it.”

The years roll on.

* * *

An expensive-looking roadster came to a stop before a palatial home. Ronald O'Farrell leaped nimbly from the car and hurried up to the door. He was admitted without much ado, for Ronald was a frequent visitor at the Caldwell home. He was met at the drawing room door by Mary Caldwell, a very pretty and sweet-dispositioned girl, who loved Ronald as much as Ronald loved her,—which was quite a lot. Mary smiled as she asked, “Why so early, Rod?”

“Mary, I just dropped in on my way to work, to tell you I'll be around for you about nine o'clock to-night. You haven't forgotten the Prom, have you?”

“Not much,” she replied. “In fact, I can scarcely wait till to-night comes. You know, Rod, it's going to be great to see all our old friends again. I hear a good many of the alumni will be there.”

"I have heard that, too. We'll have a great time all right. But for the present, I must get to work. So, adieu, until to-night."

"Good-bye, Rod." After he had gone, Mary returned to her breakfast. Her mother was busying herself around the room, as she spoke.

"Was that Rod?"

"Yes," said Mary, dreamily, "he came to tell me what time to expect him to-night."

"You like Rod, don't you, Mary?"

"Mother, I'm wild about him. He is so thoughtful and good. Everyone likes him because he sympathizes with them. He treats everyone alike, shares everyone's troubles, and imposes his own on no one."

"I have noticed that. He is very sincere and straightforward. Mary, there is no young man in this town I would rather see you love than Ronald. He is good. He is brilliant and has made quite a name for himself in the few short years since he has left college."

Meanwhile O'Farrell continued on his way downtown. He drove at a breakneck pace. He drove mechanically, for his thoughts were far away and dwelling, evidently, on something unpleasant. He mused as he raced along.

"I'll have to stop it. I can't live up to a deception forever. I wish I were miles away, and out of it all. I'd skip now, if it wasn't for Mary. When am I so easily led by others? Mary! Mary! Lord, how I love her. First it was mother and now Mary. I'm really a big man in this city now, but it makes me sick to my very soul, when I think of the means I used to arrive at these heights. My ambition, my damnable, uncontrollable ambition! I'll clear up this last job and send Stoner away. I can afford to rise more slowly now." He soliloquized thus, until he opened the door of his own office in the Citizens' National Bank. A dark, heavy-set, crafty-looking individual about fort-five years of age, who was working at a desk in the center of the room, looked up as O'Farrell entered.

"How is it going Stoner?" This from O'Farrell. Stoner leaned back in his chair and for awhile meditatively chewed the end of his pen. At last he arose and faced the younger man.

"O'Farrell," he said, "we're through, and it's your fault."

That last deficit is too big to cover. I may be an expert at fixing the books, but I'm no magician." He walked to the window and then back to Rod. It was plainly evident that he was angry and containing himself with great effort.

"You young simp! You've spoiled the whole show. I offered you my services on the condition that you should take out only as much as I told you to. You ought to be a poet or something. You can't play this game. If I thought it would do me any good I'd bust you one in the mouth."

"You would, would you?" barked O'Farrell, also angry. "Well, before you try it, I want to tell you something. When I met you I was a square shooter, working hard to get ahead. You played on my ambition until it became master of me. You offered me a quick means of getting what I wanted. I have, with money you helped me embezzle from this bank, gained control of no fewer than three export houses in this city. I paid you well for your services, but I wish I had never seen you. Although I have, in a measure, attained my goal, I'm a failure, a complete failure. You did that. You wrecked my character. We worked cleverly, but you blinded me to the fact that there is a higher Power to reckon with. We'll work together and cover this last deficit, then we're quits. You leave. I'm going straight."

They laughed at each other for a moment and Stoner said, "Maybe we'll cover this deficit."

* * *

The place where the Prom was held was far outside the city. It was a magnificent hall of the Spanish Casino type, built on the very banks of a beautiful river and surrounded by woods on all sides except where a sweeping terrace bedecked with flowers stretched too the highway, which was reached by a wide, white gravel driveway. It was a one-story building and in the center it was open, and from the dance floor one could gaze out over the river or up to the starry sky. Tables lined the walk, on the shore side, and the railing along the water's edge. At one end, on a raised platform, was the orchestra; at either end a door opened into the building. One of these led to the lobby, waiting rooms, etc. The other opened into another dance floor and dining room to be used in case of inclement weather. To-night was beautiful, and outside the dance floor was crowded with gay couples. Others sat at the tables and watched, while they chatted merrily, or gazed pensively at the boats on the river.

A boat came up the river. Its whistle pierced the night air. On its deck stood a young man,—one of the crew, and a strapping big fellow called Tom Barry. The music from the gaily lighted Casino drifted across to him and he could see the tiny figures of the dancers. The boat's whistle again shrilled, as it swung shoreward. In a few minutes it had dropped anchor at a landing about a half a mile above the Casino. The young riverman stepped on shore and approached his boss, who was directing the unloading of the cargo.

"Cap," he said, "d'ye mind if I take a little stroll. I'd like to go up and look in at that dance."

"Go ahead, Barry, you'll not be needed till we shove off to-morrow."

"Oh, I'll only be gone about an hour."

He set out into the woods, circled up around the building until he reached a point on the gravel driveway in the front, whence he could overlook the entire floor. His first look brought a gasp of surprise, then a satirical grin darkened his features and he muttered something to himself. He watched for awhile. "I ought to be in there." He smiled, but his smile was anything but mirthful. "They all look pretty prosperous." He looked down at his own rough clothes. "Hell." At a table directly beneath him was a gay party. These held his attention more than the others. "Mary looks sweet. I used to like her. I think I took her to a Prom myself once. Rod looks kind of pale and worried. Working too hard, I guess. He's not paying much attention to the others."

As he watched, Mary leaned over and whispered to Rod, who, on hearing her, shook himself out of his reverie and gave her a thin smile. "I'm tired," he said. She grasped his hand and smiled up at him. The riverman, watching them, swallowed hard, turned away, and slowly began to wend his way into the woods.

He had scarcely gone when a waiter touched Rod on the shoulder. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir." Rod gave a start, turned pale and gripped the table. He stammered some excuse and followed the waiter into an outer room in the main building. As he entered the room two men arose. One of them advanced to him, put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Farrell, but I must arrest you for embezzling funds from the Citizens' National Bank."

Rod closed his eyes, swayed a little but steadied himself enough to say, "I expected it, and I'm ready. Take me now. I don't want to go back there again."

They escorted him outside where a police car awaited them, but in a moment of carelessness they left their prisoner unguarded. It was only a moment, but in that moment Rod made a dash for liberty and headed for the woods. Immediately both men were after him and, as he disappeared in the forest, one of them fired.

The riverman was walking slowly back through the woods to his boat. It was a beautiful night, and the sky was brilliant with a myriad of stars, but he saw them not. A gentle breeze wafted against his unhearing ears the distant music from the dance. His thoughts were far away. He was thinking of other dances.

Suddenly a new sound reached his ears. It brought him back to earth. He stood, listening, in a little clearing which a full moon made bright as day. The strange sound came again. It was as unsteady pat-pat as of someone running through the woods. He stood rigid, facing the sound which was drawing nearer. Suddenly a man in disordered evening dress burst into the clearing. He staggered, turned slowly and dropped to the ground heavily. Barry approached him cautiously at first, knelt beside him and peered into the pale face.

"Rod!" he gasped.

The other man opened his eyes.

"My God!—Jim."

For a space which seemed like an eternity they looked at each other.

"Jim, listen, they're coming. Jim, I won't live much longer. Tell them to bring me back to the Casino. I've got a lot of things to tell." He closed his eyes as the two detectives rushed into the circle. They looked at Jim, a question in their eyes.

"No, he's not dead,—yet."

Rod spoke again, this time more weakly.

"Gentlemen, this is my brother Jim. Take me back to the hall,—and you can put those guns away. I'm—through—now."

They lifted him tenderly and carried him gently back to

the Casino, into a small private room in the back, where they were met by a very white-faced manager. They laid him on a couch. Rod looked up at his brother and smiled.

"I'm sorry, Jim. You forgive me, don't you?"

Tears blinded the big man's eyes.

"Sure, Rod," he whispered.

"Jim, send for Mary."

Jim spoke to the manager, who hurried away. A moment later he returned with Mary Caldwell. Jim led her up to the couch.

"Rod, Rod, what is wrong?"

"A great deal, dear." His voice was growing weaker. "Listen, little girl, to what I have to say. First of all, I love you, have always loved you. I want you to know that. Mary, I've been a thief,—and they caught me. I wanted to get ahead fast, dear, for you. That is my only excuse. Ambition ruined me. Little sweetheart, I'm going to die and I want to hear you say you forgive me."

She was kneeling beside him, her head on his shoulder, sobbing.

"O Rod, Rod, dear, forgive you? How can you ask me that when I love you, Rod, you can do nothing that I cannot forgive."

He smiled peacefully and closed his eyes. She continued to sob pitifully beside him. His eyes opened again and saw his brother, who stood looking out of the window; his shoulders quivering. Rod beckoned the detectives nearer. He could scarcely be heard.

"Listen," he said. "You, too, Mary. That robbery at the university some years ago—. It wasn't Jim—I did it—Jim took the blame."

A moment later a detective touched Jim on the shoulder and nodded to the girl. Jim approached her and whispered. She arose. They both looked down at Rod, who seemed to be peacefully sleeping. Jim put his arm around her and guided her out of the room. When they reached the door they turned and saw Rod looking at them. He smiled, "Take good care of her, Jim," quivered once, and died.

T. J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving Thoughts

TO most of us, Thanksgiving is the day before we send our vests to the cleaners. This ever-welcome festive day originated in New England and is commonly attributed to the Puritans. But Thanksgiving seems to have been only an occasional event with the followers of Cromwell, for, according to history, 13 years elapsed before the spirit again moved them to be thankful.

At irregular intervals, beginning in 1644 and continuing to the time of George Washington, days were set aside for public thanksgiving until our first President appointed Thursday, November 26, 1789, a day for general thanksgiving throughout the Union. And incidentally, we may add that Congress, running true to form, suspended business for the day. It sure takes Congress to start things! Succeeding presidents followed Washington's example, and now Thanksgiving is celebrated as a legal holiday. In fact, it is one of the greatest day of the year; family gatherings, festivals and good cheer all around, weddings, socials, and banquets—too bad it is generally a little too cold, or there would be picnics also.

We can all remember, when we were kids, how joyously we looked forward to Thanksgiving's coming. And how everyone else would be in the same gentle, kind mood, going to and fro. Some of us, after hearing Mass and giving the usual thanks to God for all the happiness enjoyed, proceeded to grandma's, or aunt's, or sister's, or brother's, where there

would be a big Thanksgiving dinner of turkey, cranberries and mince meat pie.

After the dishes would be cleared away and the games started, one would sometimes imagine that Hallowe'en had returned, judging from the nuts, and fruit of all kinds, and cider, too.

Then, as home-time draws nigh, a little musical treat by all, followed by grandma's usual fond "good night and God bless-you-all and bring you back again next Thanksgiving."

JOHN J. HANNON, A. B., '27.

* * *

Voting



VOTING is not a prerogative or a privilege, but rather a solemn duty incurred by each and every citizen. Consider the fundamental importance in a democratic government of choosing competent and honest men to fulfill the solemn obligations attached to public office. Our whole government hinges upon the ballot; if we consistently allow unscrupulous men, like one of the present senatorial candidates, to attain to high positions of honor and trust in state or nation, we cannot expect to have true democratic government. Nor can we expect to have aught but dishonesty and corruption if we neglect to do our duty at the polls; for if we, the honest and upright citizens, decline to participate in this great work of selecting our representatives, the dishonest politician will see to it that enough votes will be credited, by hook or by crook, to his name.

College students, who are classed as the highest type of American manhood, should not forget this important obligation to their country. These young men should make good voters, because their education and training enable them to pick out the flaws in the apparently perfectly logical pleas of unscrupulous politicians, and hence to use good judgment in the selection of the best fitted candidates.

It is commonly noted that the so-called citizens who neglect to vote are the loudest in denouncing the officials when there is any suspicion of any irregularity. If asked why they did not help elect a better official, they will tell you that their single votes make no difference among so many. The fallacy


of this argument is so evident that it requires no refutation. These people should remember that the politician does not care how much you berate him, so long as you remain away from the polls and let his henchmen do the voting. In a state, such as ours, where one political party or faction has practically full control, the attention paid to the needs of the citizens is in proportion to the amount of opposition displayed by the decent voters, and so long as these latter remain lazy and disinterested, we can expect no improvement. When, however, the citizens begin to awaken, the politician will tremble for his job and will hasten to please the voters. Even if there is no hope of electing a worthy man, it is better policy to show the party in power that the voters are awake and on the alert against corruption. In this case you have your choice between a worthy man who will serve his country or an unscrupulous man who will serve the moneyed interests that paid millions to have him nominated.

Such are the candidates ; take your choice.

FRANCIS E. PAWLOWSKI, A. B., '27.

* * *

The New Student Senate

T various times during the last two years there have been rumors regarding the organization of a Student Senate or Council. Up to this year, these reports have proved to be groundless. However, the action taken by the members of the College of Arts bids fair to result in something tangible and real. That school has already drawn up its constitution, and began to function in an auspicious manner by laying plans for a general senate composed of all the schools.

It is pleasing to see the College of Arts take this step. There have been many incidents during the past months that brought home very clearly to the minds of all that some sort of an organization was necessary to protect their interests and to give unity and purpose to their efforts. The college has need of such an organization. There are many things in college life that can only be handled adequately and effectively by the students themselves. For such needs, the Student Senate provides. The senate deals only with student affairs, and in no way does it interfere with faculty powers. It func-


tions as a potent force in keeping the activities, which are fostered by students, on the high plane which the school's position demands. It serves to unite the student body into one compact organization, having for its purpose the advancement of Duquesne.

The Student Senate is no new idea. Most of the leading schools of the country have student governing bodies of one kind or another. The Duquesne School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce has a Student Council which has been successfully directing their affairs for some years past. It is to be hoped that the remaining schools will follow the example set by the Arts and the Accounts, and that the day is not far distant when all the schools shall be united in one general senate, promoting with greater success the student's part in the advancement and progress of Duquesne University—their Alma Mater.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

* * *

Duty

UTY is an obligatory service levied by Almighty God. It is the Golden Rule of life by which the maxim, "Do unto others, as you would have others do unto you," is exemplified. It makes us undertake our obligations to mankind. It is given to us to use, not to tramp on or throw aside as we would a door-mat. Duty is the first law of God and of the Church, because we must love, obey and serve Him who is Supreme. It is the first law of the country, as we are obliged to respect the laws and the officers who enforce them. "Duty is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, of responsibility, of immortality. It is also the most generous because, independent of it, there is neither pleasure nor interest."

When we do our duty, we are governed by our conscience and will. It is our conscience that prompts us. The performance of our duty creates happiness and peace, while neglect of duty may cause sorrow and distress and even wars. When we shirk our responsibility our conscience, if it is not dead, will trouble us and bring misery into our minds. When we neglect our obligations to God we fall into sin and are


embraced by the devil and his aides. When we neglect doing our bit for our country we are blacklisted and often lose our right to liberty. But when we shoulder our load we receive many graces from our Heavenly Father, and we are honored in our community as honest, law-abiding citizens.

The performance of duty is imposed on every human being. Men must support those dependent upon them and see that they themselves live within their means. A miser is living below his means, while a glutton is eating above the capacity of his body. These two are not performing a duty they owe to themselves. When we do not do our duty we are like one dead, because where there is no duty, there is no life. "Do your duty" was a slogan during the war. "Do your duty" should be a slogan always.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

* * *

Our Friends, the Advertisers

HE companies who advertise in the Duquesne Monthly are worthy of your patronage; they are not only advertising their stocks, but they are helping to make the Monthly a paying proposition. If there were no ads in the Monthly it would either be discontinued or the students would have to pay considerably more than the little they have to pay. Don't merely glance over these ads, but when you go to buy something, let the company know that you saw their ad in your school magazine. In this manner you will show them that their ads are paying for themselves in trade. What publication could be issued as cheaply as it is, if no one advertised in it? Even the newspapers live on ads. The two cents you pay for a paper will hardly pay for the amount of material which goes into it, not to speak of the salaries of a large staff and the wages of many kinds of craftsmen and laborers.

It isn't going to cost you any more to give your business to the companies that advertise in our magazine, yet you will be boosting your school and showing these merchants that their ads in our paper are paying them dividends.

MARTIN J. MOONEY, JR., A. B., '28.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE School of Music, the newest addition to the University, began its initial session September 20, with a student body of fifty and a faculty of twenty. The authorities claim that this attendance is a record in Pittsburgh for the opening session of a school of music. A large number of prominent Pittsburgh musicians are serving as members of the faculty. Mr. Joseph A. Rauterkus is Dean of the new school, and the Rev. James Parent is executive secretary. The musical subjects are augmented by several classical studies, which are taught by members of the College of Arts' faculty.

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The School of Accounts began class work September 30. One hundred freshmen joined the growing business department. Over sixty-five students are taking the Pre-Medical course this year. Mr. O'Carroll is Dean of this department. We learn that Russel Smith has been elected president of the Sophomore class.

* * *

Among the new arrivals at Duquesne, the Rev. Edward J. Quinn, C. S. Sp., deserves mention. Father Quinn, who was a prefect in the preparatory school two years ago, will be remembered for his activities in connection with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade during the presentation of the 1923 pageant. Father Quinn succeeds the Rev. E. A. Malloy as field secretary for the C. S. M. C. in Western Pennsylvania.

* * *

The Father Simon Unit of the C. S. M. C. has elected its officers for the year. They are: Patrick W. Rice, president; John M. Lambert, vice-president; John C. Stafford, secretary, and Charles O. Rice, treasurer. Cyril J. Vogel, president of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Crusade, and the Rev. Edward Quinn, the new field secretary, addressed the meeting. Delegates to the meeting of the conference were appointed.

The Sunday evening entertainments began October 17 with the Freshman-Sophomore debate as the head-liner. The subject was, "Resolved, That the United States government continue its hands-off policy in the present Mexican trouble." The Freshmen, who upheld the negative side of the argument, were declared victors. Edward F. Griffin, William V. Munhall, and Charles O. Rice were the members of the winning team. The losers were Louis Burkhardt, Frank Karabinos, and John Desmond. The Freshmen will next meet the winners of the Pre-Med. debate.

* * *

The feature of the first entertainment was, however, the excellent playing of the orchestra. The numbers selected were very good, and the interpretation was pleasing. The stringed quartet made a big "hit" with the audience, while the violoncello solo was well received. Duquesne has an orchestra to be proud of and the students should show their appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Rauterkus by attending the concerts in good numbers.

* * *

The University has taken a step forward in starting a Glee Club. Rev. J. A. Dewe is director of the new organization. James T. Philpott, '27, is president. Patrick W. Rice, '27, is secretary, and Raymond A. Berg, '28, is treasurer. Forty-six men have been selected as the nucleus for the club, and it is expected that within a couple of months great strides will be made in the interpretation of worth-while music. Efforts are being made to stage a concert early in December.

* * *

"Tom" Quigley, veteran of seven years as varsity cheerleader, realizing the need of a few assistants, and the necessity of having a successor on his graduation next year, issued a call for more cheer leaders. Ten prospects applied to "Tom" and he is working them out in shifts of two or three. The two boys who helped "Quig" in the St. Francis game showed promise, and if the others measure up to the same standard, the good cheering traditions of the past will be carried forward.

The Seniors gave their annual class play on Sunday, October 17. "The Slippery Eel," as it was called, was well received. David S. Byrne played the lead; Grace McKernan took the heroine role. Others in the cast were Mary Kiernan, Thomas J. Quigley, and Patrick W. Rice. The play was directed by Father Dodwell, and the stage effects were the work of Father John Malloy. A debate between two teams made up of Pre-Medical students was also on the program. The subject was: "Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be abolished." The affirmative side, represented by A. Susce and O. Hurvitz, were the winners. The negative side was upheld by Robert O'Neill and Robert T. Philpott. The latter, at the last minute, took the place of an absent speaker.

* * *

At the first quarterly meeting of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Cyril J. Vogel, editor-in-chief of the Monthly, was re-elected president. Joseph A. Johnston, Accounts' student, was re-elected secretary-treasurer. Duquesne University was elected to a place on the executive board.

* * *

Brother Barnabas, foremost exponent of the new science, Boyology, gave a lecture to all the day students of the University on Friday, October 15, in the University auditorium. The Brother's offer of a \$3,000 a year position to those who would take a two year post-graduate course in Boyology, at Notre Dame, sounded very attractive, and probably some of this year's graduates will be interested. Incidentally, we believe that this was the first time that all the students got together, except for a mass meeting or an athletic contest.

* * *

A Sophomore Tribunal has been appointed to enforce the Freshmen rules. Ralph Hayes and Paul Nee have been entrusted with the rather arduous duties of the tribunal. It is expected that the Freshmen will wear their "dinks," and so avoid falling into the clutches of the mighty tribunal.

* * *

For the second year, the weekly class paper of the class of '29 has made its appearance. Its very appropriate title is

"The Twenty-Niner." John Stafford is to be congratulated for his initiative in starting this movement. There are many things which occur to a class worth being written down, but are of interest to the class alone. Such items call for a class paper. We understand that the Freshmen are following in the footsteps of the Sophs by starting a class paper called "The Red and Blue Dink."

* * *

A new school song has been born. We understand that Thomas J. Quigley, A. B., '27, is the author and composer. The song, which is called the "Victory Song," is very appropriate and the music is rather attractive. A lighter song, to be used when the "Alma Mater" is not appropriate, has been needed for some time, and we feel that this composition will fill the want.

* * *

The mismanagement of the year book has had one good result. The Arts' men are preparing to launch forth a student senate to protect their interests in the future. Father Carroll has given his consent, and the stage is set for the institution of this long-needed organization.

* * *

The School of Pharmacy

THE School of Pharmacy opened its second year, September 22, with an entering class of good size, and a second year class in which are found practically all of last year's students who finished the work of the first year. During the summer a laboratory for quantitative analysis and organic chemistry, and a balance room, were installed on the second floor of the Science Building, and much new equipment was purchased. The faculty was increased by the addition of Bernice P. Battershell as instructor in chemistry and pharmacy; John P. McLaughlin, as instructor in commercial law; and Rev. James F. Carroll, as instructor in pharmaceutical ethics.

The annual "Pharmic Mixer," one of the important events of the college year in the School of Pharmacy, took place in Canevin Hall, Wednesday evening, September 29. The Mixer, which is given by the upper classmen in honor of the entering students, provides an opportunity for the freshmen to become acquainted with the older students. F. Arthur Molinari, President of the Pharmaceutical Association, presided. In arranging the affair he was assisted by Messrs. Runkle, Kreuer, Rosenberg, and Miss Letty Lacey.

* * *

The first meeting of the Pharmaceutical Association was held Friday morning, October 15. Dean Muldoon gave a short report of the recent pharmaceutical conventions and outlined some of the plans for the school for the year. Talks were given by President Kelly, of the Junior Class, and President Lewis, of the Freshman Class.

* * *

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers: President, George M. Lewis, Williamsport; Vice-President, Edward Mauerberger, Pittsburgh; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Margaret O'Donnell, Homestead.

* * *

The Junior Class elected the following officers: President, James R. Kelly, Pittsburgh; Vice-President, Ralph J. Kreuer, Pittsburgh; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mary L. Benson, Punxsutawney.

* * *

The School of Pharmacy has recently been notified by the Secretary of the Maryland Board of Pharmacy that the Duquesne School of Pharmacy has been approved by the Board, and that graduates of the school are now admitted to the licensing examinations in that state.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

Alumni Notes

A Student To-day—An Alumnus To-morrow!

THE other day I happened to meet an alumnus who is still deeply interested in our school and who, every once in a while, pays a visit to the campus. I write of Vibelunas, whose name is still a joy in the memory of a few students. His adroitness on gridiron, basket ball floor and diamond will not be forgotten quickly. He has chosen the wonderful profession of medicine as his life's work and now is an interne at St. Margaret's Hospital. He should be a good doctor and he has our best wishes.

* * *

In our last issue we made mention of a short visit to Pittsburgh by the Rev. Eugene McGuigan, C. S. Sp. We are very pleased to announce that, since then, he has been recalled from his work in the West and is now stationed at St. Anne's, Millvale. May his parishioners imbibe that spirit that is his alone!

* * *

The Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C., on whom Duquesne University conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature at the last Commencement, has been promoted to the post of vice-president of Notre Dame University.

* * *

When Duquesne University laid the cornerstone of Canevin Hall, four years ago, the audience was loud in its praise of a speech made by a past student, Dr. Alfred W. McCann. Our purpose is not to recall the speech, but rather to recall the man. Dr. McCann has realized unprecedented success in his profession of analysis of foodstuffs. Not only has he become an authority through work in his laboratory, but his literary accomplishments on the subject have brought him respect. He has written many books, the most popular of which is "God or Gorilla," and he is a regular contributor to the papers and magazines of the day. If his future accom-

plishments are as great as his past achievements, they should be greater,—he will have contributed as much to the cause of humanity as any individual person.

* * *

The enrollment in the Law School this year was so large that it necessitated a division of the first year students. The University authorities were confronted with the task of securing a professor of law whose qualifications were as high as the other members of the faculty. The problem was solved very handily by the entrance into the faculty of Francis A. Wolf, Esq., a member of the nationally famous Watson and Freeman concern. Mr. Wolf was graduated from our Law School in 1914 and received his LL. M. in 1921. He is a brilliant student and an accomplished speaker. In his teachings, may he instill into the students the same ideals that have carried him successfully through life, so that the banner of Duquesne University may continue to wave from the position that it richly deserves!

* * *

Dr. Hyman E. Cantes, pre-medical 1919, is a "bona fide" doctor, having completed his internship at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Side. His future plans call for a course of studies under the famous Mayo Brothers, of Minnesota. May his laudable ambitions be realized.

* * *

This columnist feels that there is a host of students who are acquainted with members of the alumni who have proven themselves worthy of the name, Duquesne Alumnus, and who, by the arts of Fate, not mine, escape the attention due them. We solicit these students to come forward and make known these successes so that we all may know and appreciate them. By so doing, these students will not only gain the good-will of the staff, but they will become auxiliaries in the rapid progress of our Alma Mater.

EDWIN R. HEYL, A. B., '28.



Football

The Juniata Massacre



AFTER decisively trouncing "Dike" Beede's Westminster eleven, the Dukes journeyed to Huntingdon, Pa., where men are farmers and where itinerant Veterinarians weave inaccurate tales of football as played a la mode. At least, such a thought is not unwarranted. The manner in which Juniata attempted to lower the Red and Blue banner did not daunt McDermott's warriors who, bruised and battered, emerged victors by the overwhelming score of 30-6. It is needless to say, the hard-earned victory was costly. In fact, the flower of McDermott's squad spilt precious blood to enhance their fighting qualities. The riotous affair only served to accentuate the unsportsmanlike actions of the Blue and Gold athletes.

As happened in the Westminster fray, Duquesne lost little time in displaying superiority over the foemen. Simmy Velar, time after time, carried the ball for repeated gains. Captain Deliman and Gusanovic aroused Juniata's ire by emulating the redoubtable Velar. At this early stage of the melee the Blue and Gold lost the services of Fullback Craig, who was ruled out of the game for kicking Simmy Velar in the stomach. The next instant saw the recipient of Craig's boot go over the goal line for Duquesne's first touchdown. Gusanovic failed to add the extra point. Incidentally, Velar crossed the Juniata goal line three times during the first quarter, but for some reason known only to those around Huntingdon he was called back twice, so that the quarter ended with the score 6-0.

On the initial play of the second quarter Gusanovic tossed a forward to Velar, who outstepped the field for touchdown No. 2. Buff Donnelly, with Coleman holding the ball, added another point. This ended the official scoring for the first half, as a couple of more tallies were wiped off the records by a nod of the head.

In stanza three, Beery, Juniata star, intercepted a pass from Gusanovic and registered Juniata's lone marker. Gusanovic duplicated the effort of Beery, but in legitimate fashion; that is, after a characteristic Duquesne march up the field. In the interim, Givler, of Juniata, was banished for slugging Velar, who seemed to be the target for the most abuse, although he was not accorded the undivided attention of the Juniata team.

The Dukes began the grand finale with another touchdown. Gusanovic and Donnelly acted the perfect scoring machine, the former getting credit for the touchdown and the latter affixing the extra point. Donnelly's adept toe, a little later, propelled a perfect placement from the 37-yard mark. Thus ended the scoring for the day.

Condemnation of the rough-house tactics employed by Juniata cannot be too severe, but as someone once aptly remarked, "That's that!"

* * *

Congratulations, Bo!

Not such a long while ago, Coach Frank McDermott introduced to Duquesne students and alumni "the great Bo McMillan"—to use "Mac's" own words. The occasion was a Smoker in the gymnasium, and the famous hero of Center College gave an interesting talk in which he lauded the Duke quintet. Bo evidently forgot the reception accorded him if the Geneva fracas is any criterion. Yet those who remember that night and the reserved Coach speaking in his odd, southern lingo will not begrudge his powerful team a victory.

Truly, Geneva has a wonderful team. No one will gainsay that. They have all the components that go to make up champions. Duquesne lost to a better team—but they went down to their first defeat gloriously, fighting from beginning

to end. And after all, that is what counts. The outweighed Duke machine looked admirable, refusing to give up in the face of such odds. It was such stuff that immortalized the "Light Brigade." McDermott's men cannot be over-praised for their never-say-die spirit, yet the team play was not on a par with that displayed earlier in the season. Apropos the Geneva game, two things are certain—the Red and Blue can "take it," and also is capable of a better brand of football.

It would be useless to try to give a detailed account of the game. It is noteworthy, however, that two thousand Duquesne followers, who accompanied the squad to Beaver Falls, cheered lustily, from the time Duquesne captured a fumble near their own goal line during the early moments of the game, until Geneva repulsed the last Red and Blue onslaught, which ended the game under the shadow of the Covenanters' uprightness. Notable also was the playing of Simmy Velar, whose usual game was not overshadowed by Genevan brilliance. Hubie Fitzgerald, too, played a whale of a game. It is doubtful if any individual on Geneva's team outshone the others. Flenniken, Whitmore, Pinkerton, Harris, etc., starred. Geneva scored eight touchdowns and as many extra markers.

There is no need to lament the 56-0 overthrow coming so soon after Velar, Drier and Co. returned from Huntingdon in a crippled condition. Withal, it was the first setback of the year, and the Dukes won't meet a crew like the Covenanters for many a blue moon.

* * *

St. Francis ! ! ? ?

From the mountain region of Loretto came St. Francis' maroon-clad warriors to upset the "dope" by handing Duquesne a 13-0 defeat. The Dukes looked worse in this game than the score indicates. Getting caught in the lurch early in the first quarter, the Red and Blue warriors never gained equilibrium. To suggest before game time that the Saints had a "chance," let alone a victory, was foolhardy. Yet St. Francis, taking advantage of every break, and playing in a consistent fashion, heard the whistle signifying victory while the Bluffites wallowed around and never got started. Of course the Geneva affair and the injuries received in conse-

quence must be given due consideration, but on the face of the Westminster-Juniata showing the Dukes should have won hands down. It is better, however, to view the unfortunate tussle in its proper light. The Bluffites were guilty of inferior playing by not following up self-made advantages. St. Francis, on the other hand, played a gritty session and utilized every opportunity. It can be said, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Hillmen will profit by this experience, and will enter the coming frays with a determination to run the gauntlet in accustomed form.

The tale of the encounter is quickly told. St. Francis scored five minutes after the kick-off when McAllister, Bruner, and Abele carried the leather from the 40-yard mark to a point where McAllister ended the drive with a touchdown. Kunzler added the extra point. Tallying was not again resumed until the final frame, when a sharp Maroon onslaught, aided by penalties, accounted for the final six-marker.

Duquesne was within scoring distance twice. In the second quarter, Fitzgerald and Shelton combined to push the ball from the Duke 47 to the St. Francis 19, but lost the pigskin on downs. Again in the last quarter Velar, by a spectacular dash, brought the ball thirty-three yards to the St. Francis 35 parallel. A pass—Gusanovic to Jennings—landed the leather on the 19 mark. Velar then gained six yards through left guard, and the advance ended. Donnelly, Velar, Fitzgerald and McDonald played well for the Dukes, while Bruno, Kunzler, McAlister, and Smith shone for the Saints.

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.



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Christmas Joy

What matters it that snows are falling,
That wind and cold and frost are near,
When in each heart, a voice is calling
Christmas time is here.

Why must our hearts be sad and troubled?
What need is there for sigh or tear?
Let joy and laughter be redoubled,
Festive times are here.

The birth of Christ the world is telling.
Let man and angel lend an ear,
While bells ring out in accents swelling,
"Christmas time is here."

Forget all worries, sorrows, sadness.
There is no place for these things here.
For Christmas time brings only gladness,
Happiness and cheer.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



Remembering Christmas



UTSIDE of Bethlehem, under the cover of a wind-swept hillside, the beginning of the greatest drama of all history was enacted. Mary, the Mother of God, "brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." The keynote of this greatest of all dramas was struck when the heavenly choir sang to the shepherds, "Glory to God in highest and on earth peace to men of good will." With the advancing years, the early Christians added more and more solemnity to this feast, so that it came to be one of the greatest and most holy days of the year.

Eighteen hundred years ago, those who would wipe the name of Christ from the minds of men were occupying the seats of the mighty. The humble Christian had to take his religion, and go down into the bowels of the earth to honor his God. There, hidden away in the catacombs, the early Christian celebrated Christmas. While overhead the pagans, drunk with power, abandoned themselves to wild festivals in honor of certain gods. Often, even the blood of Christians was spilled to thrill the savage onlookers. We are told by historians that in the reign of Diocletian, a churchful of Christians gathered to celebrate the birthday of Christ, were burned by order of the emperor. Such dangers did not daunt the first followers of Christ. They practiced their religion, they solemnized the feast days on their calendar, unmindful of the terrors used by the pagan in a vain effort to stop Christianity. Their Christmas, marked as it was, with holiness, sacrifice and sometimes martyrdom, was the real Christmas.

A thousand years ago, when Charlemagne and the Church made up the world, all the pomp and ceremony of an ecclesiastical anniversary were used to commemorate the birth of

Christ. The vast and beautifully ornate cathedrals were thronged by a devout world. In this happy age, people returned to their homes after this duty was performed, and inspired by a love and admiration for the Infant Christ, they told and re-told the tales and legends relating to His birth and childhood. The true Christmas spirit was still alive.

Two hundred years ago, the idea of Christmas seems to have been dead in our country. The hardy Puritan fathers, whom we admire because they went to church every Sunday—even if they did find it necessary to carry a gun—held very narrow and intolerant views about Christmas and the other feast days. Instead of commemorating the Birth of Christ, the Boston town council made it unlawful for stores to close on Christmas and subjected offenders to a fine. To them it was only the twenty-fifth of December. This is the most ignominious disapproval Christmas has ever undergone. Christians refusing to commemorate the Birth of Christ!

The Christians have climbed from the catacombs, and the modern Christmas has lost the essential notes of holiness and love. The American practice of going to church in the morning, and coming home to a sumptuous dinner with a gathering of the whole family around the festive board, is in itself good. Christmas was a day to honor the Holy Family and bring our own together. But of late year this has been accentuated. A spirit of commercialism and selling in every place, of widespread tipping, of heavier demands for charity, and of enticing entreaties to over-indulgence to ourselves and to those we love has crept in. The silver guiding star has been turned into thirty pieces of silver, and one of them has been spent for a tinsel star to be placed on the top of a fir branch or shrub. All these tendencies are giving cynics grounds for severe criticism of the holiday time, and even those who believe most strongly, begin to doubt whether the season is being observed properly or not.

Today, the act of gathering around a huge fir tree, is the only kind of acknowledgment the community makes that this is the Birthday of Christ. It is only right and proper that green branches should be used in a barren country to show the love that is ever green in our hearts for Christ. But when the only manner by which we remember the day is to crowd around a huge fir tree hung with multi-colored lights, it seems to me that we are only keeping the symbols of the day. A public official comes before the throng. He praises the generosity of the

people who have made such an affair possible. Does he mention the Leading Character of the day? Oh, no, He is forgotten in the splendor of material things!


The religious element in the observance of Christmas has, for most men, disappeared. It is a day given over to the exchanging of presents, to entertainment and feasting. Santa Claus has taken the place of Christ. Where once the central theme underlying the entire celebration of the day was Christ in the Crib, now it is Santa coming down the chimney to fill the empty stockings with good things. The idea of receiving gifts is very pleasing. Touching stories have been written about our modern Christmas practices, but all those, whether you like it or not, should be subordinated to the great central fact, that the twenty-fifth of December is the day on which we celebrate the birth of Christ. Perhaps it is hard to part with the illusions of childhood, of the well-filled stocking and the handsome gifts, but the time has come for man to pause and give serious consideration to this question, Are we getting away from the notion of Christmas? If he answers in the affirmative, as in truth he must, then his is the obligation to issue a clarion call to all men to return again to the real Christmas; to make of it a devotion, not a celebration.

JAMES B. DURKIN, JR., A. B., '27.





A Universal Saint

 EVEN hundred years have come and gone since the third day of October in the year twelve hundred and twenty-six. That year saw the death of one of God's noblemen like a beggar in a wretched hut outside the city. Today, all the world pays homage and reverence to his memory. The Supreme Pontiff, the head of the Church on earth, issues an encyclical to commemorate this beggar's death. People from the four corners of the globe crowd his native village to honor him, who is called Francis of Assisi.

What is it in St. Francis that makes such a universal appeal to all classes of men? Is it not significant that the three best biographies of this saint have come from secular sources? In this age of prejudice, one marvels when he learns that, although he is one of the greatest saints of the Catholic Church, Protestant missionaries in Japan have translated his writings; that a statue of him is to be placed in the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine; that a Protestant Third Order has been established in England and France; and that the Salvation Army directs the reading of portions of his life as a part of its service.

Surely there must have been something in the man and his life to attract the world in this fashion. What is this appeal? A learned Archbishop, in speaking of the charm of St. Francis, has said: "The secret of the attraction of St. Francis for most minds is not far to seek. If we say that Francis had a naturally romantic temperament, which Heaven directed from material to spiritual glory; that he was, in his way, a poetic genius which drew aside the veil of nature and saw the vision of God everywhere; that the similarities between this human saint and his Divine Exemplar are so beautiful and striking as to arrest the attention even of the most casual Christian—then, I think, we have the explanation of the enduring charm of St. Francis of Assisi." Maurice Francis Egan, in his delightful treatise, "Everybody's St. Francis,"

said, "that his (St. Francis') power over the western world of his time, and over our hearts in our times, has been explained in many ways. But really it has only one source, and that is love. It was love that made him a saint; love that made him a poet; love that gave him life, fire, understanding, and all those things that were added to him." These are but two of the many opinions that are offered regarding his hold upon the minds of men. It is hard to place one's finger on the exact cause of his popularity on account of his universal appeal to all men regardless of their station or condition in life.

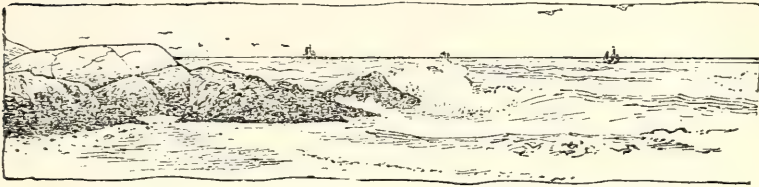
St. Francis was born in a time when men's minds were turned to thoughts of war, of independence from existing powers. The struggle between the papacy and the secular forces was fast approaching its height. Europe at this period was besotted in its love of the things of the world. It was a practical age; but often avarice, sensualism, coarseness, worship of material things were prevalent. Faith without good works or special efforts to advance one's spiritual standing was not rare during the end of the twelfth and first part of the thirteenth century.

It was into such a world that Francis, the son of a rich merchant, was born. In his youth, he was the gayest of the gay young men of Assisi. Francis was the leader of the social life of the town. As he grew older, he tired of his manner of living. While recovering from a serious illness he came to long to do something worth while. Upon his recovery, he apparently forgot the first promptings of his heart, and we find him taking part in a petty war of the period. While in camp, however, he heard his call again and he left all to follow Christ. No longer was he the gay leader of Assisi's younger set. He chastised his spirit. He espoused the cause of poverty. Soon other kindred spirits were drawn to him. The little community grew despite the hostile attitude of some of the Church's leaders and the jeering of the laity. Francis was also instrumental in starting a convent for women who followed the same rule. His work prospered. The influence of his gentleness, his piety, his holy life, increased in an ever widening circle. When death took him on that beautiful October day, to most of Italy Francis was a saint. Two years later the Church officially confirmed this sentiment.

Seven centuries have seen his work advance and grow. The Orders that he founded are still with us, constantly influ-

encing the lives of men. Whether then we admire his poetry, especially the famous "Canticle of the Sun," which has become the delight of learned men like Matthew Arnold and even the atheist, Renan; whether we share his love of nature,—for he was fascinated with the splendors of nature in all its forms,—or admire his devotion to country and to his God, the figure of St. Francis of Assisi stands forth as the embodiment of unselfishness and spirituality. As such it is fitting to mark the lesson taught by his life in the worldwide ceremonies commemorating his seventh centenary.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.



Touring in Europe

(Continued)

July 10, 1926.



WAKE and before us lies Southampton. We experienced great difficulty in landing. The British seem to have too much "red tape" about landing passengers, especially tourists. Finally we leave the boat. But our troubles are not yet ended. At the custom house in examining my luggage, as the English say, a stubborn custom officer insisted on knowing the history of a pair of field glasses which were presented to me before I left home. He said that they were dutiable, and consequently I would be compelled to pay a duty on them. I told him that I was on a visit of a few days and did not intend to use them for any commercial purpose. He relented, but nevertheless I had to place a deposit with him which was refunded when I left the country. After extricating myself from this embarrassing situation, we boarded the special train for London. Arriving at noon we immediately set out for our hotel, the Russell, and a very fine one it is. It has a spacious lobby which would rival many New York first-class hotels. We are shown to our rooms but, lo and behold, they still cling to the old-fash-

ioned pitcher and basin. So this is a modern European hotel! We make the best of it, however. Our sightseeing trip is postponed because of the lateness of our arrival in London, so I myself set out for the purpose of exploring the town. While walking in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace I noticed a crowd gathering. On inquiring, I found that the King and Queen were returning from dedicating some new building. I remained and obtained a very close view of the King, Queen, and Duke of York. Thus my initial visit to London proved to be more eventful than I had expected. Good-night.

July 11, 1926.

Awake, and here is a morning view of deah ol' London. Our sightseeing trip is scheduled for to-day. Plans are arranged, and we set out to see the city. Leaving our hotel early we first visited the smallest house in London. It is a two-story affair with one room upstairs and one down. Our next stop was a dog and cat cemetery. Gosh, is this sightseeing in historic London? Our guide points these out to us in sing-song manner, and if he varied from his line he would be lost. Our next stop was Stoke's Poges, a burial ground. It was here that Gray wrote his Elegy. We saw the old tree under which he was wont to rest, and the church in which he worshipped. The age of this tree is said to be 1,015 years, but we must be careful of English exaggerations. It took Gray seven years to write his Elegy. Frequent lines are seen in his poem which directly pertain to sections in this yard. In this church, we saw what is known as the Leper's Squint Hole. It was through this aperture in the side of the wall that lepers squinted through at the services inside the church. Through this opening, the sacrament was passed outside to them, and nearby was the fountain where the vessels were washed after being used by the lepers. Here, too, is the last resting place of Gray. In this church are the benches used by the Penn family. The ancient archway still remains, and the old walls continued to hold together. Next we came to the famous Eton school. It is the principal school for boys in England, was widely known during the crossword puzzle craze and has educated many of the royalty of Europe, including the Earl of Oxford, Lord North, the Duke of Wellington, the poets Gray and Shelley, and Gladstone. Boys are admitted only between the ages of twelve and nineteen years. When a boy reaches the limit, he is immediately put out of school, regardless of his position in class. The old benches still are in use, and old

rules are followed. The discipline is very severe. If a boy is seen smoking, copying or heard cursing, he is thrashed. This whipping is administered with a pack of birch limbs. It is used on a certain tender part of the anatomy and no clothing separates the birch from the skin. This punishment is meted out before the class as a warning to others.

Our next stop was at the Riverholm Hotel for lunch. Here we were served with a meal fit for the king. Tables were placed under the trees along the banks of the Thames. It was a beautiful spot and this was augmented by graceful swans swimming in the river. After lunch we went to old Windsor Castle, the home of the king and queen for seven weeks of every year. Here we visited all the points of interest one expects to find connected with a king's castle. We were shown the royal entrance and royal walk along which President Wilson rode when he visited the king, the royal apartments and a few more royals. We also saw the royal guard. Let me say a few words about these splendid men. They are on duty two hours, and off duty four hours during the day. They stand motionless all during their turn on duty, wearing the huge black plumed hat, red coat, white pants and black boots. They are physically perfect and soldiers to be admired. After leaving Windsor Castle, we visited a park in which is contained the largest grape vine in the world. These grapes are exported to the United States for purposes best known to the consumer. This park is adjacent to Hampton Court, the former home of the kings. After leaving the court, a stop was made for tea, the conventional English afternoon beverage. Later we returned to our hotel, took dinner and retired late.

July 12, 1926.

This is being written on the evening of my last day in London. Our motor bus was waiting for us this morning. Our first stop was at the Old Curiosity Shop, of Dickens' fame. We entered the quaint old store, made a few purchases and left. Along the way, principal buildings were pointed out to us and a stop was made at the Tower of London. The Tower is the most venerable of all the old buildings. This scene of former crimes and sufferings is at present used as an armory, and the crown jewels are kept there. The huge diamonds can be plainly seen, but that is all. Then we went to the spot where so many English patriots were executed, either by

hanging or by being decapitated. We next went to the prison room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was kept for twelve years. We paced along the walk upon which he trod for his daily two hour exercise. Then we visited the bloody tower where political prisoners were held and where many were executed. Around the outside of the tower there was a broad, but shallow moat, now dry. Constantly walking around the tower grounds are the well-known beefeaters, whom we have read so much about. This culminated our morning drive. In the afternoon we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the largest Protestant cathedral in the world. It is a magnificent structure, designed by the noted Sir Christopher Wren. After this we drove to Westminster Abbey. Here we stopped at this historic building. All of us know its history; all of us know it by sight from pictures we have seen in books; all of us know that in it are contained the remains of monarchs of by-gone days. But none of us know its beauty, its magnanimity, its hugeness, its grandeur until we have actually seen it. Mechanical knowledge from books does not do justice to it. Only actual presence can fulfill our imagination as to this historic spot. It is called, in a peculiar sense, the national sanctuary of England. Of all the English churches, none is so intimately connected with the national life and history. English kings, since the time of William the Conqueror, have been crowned here and the coronation chair, containing the ancient Stone of Scone, still stands in one of the chapels. The practice of interring statesmen, soldiers and other national heroes began in the time of Richard II and continues to the present. In the Poet's Corner, repose some of England's greatest poets, Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Tennyson, and others. There are places for musicians, actors, artists and scientists. The entire afternoon was consumed in this edifice, and we were almost late for dinner, which to me would have been very disastrous. This ends my short stay in London.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27.

Christmasesque



WENTY more shopping days until Christmas—Santa Claus—Salvation Army beggars—Toyland—and the holiday season is on. Now is the time to cast aside care, worry and grum gloom—to let joy and gaiety reign supreme. Eat—drink (?)—and be merry, while you may; for after the first of the month come the bills!

This is the spirit that seems to animate the holiday throngs during the Christmas season. It is just another aspect of human nature—typical, natural, often pathetic, more often humorous.

To a person interested in such things, it is a never-ending source of delight and instruction to study the holiday throngs, their actions, their caprces, the motives which animate them. By study, however, I do not mean that one should cram himself with sociological facts, and then, from his lofty and detached pedestal, have nothing but criticism for the holiday spirit—for the gaudy display of tinsel, which on the surface it is; but that one should be part of the throng, assume the rose-tinted spectacles of sympathy, allow himself to become inoculated with the carefree spirit of Yuletide—then stand aside while the throng moves by. Pity them—laugh at them, if you will—but do not by any means criticize.

Personally, I am inclined to laugh at the holiday throngs, or to be more exact, to laugh both at and with them. And there are many things to incite such laughter,—the simplicity, the unending good humor, the stupidity, the naivete, the absurdity.

It might appear superfluous to illustrate just what I mean, by giving examples. Nevertheless, for this purpose I intend to recount briefly my experience on a recent holiday shopping tour.

Upon my arrival at the shopping center, the first thing that encountered my eye was the sight of one of those Salvation Army Santa Clauses, so common around the Christmas season. This particular one presented itself in the shape of a shriveled looking old man, thin, wretched and shivering with the cold. A filthy uniform of faded red and a color which

must once have been white decorated his emaciated figure. Not faded, however, was the red of his nose, colored no doubt by many years' patience and at the expense of a great deal of money. This latter organ was bounded on the north by an ancient pair of spectacles, which framed a pair of faded, watery blue eyes, and on the south by an artificial beard, reminiscent of horse hair, and perched grotesquely askew. The dirtiness of the hand which he held out in welcome to all was matched only by the dirtiness of his neck.

Just then, to my consternation, I saw a tiny boy run excitedly toward this apparition—an engaging youngster, blue of eye, fair of hair, and immaculately clean. He made as if to put his clean hand in the other's dirty paw. "Horrors," I thought, "I must save him," and started after the lad. But something deterred me—it may have been the spirit of Christmas—and suddenly I found myself in the lad's place, gazing at the Santa with the lad's eyes. Lo and behold, a transformation had taken place! Before my eyes, was a man, big, wholesome, radiant, his ruddy face beaming with good nature, his twinkling eyes mutely showering largess on a kindly world. Silently I turned up my coat collar and slunk away.

As I strolled on, I chanced to come into a department store. There the first thing I saw, in the men's department, was a very mite of a woman, measuring up to herself a suit of underwear surely designed to fit Tom Ton. She hands them to the clerk with the remark that she thinks she should have just one size larger. In the women's shoe department, a man is buying a pair of shoes for his wife. He doesn't know the size but thinks he ought to get them plenty large enough, so that they'll be sure to fit—ignorant male! Everywhere people are buying, something that looks good but sells cheap—gilded nothings.

Finally, it seems that I have seen everything—but no, I have forgotten one thing, Toyland! With an inward shout of glee, I jump on an elevator, and am on my way to the paradise of children (not to mention adults).

The natural object of my visit to Toyland being to observe the joy of the children, once having arrived at my destination, I began to pursue it (the object, not the destination). My thoughts run in some such manner as this:

My, everything is pretty, all tinsel and glitter. Ah! there is Santa Claus. I must get a closer look at him—and also, incidentally, one of those whistles they are giving away. “What? the guard says, ‘Children only!’ The poor boob ought to know I wanted it for my little sister—Oh, well!”

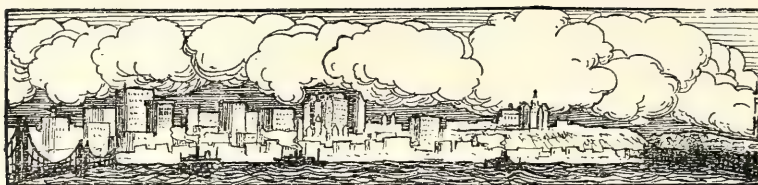
There certainly is a crowd of grown-ups here to-day. They ought to know better, fooling with the toys, too. There is one big fellow winding a duck;—he can’t get it started, the dumbell! I must go over and show him how.

I went over to him and said, “It’s easy. Just watch me.” Then I gave it a big turn. It must have been a decisive turn, for with a great whirr something gave way, and the duck commenced to disgorge more miscellaneous and assorted gears, wheels, springs and odds in general than I thought ten ducks could hold. However, I did not stay to collect, for I observed the coldly officious eye of the floor-walker directed toward me; and immediately his step was turned in the same direction. I did not stay to argue with him, but, an elevator being handy, I escaped without any serious complications.

Thus ended my plunge into the exciting and altogether delightful experience of Christmas shopping. I have come away from it with a clearer vision and a different attitude toward Christmas presents. Consequently, this Christmas, when my relatives present me with a necktie of poisonous hue and wall-paper design, I will see it in the light of my new experience, so that I will be able to answer their “Merry Christmas” with a truthful and hearty “Same to you, and many of them.”

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.





My Pittsburgh at Night

NIGHTS in Pittsburgh mean more to me than the hours of a day. In the daytime, I feel the press of people, and the loneliness of much work that demands energy and gives no companionship. But night changes all of this. To wander around town and watch the flash of white and green electric signs, rests me. There is companionship in the houses, the shadows, the lights, the noises, the crowds, and everything that goes to make Pittsburgh's nights.

The many lights that I can see from Herron Hill reservoir take my breath. At the edge of the river are steel mills brightening the sky with long, searing flashes of heat lightning. The gray cathedral spires are dog-ears jutting through a luminous mist. "Tech's" school buildings are checkerboards of yellow lights; a silver belching of smoke from the eight o'clock Pullman, its headlight glimmering on the embankment as it swerves around the bend, floats out into the night as it puffs down the grade at Shadyside station. The eight-foot bank sign on the Highland Building, mounts majestically to the sky. At a little distance to the left, is Baum Boulevard; autos running the gauntlet of a thousand lights; the Bloomfield bridge that drops bluntly at the foot of the Tech ice cream plant; Donahoe's alternating electric billboard that creaks as it revolves; the Allegheny river gleaming at the edge of Troy Hill; its coal barges resembling hyphens on the silver screen. Then, down near town, I can see the red spear, trademark of the Pittsburgh Valve Foundry and Construction Company; "fifty-seven" glares at me from the river mist. Down the valley, Bellevue is slowly being swallowed by a mantle of blue fog. A huge chewing gum sign blinks big, brotherly at the smaller advertisements for "Standard Plumbing Fixtures" and "Byer Pipe." Unlike other cities,

Pittsburgh is a flash of bright lights displayed on a clear, cold night.

It would be hard to number the many different lights that hold sway at night in this town. There are flashlights, sodden, sulking, blinking and dotting lights. From Mount Washington can be seen jaunty, green, soft, mellow-hooded, glaring, flashing, scouring and frosted lights, speckling the surroundings. Lights that flare up with the opening of doors, then soften again into shadows, gray and mysterious. Theater lights beckon patrons with fantastically designed billboards. Jumping lights that seem to go off into space like a shooting star in August, appear from nowhere. Shimmering lights gleam from hundreds of motor vehicles, crystallizing the highways and bobbing into the distance. Hospital lights, in massive wings, show out in solemn blocks.

I could never like any other city's nights as I like those of Pittsburgh. It is not because they do not have as many lights; that their sky is different; that the winds do not buffet me around sharp corners. It is because the crowds are different, and I can more readily adjust myself to the moods of the nights. In New York, there is always too much hurriedness in the people. This haste is noticeable as you come through the railroad stations; one champs, like an impatient parade horse, when stopped at corners. Every one is eager to be off, here, there or anywhere as long as they are moving fast enough.

Now, rainy nights in Pittsburgh are not as dispiriting as many natives imagine. About eight o'clock the arc-lamps flare up, very bright, go out, sputter awhile, and then remain, steadily lighting up the sidewalks and casting inquisitive, lurking glances into the nearby shadows. Late factory workers slouch along the streets, unmindful of the weather and kick dank drops of oily water from heavy shoes. A taxi wheels around a sharp corner, the chains make furtive sparks on the wet asphalt, while a jerky tail light grins derisively.

Even on zero winter nights, there is not a perceptible hurry-hurry in the steps of the people after dark. The thermometer may be below freezing temperature, but, even so, the lights, the mood and the shadows are there. The sky is

flecked with a million crisp stars. In the parks can be heard nothing save a soft, sighing sound which you know to be the note of a shifting owl. The snow crunches under foot. A breeze churns flurries of snow into miniature whirlwinds. The note of the wind is soothing, and a singular feeling of peace and ease prevails; after awhile a silver moon will bring a gray tint to the skies.

The things I saw on a spring night from the Smithfield Street bridge, were widely different from those seen from the old wooden bridge I knew in Butler county. There a late sun, red and vivid, cast beams of light over the dark, slowly flowing creek. The stream was quite wide from shore to shore, and the great weight of water flowed in silent majesty. Both banks were lined with heavy underbrush, dark green by day, but fused into solid blackness by the approach of night. Close to the water, in a little cove where the current came in shallow waves, a leaky skiff was docked. The rising north wind blew with an uncanny sound. A whip-poor-will's ominous call came from a nearby stretch of woods. The wind rattled old stocks of corn and wafted the damp odor of newly turned earth. What a difference there was when one looked out from the bridge at Smithfield Street at the fall of dusk! The sun had lingered in the west, and then sank into the Ohio like a spent cannon ball. Under the cloak of night the river showed but dimly. After a bit the lights began to come on. From my position on the bridge, the Baltimore and Ohio station looked like an overly lighted carnival stall. The South Hills cars were lined up on Water Street. The traffic signal shrilled a warning to pedestrians; then a short "toot" and the semaphore was changed. A mail truck lurched out of the Ferry Street terminal, barely missing a Forty-two car. The steering wheel righted itself and over the trembling trestle the truck rumbled to catch train six. The **Homer Smith** was swishing gently in her customary wharf dock. A tall, sooty smokestack conveyed great bundle-like volumes of wooly smoke to the black sky. The pleasure boats' three decks were illuminated by a continuous necklace of pearly lights. A murky barge passed under the bridge and a wave of yellow light from the excursion steamer touched it faintly. Thus the little bridge that cares for the traffic of lumbering mud-choked wagons and Fords, and gives a typical rural atmosphere, is overshadowed by the amount of clanging traffic over

and under the Smithfield Street bridge at night.

At night Pittsburgh is mine. I like to live, work, study and enjoy my city at night. I appreciate her lights that make rain glisten on new green things. The clang of traffic and the smell of smoke all appeal to me. Pittsburgh cannot be the Main Street type of city, nor can it be like the slumbering towns of the South during the Civil War days. Pittsburgh is not an intellectual, spiritual or aesthetic zero, as it has been termed by a citizen of New York. This great city has moods, charity, crowds, suburbs, parks, conservatories, industrial and financial abilities that have put her foremost in world affairs. Easterners say that Pittsburgh is an over-grown town. It is, but being so overgrown has placed Pittsburgh as the big brother of the world.

W. S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.

(Editor's Note—Music, indeed, seems to have taken a hold on the students of Duquesne. Renewed activity in this regard, is apparent on all sides. The Monthly is glad to present for the first time, a new song written by a member of the College of Arts. We hope soon to hear the "Victory Song," as it has been termed, on the lips of every student. The song, by the way, is not intended to supplant the "Alma Mater"—far from it. It is a song with rhythm, lilt and life, to be sung on the grid-iron, the diamond, or the basketball floor.)

The Red and Blue

(Words and Music by Thomas J. Quigley, A. B., '27.)

We'll sing hurrah for the Red and Blue
A big hurrah for the Red and Blue,
For the school you love, on to victory.
And when you've downed the foe,
We will raise a mighty shout
And sing hurrah for the Red and Blue.

The boys out here are all with you
Now with all your might
Give them fight, fight, fight,
For the good old Red and Blue.



The Christmas Tree



IF all the pagan customs that have grown around the celebration of Christmas, none is more beautiful or more symbolic than the Christmas tree. In millions of homes, on Christmas eve night, the father and mother will carry the tree from the regions of the cellar, from which prying juvenile eyes have recently been barred. It is set up and the decorations are carefully and judiciously attached. Gifts for the children are hidden in its branches or under its foliage. Christmas morning will find glad hearted boys and girls showing their pleasure and happiness in the lights, decorations and gifts of the Christmas tree.

There is something symbolic of family union in this charming custom. Father, mother and children unite in the enjoyment of the Christmas tree; the parents in the decorating; the children in the pleasure of admiring the beauty of the tree, and partaking of its gifts. There is something wholesome in this little practice that makes us feel that, after all, the American family has a greater bond of union than many would have us believe.

It is a fact that, while we all admire the Christmas tree, and perhaps are appreciative of its significance, few of us, however, are aware of its origin. Strange to say, the first trace of the Christmas tree is found in ancient Egypt. We learn that the Egyptians celebrated the mid-winter festival by decorating their houses with the branches of the evergreen date palm, to signify the triumph of life over death. It is interesting to know that the Jews, Greeks, and Chinese were accustomed to burn candles during the celebration of the Winter feasts, and some would trace the practice of placing candles on the Christmas tree, to this peculiar habit of the ancient peoples. Pine trees decorated with images of Bacchus and other gods of pleasure, were in evidence at the Saturnalia, the Winter feast of the Romans, and may have had an influ-

ence on our custom. Scandinavian mythology relates the appearance of a tree every Christmas season, on whose branches appeared flaming torches which no earthly power was able to extinguish.

Among Christians, the first mention of the Christmas tree occurs in an old German legend, which states that while St. Winifrid was preaching to his converts, a forest nearby was torn down by a fearful storm. One slender fir tree, however, remained standing. This, the saint declared holy, and called it a representation of the Christ Child. The Germans are fond of crediting Martin Luther with the invention of the Christmas tree as we know it to-day. According to the story, Luther, one Christmas eve, in order to explain the intricacies of the heavenly bodies to his family, plucked a young fir tree from his garden and decorated it with candles. The French, not to be outdone by their Teutonic neighbors, claim the Christmas tree to be of French origin.

Whatever may be the truth or falsehood of the claims, the fact remains that the modern custom of the Christmas tree arose in the Rhine valley, somewhat after the beginning of the seventeenth century, and gradually extended all over Germany. Prince Albert was responsible for the popularity of the tree in England, and one of Dickens' most charming essays has the Christmas tree for its topic. The German invasion of 1870 made the French people acquainted with this Christmas practice, and it is now one of their most popular customs. The German emigrant brought the idea to the United States, and this Christmas, as for many past, the glow of colored lights on a green fir tree will shine from the windows of millions of American homes, as a touching symbol of the unity and harmony of the American family.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.



Yuletide Vignette

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

IT WAS a Saturday afternoon,

* * *

ONE OF those chill, gray ones,

* * *

IN MID-December.

* * *

I WAS passing through

* * *

SOHO

* * *

ON A street-car.

* * *

A LOT of ragged little kids

* * *

WERE PLAYING about.

* * *

SOME REGARDED wistfully

* * *

THE GAUDY holiday displays

* * *

IN THE tinsel-laden shop-win-
dows.

* * *

IT OCCURRED to me that

* * *

CHRISTMAS DIDN'T mean
much

* * *

IN SOHO.

* * *

A FEW hours later I returned

* * *

OVER THE same line,

* * *

AND THE same thought

* * *

STRUCK ME again:

"CHRISTMAS DOESN'T mean
much

* * *

IN SOHO."

* * *

QUITE BY chance,

* * *

I GLANCED across the car.

* * *

A FOREIGN-LOOKING man

* * *

SAT OPPOSITE me.

* * *

HE WAS loaded down

* * *

WITH VARI-SHAPEN
bundles.

* * *

MOST OF them, I saw,

* * *

CONTAINED TOYS.

* * *

HE COULD scarcely keep

* * *

AN INSISTENT smile

* * *

FROM HIS lips.

* * *

HIS SWARTHY face was alight.

* * *

AND YOU know, gentle reader,

* * *

AND I know, too,

* * *

WHAT HE was thinking of—

* * *

CHRISTMAS MORNING

AND RADIANTLY expectant
kiddies

* * *

AND A happy, if work-worn,
wife.

* * *

HE LEFT the car

* * *

AT ROBINSON Street,

* * *

NEAR ST. AGNES' Church.

* * *

AND AS he and his bundles

* * *

SQUEEZED OUT the door,

* * *

HE COULDN'T help smiling

* * *

AT THE conductor.

* * *

AND THE conductor smiled
back,

* * *

FOR MAYBE he had

* * *

A WIFE and brood of kiddies,
too.

* * *

AND AS my friend,

* * *

FOR RIGHT then he was

MY FRIEND and every one
else's friend,

* * *

PASSED OUT of sight

* * *

IN THE early winter darkness,

* * *

I THOUGHT to myself

* * *

THAT I wouldn't trade much

* * *

FOR HIS hat

* * *

OR HIS necktie

* * *

OR HIS shoes,

* * *

BUT THAT I'd trade a lot

* * *

FOR HIS state of mind.

* * *

AND CHRISTMAS might mean
a lot

* * *

IN SOHO,

* * *

AFTER ALL.

* * *

I THANK you.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, LL. B., '28.

The College Glee Club



MUSIC, like other arts, has been developed to a very high degree and in various forms at Duquesne University. In fact, music has had a tradition at Duquesne, a tradition to which we point with pride, for it is replete with bands, orchestras, choirs and choral clubs, and in every respect its musical ascendancy, from its inception, has been fraught with glorious achievements. However far it has climbed to great heights, its scope is by no means exhausted as yet, for at all times the faculty is ever on the alert to foster and encourage any indication of it in whatever corner it shows signs of being worthy of consideration.

Our music professors are widely known for their talents and genius, and no better proof of this can be had than to notice the great demand by people for instruction from them. Young and old have daily asked to be instructed, and so great has been the request that our University saw fit and our vigilant faculty decided at last to open a School of Music which will confer degrees and unfold and complete the musical possibilities of its adherents. This school acquired the services of the best professors in and around Pittsburgh, and it will, no doubt, in a few years, send into the musical world real students nurtured in the best of music.

Yet, besides the fertile field of our Music School, there is another place in our University where the fertility of the musical field has produced a ripe crop of goods which deserves much attention and which will, in a few months hence, command the admiration of all the students and be a palatable joy to the institution it represents. The faculty has again seen the need of an organization which will be of value, consisting of a Vocal School, represented by an organization known as the College Glee Club. It should be the aim and ambition of every student to belong to such an organization which is made up of the "pick" of the students who have any vocal talents at all. Now, in every school of note, in every University, not only in schools of America but the schools of Europe, too, such a society exists. At any rate, our Glee Club is composed of the talent of the College Department. The members were carefully chosen by Father Dewe and Father Malloy, teacher of Aesthetics in the Music School.

Choosing the students who were to represent this club was a very difficult task, yet under the supervision of such able men, it was accomplished. Day after day the voices of the applicants were tested, drilled and trained; each student underwent several individual trials, and the most capable were selected. These men are at the present time preparing hymns and songs of many parts, with the hope that in a few months they will display their accomplishments for the glory of our school. Father Dewe will assume entire control.

Father Dewe is a native of England, where his musical talents were first developed. He taught in many schools in England, in a Jesuit College in Texas, and in Columbia University, New York. He is now teacher at Duquesne University, where he will assume the entire control of the Glee Club as well as teach other subjects and sciences in the school. Father Dewe is a master in his work, especially music. He plays the piano and other instruments with great swing and color. He is a specialist in developing real singers and, beyond a doubt, excellent in voice culture. So the forty-three men who have been chosen should take advantage of this opportunity. Attend every practice session. Cooperate with Father Dewe. Truly, the way is rough and tiresome, but the goal is priceless. You might not attain, the first year, the prestige or applause of older musical clubs, you might not have the chance to travel extensively and show your wares, but we feel that you are destined to great things. The Glee Club is for you, make it worthy of you, and by diligent effort on your part and the splendid guidance and direction of Father Dewe, unhampered by outside interference, will achieve results almost incalculable and invaluable to all concerned. Build up the organization, but to do so you must cooperate. And be assured, in time your club will be a credit to the oldest department of our school, the pride of our student body, another achievement of our faculty, and a true production of Duquesne University.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Yuletide Reflections

ONCE again, Christmas! What can we say that is new about the day? Down the years, since that first Christmas, men have felt and said much about the sacredness, the happiness, the idealism of the natal day of Christ. The nineteen centuries have seen new customs, new practices, new thoughts annex themselves to the celebration of this festive day. These nineteen hundred years have witnessed man delve into the lore of the Saxon and the Goth and come forth with that charming custom of lighting the Yule log. The years have come to recognize the fine old practice of the Druids of decorating with mistletoe as an integral part of the day. Indeed, they have seen a plenitude of charming legends and stories become so entwined about the Christmastide that they are a part of every Christian's life and of every Christmas day.

Unfortunately, they have seen the Yuletide become a commercial orgy of buying and giving, and the gradual decline of the sentiment and spirit that actuated the first Christmas gift. Selfishness, greed for wealth and power, bigotry, prejudice and fear are still far from being eradicated from the minds of men, despite the fact that these are contrary to the teaching of Him whose natal day we celebrate this month.

Thank God, this spirit of commercialism for most people is merely a surface affliction, and the last few years have seen greater efforts being made toward international peace and goodwill among the nations of the earth. Deep down in the

hearts of men, the teaching of Christ is gradually overcoming the false notions of life. The real Christmas spirit, goodwill and fellowship survive the attacks of a commercial and materialistic world. The fun, the frolic, the tenderness, the poetry, the sacredness of Christmastide courses through the veins of men. The mystic charm of the day is ever triumphant! The feast of faith, goodwill and joy will be preserved! Out of Christmas, as it comes again, may a promise of a more thoughtful, kindlier living come!

A WISH

To the Very Reverend President, long continued happiness and good health.

To the Faculty of the University a wealth of good wishes.

To the Students, Readers, Friends, peace, contentment and happiness wrapped, beribboned and labeled—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Brothers



HOW often do we wonder, what makes two men of no relationship cling to one another like moss to a tree? Nothing is too hard or too great for one to do for the other. This seeming life within a life often amuses and puzzles us. The binding force of their pact is a fraternal brotherhood that is as holy as the relation of a child to its parents or a brother to another brother. The spirit, displayed by such a pair, is the true ideal of every fraternity.

An organization of this kind is undertaken chiefly to promote good fellowship. But what good would the promotion of fellowship do, if that fellowship was not solidified? The making of **true** friendship is a sacred thing, and such a friendship is to be revered. The welding together of two or more hearts in common bond is a mighty and powerful force, and is the life and flower of any real fraternity.

But the cementing of true friendship is not the only aim of a fraternity. Their ideal must actuate them so that they may become the leaders in their particular class, whether pro-

fessional, honorary, religious or social. It is often argued, that the only reason for the existence of a fraternity is for social purposes, but this belief is false. All fraternities have—as any organization should—an ideal, or goal, for which they strive. It is the attainment of this goal that carries a fraternity through the years. When the brothers cease to maintain their ideal, they cease to exist as a true fraternity.

Thus, in fraternities we again find the answer to that famous saying, “United we stand, divided we fall.”

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

Christmas Cards



CHRISTMAS is the season for happiness and jollity. It is the time for communicating the good spirits within us to our friends and acquaintances. Everyone, we meet on the street, is greeted with the old but never stale “Merry Christmas.” Not content with “making vocal” our feelings of joy and goodwill, we write them down so that, on the printed page, they may be preserved and treasured, not for just one day or one season, but that they may be ever present in our thoughts and actions. We send these written expressions of love and good fellowship to our friends that they may think of us on this great day and wish us that best of all greetings, “A Merry Christmas.”

We search in vain to find a legend or tradition behind the custom of sending these Christmas cards. While it was an old practice for people to send congratulatory letters to one another on religious festivals, Christmas cards, as we know them, are a comparatively modern innovation. But they have come to be a part of our lives, an essential constituent of a really happy Christmas day. What Christmas morning would be complete unless it were accompanied by these little tokens of friendship and regard? Many a lonely and sad heart has been lightened by these conventional, it is true, but nevertheless heartfelt greetings.

On Christmas day, the world stops its mad rush for a little while, ambition is forgotten, our friends remember us, we think kindly of them, and we show this regard by an exchange of Christmas cards. May the good practice continue!

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE Student Senate is a reality. A constitution was drawn up at a meeting attended by representatives of every class. Fr. Carroll's consent was obtained and the first regular meeting was called. Meanwhile, senators were elected, five each from the three upper classes and three from the freshmen. David S. Byre, president of the Senior class, who conducted the constitutional meeting, presided at the first regular meeting of the Senate. The following officers were elected: Cyril J. Vogel, president; Michael A. McNally, vice-president; Paul A. Nee, secretary; and John C. Stafford, treasurer. A committee, of which Thomas J. Quigley is chairman, was appointed to make arrangements with Doctor Lloyd for the play to be held for the benefit of the band. Doctor Lloyd has kindly donated his services for this event.

* * *

According to figures compiled by the N. C. W. C. service, Duquesne is the eighth largest university under Catholic control in the United States. During the past year, over 2,500 students attended Duquesne, according to this report.

* * *

Duquesne University auditorium was the scene of a monster reception to Fr. Thill, Saturday, Nov. 7. One thousand students were present to greet the reverend national secretary-treasurer of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, who stopped off here on his annual tour of the eastern cities. Rt. Rev. Bishop Boyle, Rev. M. A. Hehir, Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, Rev. E. A. Ricards, Rev. Edward Quinn, and Miss Helen Shettig, spoke, in addition to the honored guest. Fr. Thill, after complimenting Fr. E. A. Malloy and the Crusaders of Pittsburgh for their services to the crusade, outlined several plans he had for increasing interest in the missions. Music was provided by Divine Providence Orchestra, and solos were given by Miss Pfeifer, of Seton Hill, and William Begley, of St. Mary's of the Mount High School. The Father Simon Unit was represented at the meeting by John C. Stafford, Martin A. Mooney, Michael A. McNally, Joseph T. Kil-

keary, and Charles O. Rice. Incidentally, we might mention that at the last national convention of the Crusade, Cyril J. Vogel, who presided, was elected to the executive board as representative of the men's colleges.

* * *

The Sunday evening entertainment of October 24 was featured by a debate between the Junior and Senior classes of the college. The subject was: Resolved, That Henry Ford's five day week plan will be an aid to business. The Seniors, who were declared the winners, were represented by James B. Durkin, Cyril J. Vogel, and James T. Philpott. The Juniors were Thomas F. Henninger, M. N. Kenvirth, and C. E. Mullen. Joseph A. Johnston presided.

* * *

The Freshmen presented a play, entitled "Up Against It," on October 31. The lead was played by Michael Conroy. The girls' parts were acted by Joseph Griffin, Leonard Scully, and Charles Rice. Others in the cast were Regis Ging, William Munhall, and Joseph C. Thompson. The clever performance of Thompson stood out. The play was directed by Mr. Michael Dwyer. Several pleasing numbers were presented by the University Orchestra.

* * *

Now that a band has been formed, the students should give it undivided support. Those who play instruments should report to the director, and every effort should be made by the student body to finance the purchase of attractive uniforms. The opening appearance of the band was very well received.

* * *

The quarterly infliction of exams had full sway during the week of November 8. There was at least one examination for each subject, while some professors were satisfied with no less than four. Everyone waited with bated breath for the results, in order to find out what kind of marks would be handed down by the new additions to the staff. The following secured first place in their respective classes: D. Abele, freshman; J. P. Desmond, sophomore; T. F. Henninger, junior; and P. W. Rice, senior.

* * *

It is to be regretted that more use is not made of the library. An excellent selection of books, both informative and literary, is on the shelves. The library is in charge of Dennis Abele, who has catalogued the books, to make access

to the volumes as easy as possible. All the reference books, suggested aids to class work, can be obtained in the library.

* * *

As we go to press, the newspapers are carrying the notice of the death of Joseph Otten, director of music at St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Otten received the degree of Doctor of Music from Duquesne University three years ago. He was accredited with being one of the greatest American authorities on Catholic Church music, and especially on the Gregorian Chant. Mr. Otten organized the first St. Louis symphony orchestra, and has written much about music for the Catholic encyclopedia. Many Duquesne boys, as members of the Cathedral choir, will remember Joseph Otten as their instructor in choral singing.

* * *


The Monthly extends its deepest sympathy to Professor Connelly, whose mother died during the month.

* * *

Every school of the University is entitled to a place on the staff of the Monthly. Those schools that do not have a representative on the staff are asked to get in touch with the editor, who will arrange the matter with them. Space in this column is also reserved for the chronicling of happenings of general interest which may occur in the different schools. The School of Pharmacy has already taken advantage of this privilege, and we expect to see others follow their good example.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

The School of Pharmacy

 HE Deans of three of America's most famous Schools of Pharmacy were present at the meeting of the Duquesne Pharmaceutical Association held November 15. They were Deans W. F. Rudd, Medical College of Virginia; C. H. Dye, Ohio State University; and A. S. Dumez, University of Maryland. All spoke appreciatively of Duquesne's addition to Pharmaceutical education, and of the great work being done by Dean Muldoon. The following members of the Association read papers on subjects of interest to the Pharmacist: Messrs. Callaghan, Staub,

and Johnson. F. Arthur Molinari, president of the Association, conducted the meeting.

* * *

The Pharmic basketball team will be coached this year by "Jock" Rosenberg, one of the Pharmacy representatives on the varsity. If "Jock" coaches as well as he plays, the Pharmic cup will surely return to its donors. About twenty candidates are working out with "Jock," assuring keen competition for the ten open berths.

F. ARTHUR MOLINARI, Ph. G., '28.



Alumni Notes

A Student To-day :- An Alumnus To-morrow

ON our Freshman Class of '24 there was a personality so engaging that, once observed, the impression became indelible. John "Rusty" Curran was a wonderful fellow and we wish he was still among us. However, when he found his calling in life, he fearlessly followed the inward voice and joined a Brotherhood for the instruction of wayward youths. I sincerely hope I will never close my eyes in death until I have been warmed once again by the rays from his unique personality.

* * *

William McNamara, B. Sc. E., '22, was recently married to Miss Sullivan, daughter of the well-known Pittsburgher, P. J. Sullivan. Bill won fame on the football field and he was the best lineman I have ever seen. I recall an incident when Duquesne played Thiel at Greenville on a dreary Thanksgiving Day. Things did not go well in the first half, and in the dressing room between halves I saw McNamara, who was playing gilt-edged ball, break into tears and show a heart of anguish. Was that effeminate? No, it was sorrow of a man incapable of realizing ideals. We wish them happiness and we hope more men like McNamara would enroll at Duquesne.

Speaking of marriages, the brother of Father Malloy was recently joined in wedlock to Esther Hambuecher. Both brothers of the bridegroom, who attended the School of Accounts in '18, took part in the ceremonies solemnized at Canton, Ohio.

* * *

Richard Callahan, the Debonair Nonpareil, has continued his dental course at the University of Pittsburgh. Latest reports state that he is doing well, both scholastically and otherwise.

* * *

Harold "Red" Vogel has matriculated at Georgetown to continue his studies of medicine.

* * *

Many students will recall Mr. Aikens, now Father Aikens, and unanimously agree that he was a very likeable person. He has chosen the Mission fields of Africa as the vineyard of his priestly endeavors. What greater sacrifice can there be? We need not extend wishes or hopes. God is his ideal.

* * *

Mr. J. Kalson, LL. D., '22, is realizing success in his profession, recently having been appointed Assistant District Attorney to Samuel H. Gardner. A remarkable achievement for a young fellow of twenty-seven summers.

EDWIN R. HEYL, A. B., '28.





Football

TOUGH!!!



COACH FRANK McDERMOTT took his Red and Blue brigade to engage in a "le mors combat" with Tommy Holleran's gridders of Thiel College at Greenville, Pa., on Oct. 23, and the hard-fought battle that ensued left honors about even except in the score, which read 7-0, with the Dukes on the short end. A blocked punt on the Duquesne five-yard line during the first minute of the second quarter paved the way for the only touchdown of the game. Captain Douds, of Thiel, sent a neat drop kick through the props, after Danny McDonald had counted the six-point tally.

The game was full of fumbles and freak plays. Thiel kicked off, and Velar ran the ball back to the 32-yard stripe. A fumble on the 40-yard mark gave the Lutherans the pig-skin and they punted deep in Duquesne territory. A punt by Donneli was fumbled by Berkman, and the ball see-sawed back and forth until Biston, Thiel tackle, intercepted a Bluffite pass, and ran 43 yards before kissing terra firma. With the oval on Duquesne's 23-yard mark, the Dukes put an end to the "uncalled for" nonsense. Duquesne found herself in the last half and fought a valiant game for the remainder of the contest. In the third stanza, Duquesne took the sphere deep in Red and Blue territory and marched down the field in five straight first downs, but an injury to Shelton, who started this greatest Duke offensive of the year, ended the drive on the very threshold of the tallying door. The McDermottmen played a wonderful game during the second half and the God of War—Zeus, or whoever he may be—must have a very differ-

ent version of the Duquesne-Thiel battle than is set down in well-kept records. Until we get a glimpse into the aforementioned one's books, the struggle must go down in erring history as a 7-0 throwback for the Hillmen.

* * *

EVEN STEPHEN

The newly-formed Duke band was christened in licit fashion on the day McDermott's proteges held the highly-touted Bethany eleven to a scoreless tie on a rain soaked field. Unheralded and unsung, the willing musicians surprised virtually every one of the two thousand spectators by their impromptu appearance and the harmony that accompanied it. Such an auspicious beginning smacks of more than mediocre success in the future.

Despite the inclement weather and soggy condition of the field, the Dukes repulsed the onslaught of the West Virginians, and somewhat atoned for the defeat encountered in the previous tussle a year back. From a Duquesne viewpoint, the outlook was anything but encouraging during the early part of the melee. The game hardly got under way when Behany was within scoring distance, having possession of the oval on Duquesne's eleven yard stripe, but here the locals braced and took the sphere on downs. Again near the close of the second period, Bethany threw consternation into Duke hopes by carrying the pigskin to the five-yard chalk mark, yet McDermott's battlers seemed to fight hardest in such crises, and the effort went for naught. The Red and Blue did little in an offensive way during the first half, gaining but three first downs to the Bison's eight. A rejuvenated Bluffite array entered the second half, intent on evening matters, and they did this and more. Velar, leading the pack, penetrated the Bisons' defense at will. Following the kickoff opening the third quarter, the stellar Simmy, aided by splendid interference, evaded would-be tacklers with ease, and zig-zagged his way to a 20-yard gain. Clifford hit center for three, and on the ensuing play Velar crashed through for ten more. At this juncture, the West Virginians rallied long enough to force a placement

kick by Donneli from the 18-yard mark, but it was shy of its goal by inches. Later in the period Clifford and Kinney and Velar combined to advance the ball to the Bethany 25-yard parallel. Buff Donneli again attempted to register from the field but an ill wind smirked at the try. In the final three minutes of play, Duke brilliance blazed in all its glory and the Hillmen were well on their way to a victory-making touchdown as the final whistle blew. The last half saw Duquesne count ten first downs to Bethany's two.

* * *

WAYNESBURG AT WAYNESBURG

Duquesne and Waynesburg celebrated the day that ended war by waging a bitter conflict. The Easterday crew had everything its own way during the first two periods, registering a couple of touchdowns, and in general taking advantage of Duquesne's noted big-heartedness during early minutes of games. Not until the second half did the Bluffites wax that old-time fire which blazed and sputtered early in the season. The game ended like many others this season, with the Red and Blue holding the ball under the shadow of their opponent's goal posts.

Waynesburg scored early in the game on straight football. It can be said in justice that a fumble by Shelton paved the way for the first score of the day. This happened on the 43-yard mark, and the Yellow Jackets proceeded to utilize the slip by pushing the ball over on a series of line plunges. The last of the first quarter saw Waynesburg pummeling the Bluffmen's defense, and with the start of period two, Toline, right halfback, went over the goal line to end the scoring at 13-0 in Waynesburg's favor.

Shelton starred at fullback for the Dukes, despite an injured knee sustained in the Thiel clash. Charley McDonald also played a bang-up game. Donneli's punting was exceptionally good and Velar gave his usual good account of himself. It was a hard game to lose, for if the Dukes played the whole game as they did the latter half—but they didn't.


ASHLAND LANDS

The football season is fast growing to a close. The end cannot come too soon if the Dukes continue to toss victories away as they did last Friday, when Ashland College, beaten to a frazzle, walked off the campus victorious by a 14-10 count. How did they do it? The fact is, THEY didn't, but the Dukes did. There is no getting away from the fact that the Bluffites should have won, could have won, and would have won if they so desired. Carelessness is no excuse, for the Dukes, judging from this malady in earlier games, have no right to become careless. Ashland won—and how?


Duquesne scored the first points of the game after three minutes of play in the opening quarter when Simmy Velar sprinted 50 yards for a touchdown. Donneli added the extra point. Ashland evened the count shortly after the start of the second quarter. With the ball on the 46-yard line, Buzzard, Ashland tackle, intercepted a pass and soared over the field for a tally. The half ended at seven all. In the third period Donneli's educated toe sent a powerful kick from the 46yard stripe to register a three-point tally, thus giving Duquesne a 10-7 advantage. The biggest surprise of the game happened in the final stanza, when Ashland unleashed an overhead attack that was nothing short of miraculous. Four complete passes, a la Notre Dame, carried the pill from nowhere to the Duke eight-yard mark, whence Lennero turned hopeless defeat into incredible victory. With the score 14-10 and the game about over the Bluffites were to be pitied as dull reality suddenly dawned upon them. The Dukes were handicapped to a certain extent since a few stellar men were out of the lineup, but even so, "heads up" football would have brought a much-needed victory.

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.





Side Line Comment

HE football season is over. It was not exactly a howling success, but it was an improvement over last year and previous years. Can we ask more? The dream of every Duquesne student is still to be fulfilled. We are still optimistic enough to visualize, far off in the hazy future, a great football machine wearing the Red and Blue. We feel that the dream is very apt to become a reality. However, we are practical enough to admit, that there are certain great obstacles in the way of its realization. A retrospect of the season just passed would be anything but cheerful, and so we will let the dead past bury its dead, and proceed to the discussion of a question more to our liking. Is it possible for Duquesne to have a really great team? What is the cause of Duquesne's failure in the past? Now, let us forget all bias, all prejudice, all false idealism and impractical dreaming, and proceed to the plain, hard facts.

* * *

The answer to the first question, we believe, is yes. And these are our reasons: Duquesne has the fourth largest student body in Pennsylvania. Some of these are prep students, it is true, but these also have a hand in the supporting of our athletics. Even with these counted out, we are far larger than Geneva, Waynesburg, Grove City, Bucknell, Lehigh, and many other schools both in this and neighboring states. These colleges all have great teams,—why not us? Why should not a University with so great a student body as ours and with so great an alumni, be able to support a team as well as these small colleges?

Secondly, when Duquesne opens a medical and dental school, it will be in a position to train young men for any walk in life they see fit to choose. Medical and dental students, now matriculating in other schools, will flock to the Bluff. Many of these will be potential football stars.

There will be no dearth of material. For the same reason, there should be no dearth of funds in the treasury of the University, if such is now the case.

The people of Pittsburgh would like to see the Dukes come to the top. Every time our team does the unexpected, there is a great crowd at the next game. As soon as we show signs of changing our policies, and really trying to place a good team on the field, we will find that the public will respond, and our efforts will be amply rewarded through the gate receipts. But our policies must be changed. Once this is done, we can and will rise far beyond the class B schools. We are too big to be classed with them.

* * *

What are these policies that must be changed? That brings us to our second question, "What is the cause of Duquesne's failure in the past?" We must approach this question with the utmost delicacy and diplomacy. The material can be had. This last season, Duquesne had wonderful material. In this statement, we are upheld by certain officials of the game, and men who are supposed to know these matters. There is no complaint on the score of coaches. Our coach is not a miracle man. We cannot judge his ability until we have seen him working, unhampered and with the co-operation he should have. Then, if the team is bad, we can blame him. Now, however, restrained by "those policies," he is deserving of nothing but praise for what he has done. Is it the fault of the students? Again, and most emphatically we say, "no." Witness the spirit at Geneva. Witness the band we took down with us. The students paid for that out of their own pockets. The present band is being paid for by students and a few professors. The College of Arts will give a play to raise the money for uniforms. No student complained when an activity fee of fifteen dollars was added to the tuition. In fact, it was the students themselves who were really in back of that innovation. The most of that fee was to go towards athletics. What, then, is the matter?

The players themselves are discontented. They desert the team in large numbers every year. Why did Parana leave? Why did Weinstock leave? Football players at Duquesne do not receive what they receive at other schools, namely, full tuition, books, and an opportunity to earn their board. That, it appears to us, is the reason. Fellows, who are not wealthy, depend on their football to put them through school and those, who are really good, matriculate in schools where this opportunity is offered them. That means that the real football players enroll anywhere but at Duquesne. Other schools are willing to give them this chance, and the money that is received at the gate, amply repays the school for the free education they give to the players. Other schools give their players every opportunity. They are contented to stay. A good football team is the result. This in turn results in big "gates" at the games. The team pays for itself and money is left over to build, install more courses and expand in every way. It is impossible to make anything pay unless first we invest some capital in the enterprise. We cannot countenance professional payment of the players. But we can, at least, give our men every opportunity.

* * *

To do these things for athletes is not professional. It is the accepted policy in force everywhere. The students were willing to accept,—in fact, they were desirous to accept an increase (in tuition) of fifteen dollars to help defray this expense. Let the students, alumni, and faculty get together and see that the football men have some inducement to draw them to Duquesne. Then we will have a team. The University itself will be the one to prosper. Remember, "Nothing ventured, nothing won."

* * *

There are about five hundred real students at Washington and Jefferson. Why do they have such good teams? The alumni do not forget their Alma Mater. That is the answer. The alumni of every school, except Duquesne, do their share to give their school a good football team. Wake up! Old Grads!

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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In A Second

Just a fraction of a minute,
That is all, and we'll begin it.
See, the second hand is turning
And it won't be long till morning.

Just a tiny little second
And the New Year we have beckoned
Will replace the old in glory,
And will tell another story.

In the quickness of an instant
We will see the new-born infant
Bringing Nineteen Twenty-seven
From its Author up in Heaven.

Funny, how that little fraction
Of a minute brings to action
All the world, and all that's in it;
Just a fraction of a minute.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. S. in E., '28.



Why Study History?



MIGHT as well ask, why be educated? To know history is an envied education in itself. It is knowledge applied to the present tense concerning past facts which will live on forever in the future. There is one common phase in every man's constitution: every man has a mind, and when admitted to the use of reason he is placed in charge of his being. In studying history we become familiar with other men's minds, for history is the record of every man's mind. Without rest history goes forth from the beginning to embody every thought, every faculty and emotion.

We sympathize to a large extent in the great movements of history, in the great discoveries of man on land and sea. A true aspirant never looks for personal allusions in discourse, but rather character in every fact and action.

History tends to yield its own virtue to man. The world exists for the education of all men. Man should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must not suffer himself to be bullied by others, but know he is greater than all the governments in the world.

The advancing man discovers how deep a property he has in the study of history. He finds that the historian was not odd who described strange and impossible situations, but that the writer by his pen has told secrets true for one and true for all.

One book in history we can vouch to be authentic; the noblest of all written documents in the history of mankind is the Bible. Its author is none other than God Himself. His secretaries, who were inspired to write the knowledge of the various facts and truths, obtained their information not only by direct revelation, but partly as a result of their own efforts, but it was God's seal of His authorship that makes them authentic.

There are older books in the world than the Bible, but no writing, no document on stone or clay takes us back to the

primitive history of mankind in such a way as do the first pages of the Bible. God could have furnished the world with a handbook of geology or astronomy, or even history, but He did not intend to furnish man directly with any of these or other sciences. If He had so furnished him, man would have become self-satisfied, and consequently would lack ambition for higher ideals.

It is not necessary to climb to the mountain top of opportunity, nor to the last rung of the ladder to be a success. If only we use the gifts that God bestows on us, and one of these gifts is history, we shall be doing our share. His gifts are talents, not to be put aside or buried, but to be put to the roughest test in the game of success. History is the final advice for success. It cultivates ambition, perseverance, sincerity and common sense, coupled with foresight and co-operation. It can keep before us a criterion of the ideal, whether we aim to be a mighty Napoleon or a humble Lincoln; for we live and progress by ideals. If we have no goal, we become self-satisfied and are failures, overlooking a beautiful knowledge of human nature and national life.

History teaches that the success of today is the reward of the toil of yesterday, the sunshine that brightens the path ahead. It is the guide of all ages, which bids us look upward above the din of today and onward into the uncertainty of the future. The bright ray illuminating the darkest passages of life's journey, it puts a silver lining to every dark cloud; it is the great lens, equalizing the vision of all those who bring to its use the desire to profit by its lessons.

One quality of history we must not overlook: independence. It imparts a definite magnetism that engenders respect, admiration, and success. By success, I do not mean that false pride which chills the atmosphere and excites others, but that delicate firmness which expresses abiding faith in one's own powers. The true spirit of independence is always accompanied by a subconscious recognition of interdependence existing among all men.

Studying history enables us to think rapidly. Some people little realize how rapidly we think. With the speed of lightning our minds turn from man to man, from America to China, from our planet to the most distant star and the infinite space beyond. History enables us to transcend the barriers of time and space and the other phenomena of things,

and to pierce to the innermost reality underlying life in all its myriad forms.

Down through the ages, we can trace, step by step, the advance in learning. Parelleling this growth in knowledge has been a steady increase or advancement in human development. History and learning go hand in hand. They augment man's thinking power, which in turn creates an incentive, a spur to human nature, which incites man to produce the results known to us as history.

Like the of Bethlehem, history is the guiding light casting its rays far off into every land. Accompanying the three wise men we, too, are filled with awe and amazement as we pay our first visit with the humble shepherds to the stable containing the Christ child. We are filled with admiration as we reflect on our struggle for independence and on the spirit of "seventy-six." Grief and fear take possession of us as we gaze on the frightful scenes enacted in the days of "sixty-one." We sympathize with Lincoln, and rejoice at the happy termination in Lee's surrender. Hope and despair course through the soul at the bloody spectacle of the World War, till at last the still small voice, which is history's, repeats its oft-reiterated truth, that there is a sanction for well-doing and that it cannot be defied with impunity.

RUSSELL SMITH, Pre-Medical, '27.

Resolves

The student resolves no more to shirk
His duties, and commence to work.

The teacher resolves to be severe
When young comedians at him leer.

Dad resolves no more to smoke;
But mother thinks it a huge joke.

And before the New Year has aged a day
The resolutions are broken in every way.

The student follows his same old style,
The teacher comes in with his usual smile.

And Dad who was so well-intentioned
Has fallen like the ones just mentioned.

MARK J. STANTON, A. B., '27.



Engleston's Christmas Gift

I



CAN recall distinctly the first day Aleck Engleston came to the University. I believe he was the queerest looking individual I ever saw. He was tall and awkwardly angular. He had enormous feet; big, red hands; narrow and decidedly stooped shoulders and a startling face. It was anything but handsome, although intelligence, then unnoticed, was its salient feature. The mouth drooped slightly, giving him a moody, sorrowful look. The eyes were deep set and piercingly observant. The forehead protruded slightly, and thin yellow hair began well back to cover a nobly shaped head. The suit he wore was an antiquated edition, and made, evidently, to fit a much shorter and stouter man. A string of a tie dangled from a high stiff collar, across a slightly soiled and much worn shirt. A low chuckle of amusement was his reception. No one saw signs of intelligence in this ungainly fellow. All of us took him for a country-bred yokel, and treated him accordingly. In this opinion the instructors, strange to say, were just as adamant as the students. That was our first impression of Alexander Engleston, and it was lasting.

When it came to brains, however, Aleck was far ahead of any of us. He was really brilliant. Malcolm Vilsack, a likable and very rich young man, was the only one in the class who could approach him, and even he was ordinary beside that colossus of genius and energy, who was known to the ignorant and unseeing wise men as, "Dumb Aleck."

Now, to the students, Aleck was always the fool, and Vilsack was always the hero. The latter took all the prizes. His articles in the magazine, of which he was editor, were admired and praised, while the admirably written and deeply considered gems of Aleck were either neglected or laughed at. Aleck amused people by his appearance and eccentricities, and

he never won any adherents. Vilsack's opinion was the opinion of all. He was clever, though not a genius like Aleck, and he had what Aleck had not,—a likable and convincing personality. So it was that Vilsack became the leader and Aleck, the fool.

It is not strange that such treatment moulded poor Aleck's character as it did. From a well-meaning youth, he became a bitter, cynical man. He fell into radicalism. He came to despise everything and everybody. In his capacity as a writer, he so cast aspersions on government, philosophy and religion that he was barred from the staff. He grew to be very touchy and sensitive, obsessed with the thought that the world was against him. We began to avoid him, but still we laughed at him. On the day of our graduation, while we were accepting the congratulations of our friends, Aleck Englestone stalked out of the hall, alone, and straight into oblivion. I thought of him sometimes in the years that followed, but in time even his memory was lost. Then the line of his life crossed mine in a dramatic fashion.

II

Christmas Eve of the year 1924 was all that could be expected of any Christmas Eve. It was clear, dry and cold,—extremely cold. A myriad of stars winked merrily down on the world so cozily bundled in its fleecy white mantle. The snow, as you trod across it, seemed to squeak back at you for very merriment. As I walked briskly along one of the back streets in the poorer tenement district, I turned over and over in my mind the careers of Vilsack and Aleck since they left the University. What Marsten had told me that evening at the club preyed upon my mind like some bad dream. So Aleck was back. At Marsten's suggestion I was going to see him. To what purpose? I did not know. Marsten had met him that day and had pictured him a figure of stark tragedy, and certainly from recent occurrences he had reason to be disheartened. It was too bad. Life seemed to have a grudge against Aleck. None of us had heard of him in years. Then his articles began to be published, and the people adopted this newly born and totally unknown genius for their own. His work was wonderful and his popularity grew by leaps and bounds. We, who had known him in the old days, were glad. Then, came Vilsack's deprecatory article. Vilsack, of course, had attained a high place in the literary world. As a critic,

his word was law. Just a week ago, he had published that terrible article denouncing A. Englestone. It was a masterpiece of literature, but it tore Englestone to shreds.

People were astounded at first, but gradually they went over to Vilsack, whose influence as the editor of "The Critic" was great. The strange thing about it was that the criticism was wholly undeserved, but so skillfully was it written that it blinded everyone, except those who knew the previous history of Vilsack and Englestone. It ruined Aleck, and down around his ears tumbled that edifice of public favor, so laboriously built. Why Vilsack did it, I could never quite get clear. Vilsack did not strike me as a man who would ruin another for purely selfish reasons. I always liked him, as did all who knew him. Was he afraid of the rise of his brilliant schoolfellow? Perhaps.

All these things Marsten and I had discussed that evening, and now I was on my way to see Aleck. As I walked along, these thoughts and the tragic picture of Aleck, which Marsten had painted, kept recurring in my mind. Then I found the number for which I was looking. I paused a moment to make sure, ascended the steps and rang the bell. It had begun to snow.

III

A buxom, jovial-faced Irish lady ushered me in, and directed me to Englestone's room. It was on the second floor,—“the first door to yer right, sorr.” The hall was dimly lighted and bare of any furniture. I hesitated just a moment, before rapping on Aleck's door, to collect myself. In reality, I think I was a little frightened. In answer to my knock, the door opened slowly, and Aleck Englestone stood facing me.

“Merry Christmas, Aleck.” I do believe my voice was a trifle shaky and subdued. Aleck peered at me through the gloom for an instant before he spoke.

“I'm afraid I must inquire your name, sir. You look very familiar, but I can't place you.”

“Say, Aleck, don't you remember Jimmy Kiernan? You know,—I went to college with you. I heard you were in town, and I thought I'd drop over to wish you a Merry Christmas.”

His face changed perceptibly into a stony mask.

“Yes, I remember you now. Come in.”

I entered a very small, poor looking room. There was a bed on my right as I came in, and beyond that a wash stand.

A bare wooden table stood in the center of the room. On the left side, there was a small gas heater, whose yellow flames cast queer, life-like shadows on the wall. There was no other light. Everything was dark, dusty and gloomy. Aleck pushed a dilapidated old rocker in front of the fire, and beckoned to me to be seated. He turned the gas a little higher and then sat down himself on a straight chair facing the fire and on the opposite side of the table. Thus we sat for some time in silence. I began to feel nervous. In spite of the fire, it was cold in the room. Besides, there was a depressing air about the place. I had that odd feeling of someone standing in back of me and peering at me. I glanced nervously around the room. I felt that I must say something,—anything to break the ominous silence.

“How are things going, Aleck?” A moment later I would have given a fortune to recall those words.

“You ought to know,” he said, “I suppose you came here for information, Kiernan? If you came merely to pay a friendly call, I must say you are very careless of the respect of that society of which you are so proud.”

The bitterness in his voice is beyond my weak narrative powers. It was terrible and I cursed myself for my imbecilic question. I glanced over at him. He was leaning forward, staring into the fire. His elbows were resting on his knees, his hands clasped in front of him. I noticed that he was much older looking. His hair was a little gray and much thinner. The skin of his face was looser. The deep-set eyes, however, had not changed, nor had the hard, set expression. What Marsten had said about a figure of tragedy was certainly true. In the change of his expression, I could almost see the disillusionment, hatred, despair of his soul pass before him. He looked to me like a man on the verge of insanity.

Again the ominous silence, the gloom, that feeling of impending tragedy began to weigh on me. I felt like jumping up, or screaming, or something of the sort. Aleck saved the situation, however, by addressing me. I compliment myself when I say he addressed me. He rather addressed himself, or perhaps the stove, just audibly enough for me to overhear.

“To-night the ‘Critic’ holds its annual banquet. Not only the staff, but all the greatest men in the literary and journalistic world will be there,—novelists, dramatists, poets.” A long pause. “Last month they sent me an invitation. It was

the first I had ever received, and an invitation to that affair usually means,—well, it means you've accomplished something, that you're recognized. It was the first time I had ever been recognized. Oh, it was bad enough at the University—in life it was worse. All I received was ridicule, hardship, even starvation." Another pause. "Kiernan, one winter I drove a coal wagon to earn enough to keep alive."

I sat looking at the fire. I was afraid to look at him. He had risen and was pacing up and down the room, speaking very softly but with a terrible sting and hatred in his words. Now I really was nervous. Again he began to speak, a little louder this time.

"Things began to turn for the better at last; people began to read my work and like it; last month I received that invitation. It spelled success for me. Kiernan, I deserved that. God knows I worked and sweated for it." He was speaking very loud now. I had risen and stood nervously toying with my handkerchief.

"Then he published that damnable thing. It ruined me," he screamed, "do you hear, Kiernan, ruined me. Everything fell." He dropped into the chair again. His head dropped wearily into his hands. "I'm through. I can't start again. To-night, at the banquet they are laughing at me. He is the hero, and I, the fool." There was another pause. I was afraid to speak. In a little while, he continued more softly.

"Life has beaten me, Jimmy. It's too late to start over. All my resources are gone. I gave all I had and it wasn't enough. I can give no more."

For minutes that seemed like hours, silence reigned in the little room. Nothing moved save the ghostlike shadows of the fire. I stood, head down, contemplating the pattern of the threadbare carpet, and continued to toy with my handkerchief. I wanted to say something to that poor fellow, but what could I say? What words of mine could allay the pain of his wounded soul? He had retired again into that shell of silence which seemed to antagonize any overtures of friendship or sympathy. I had to speak. I had to tell him I was sorry. I walked towards the window in the back of the room.

"Aleck," I said, "I'm sorry. Believe me, I was glad when I heard of your success. I can't hope to explain Vilsack's action. All I can say is that it was wrong. You said it was too late to start again, but Aleck, it's never too late."

My words made him start as though he had been unconscious of my presence. He turned to me and a great wave of pity passed over me as I saw in those eyes hopelessness and despair.

"I've never accomplished anything in my life," he replied, "and I never will,—in my chosen line, but there's one thing left to do, and I'll do it, if for no other reason than just to be able to say I have done something. Kiernan, do you know where Vilsack lives?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Is it far from here?"

"It would be a long walk, but a cab will get you there in no time."

Again we were silent for a long time, and then Aleck arose and walked over to the washstand. I moved to the fireplace and stood with my back to it facing Aleck. He opened the drawer of the stand slowly, took something from it and for a moment stood motionless with his back to me. I felt more than ever that spirit of depression. I thought the stillness, the quiet would burst my ear drums. Slowly Aleck turned. Somehow I knew the climax had arrived. I knew not what he intended. I was too upset to think, but I felt a catastrophe was impending. It was in the very air of that room. At last he faced me. I gasped. His face was terrible, contorted with hate and rage. Those eyes, in the dim light, seemed like two slits of flame. He held a gun leveled at me.

"Kiernan," he said quietly, "get ready. We're going to Vilsack's."

"My God, Aleck," I gasped. "You're not going to——"

"Yes, that's it. I'm going to kill him. It's the one thing left that I can accomplish. I bought this little gun to-day for that purpose. To-night, Kiernan, Vilsack and I will face a fair Judge,—a Judge who doesn't care how you dress and how pretty you are."

"Aleck, you're mad. Sit down and try to collect yourself. You're not thinking of what you're doing." I could scarcely speak above a whisper, and I was actually afraid of that man. I was convinced that his mind had gone.

"No, Kiernan, I'm not mad and I know exactly what I'm doing. What's the use of living any more?" Then he added fiercely, "But I won't give up the field to him. If I go, he goes with me."

"I won't take you to his home," I replied weakly, and as a last resort.

"You'll either take me or take a bullet in your head. Don't be a fool. I don't want to kill you, but remember, I will if I have to. I'm going to carry this gun in my coat pocket here, and I'll have my hand on it, covering you, all the time. The least sign of betrayal on your part and you're gone. Now, hurry up."

I struggled into my overcoat in a daze. Aleck took only his hat. What happened from the time we left his room until we arrived at Vilsack's, I do not remember clearly. I seemed to have been half-dazed all the way. A terrific blizzard was raging when we came out, and I remember that we walked some distance before we found a cab. Aleck halted it. The cab pulled up beside us and Aleck turned to me:

"What's the address?"

I gave it weakly, mechanically. Now as I look back, I feel that I did not act like much of a hero on that awful ride. I sat quietly, never spoke and never looked at Aleck, but I know he still had his hand in his pocket and covering me.

It was merely a matter of minutes until our chauffeur stopped his car before Vilsack's home. It was my last chance. I must give that chauffeur a sign. It never dawned on me to give the wrong address. Nothing dawned on me. My brain was paralyzed. Aleck descended first, and stood between me and the driver. He watched my every move as I descended. Then he motioned for me to go on up the steps to the house. He paid the cabman, but he never once took his eyes from me. The cab drove away, and Aleck and I went up the steps, and rang the bell of Malcolm Vilsack's home. It was the second of my old schoolfellows on whom I had called that night.

IV

The butler received us, took our wraps and ushered us into a very elaborately furnished drawing-room. Aleck looked around at the expensive furnishings, and his lip curled with unconcealed scorn and hatred.

"Aleck," I whispered hoarsely, "before it is too late, let's get out of this place."

My only answer was a cruel throaty laugh. He still had his hand in his pocket where the gun was concealed. Before I had a chance to speak further, Mrs. Vilsack entered the room. Aleck stiffened. From this point on he watched me like a

hawk, never once removing those terrible eyes from me. Mrs. Vilsack was a very handsome woman, beautifully gowned. She was pleasant and friendly. Aleck told her we were very anxious to see her husband.

"Malcolm has not returned from the banquet yet," she said, "but if you will wait, you are very welcome. He should be home within an hour."

Aleck replied that we would wait. So we three sat down around the fireplace in Vilsack's home,—I, Alexander Englestone and Malcolm Vilsack's wife. The horror of the situation made me almost laugh aloud. Aleck and I were anything but talkative; he brooding, silent; I, nervous, excited and afraid. Mrs. Vilsack, who sat between us, carried the brunt of the conversation. I never knew what we talked about. Now and again, I answered her, when I was forced to it, but the gist of the conversation eluded me entirely. Aleck never spoke but he kept his eyes glued on me. Mrs. Vilsack was overflowing with happiness it seemed. She talked on and on of their home, Christmas, their little boy. She seemed completely taken up with her happy little family and so filled with the happy spirit of Christmas, that she never noticed our strained attitude. Suddenly she said:

"Would you like to see our little boy?" I started, and Aleck squirmed uneasily. She continued:

"He is asleep now. I had to hustle him off to bed before his daddy came so we could get ready for Santa Claus. This is the first year, you know, that he is really old enough to enjoy Christmas and the tree and all." She laughed happily. "We could steal up softly, and peep in at him. Malcolm would want you to see him."

The pretty little woman was fairly bubbling over with happiness, and despite my remonstrances, she led Aleck and I upstairs to the little nursery. We stole quietly into the room, Aleck coming last, his hand still in his pocket.

Mrs. Vilsack and I moved to the side of the bed, Aleck stood at its foot. The incongruity of the situation turned my heart sick, and beads of cold perspiration stood out on my brow. Here was this woman prattling on of her precious family, when right beside her stood the man who was to break up that little circle, and turn a house of happiness into a house of sorrow. God, what a situation! The little boy was sleeping, tucked in like a little cherub, clutching in one tiny hand

a small teddy-bear. As I looked down at that pretty, innocent boy, a happy smile dimpled his chubby little face, perhaps at some dream of plum pudding and sugar canes. By a terrible struggle, I turned my face away and looked at Aleck, and what I saw made my heart almost burst its bonds.

Aleck was looking intently at the sleeping child, his both hands resting on the foot of the bed. Into his eyes had come a look of something breaking down,—a wicked resolution giving way. A peace seemed to have crept into that soul, scarred by hate and envy. The tenseness of his face had relaxed. Still he kept looking at the boy, and then, as a pink little fist went up to rub a stubby little nose, the ghost of a smile crept around the corners of Aleck's mouth. The miracle had happened. We went downstairs again, and as we reached the hallway Aleck said:

"Jimmy, we must go. Mrs. Vilsack, I am very sorry we can't wait any longer. Just tell Malcolm that Aleck Englestone was here to wish him a Merry Christmas."

Out again we went into the storm. For a time we walked on in silence. Then Aleck stopped. I looked at him and was about to speak, but he held up his hand.

"Don't thank me or congratulate me. Once again I have failed to accomplish my end, and now there is nothing left,—nothing."

His voice was very hollow and despairing. Now, indeed, he looked a picture of tragedy. With a sudden movement, he took the gun from his pocket, and flung it far into a field, beside which we were standing. He turned to me and held out his hand.

"Good bye, Jimmy," he said.

"Good bye, Aleck."

It was the last I ever saw or heard of Aleck Englestone.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

The White Squadron

Down from the sky the snowflakes come,
A task they have been conning;
For they must paint a city white
To greet the sun at dawning.

They start in ones, and twos, and threes,
All the while increasing;
Until in squadrons down they come,
Steady and unceasing.

When the foremost fall and kiss the earth,
They shrink and disappear;
Yet others come without a halt:
These snowflakes show no fear.

Although they melt—they still come down,
Undaunted by resistance;
Full well could we from snowflakes learn
A lesson of persistence.

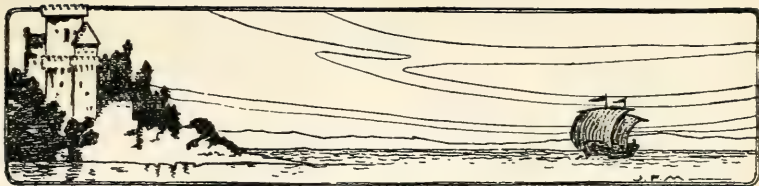
CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

To Thee

Another year will soon have gone its way,
And from the lives of each will take its part.
Perhaps a portion from the very heart
Of many once so happy and so gay.
Perchance 'twill take the memory of a day,
An hour or a moment, set apart.
Yet—years of joy and sorrow must depart.
No power on earth can ever make them stay.

'Tis sad indeed the end is drawing near;
But, earthly things lack immortality.
There's only one undying majesty,
One power eternal that no end need fear;
The power that begins and ends in Thee,
Undying Author of a dying year.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



Touring in Europe

(Continued)

July 13, 1926.



O-DAY was interesting. I arose early, taxied to the Victoria Hotel, and there took a fast motor car to Croyden Airport. Here after giving my life's history, I boarded the huge ten passenger airplane bound for Amsterdam via Ostend. We took off very easily, sailed over southeastern England and headed for the channel. We soon sighted water, but nary a channel swimmer did we spot. The realization of crossing the English channel in an airplane soon brought me to time, and gave me a thrill, as the saying goes, not often experienced. While over the water the plane did not seem to be moving, as no sideward, upward or downward motion could be felt. But when we were flying over land, the story becomes more interesting. The plane would rise several hundred feet, strike an airpocket and then drop a few hundred feet. After a few of these drops, we were wishing it would find some place that was stationary, if only for a minute. The feeling is similar to that of a fast descending elevator, only very much worse. We arrived in Ostend at noon. All the passengers welcomed the respite while the plane was being refilled with gas and oil. We left Ostend and arrived at Amsterdam at two-thirty. The air field is outside the city, so I was compelled to use the sign language in explaining to the taxi driver to take me to the main part of the town. Finally I managed to make him understand me, and in a short time I was at the hotel. In the evening, we went for a boat ride along the canals and past the dykes. After this we returned to our hotel for a pleasant night's rest.

July 14, 1926.

All of us arose early and took the boat and then the train to Volendam and the Isle of Marken. Here we saw true Hol-

land. The natives wear the costumes, familiar to us from pictures. Wooden shoes are the predominant footwear. The people will pose for pictures with their palms outstretched for tips, as it is a very peculiar habit with them. We had lunch today in a wonderful restaurant along the sea. After visiting the peasant homes, and after being shown the manner in which cheese is made by the natives (I didn't tarry very long there) we returned to the mainland by motor boat. In the evening, a short walk around the city and then to bed very tired.

July 15, 1926.

We left old Amsterdam and boarded the train for Cologne. The ride was a long, dusty, hot one, but a crowd of us gathered in a compartment, and favored our fellow Dutch passengers with some popular American songs, albeit our voices did not rival that of John McCormick. Arriving at Cologne in the afternoon, we walked to our hotel, which was but a short distance from the station. Then, a visit to the cathedral. In this stately Gothic church, one of the largest in the world, Cologne has perhaps its greatest claim for world consideration. The wealth of detail and the harmony of its proportion can hardly be expressed, even by our best descriptive writers. It is often compared with that of Milan, but we think that the floor area of this cathedral is smaller than that of the one in Milan. The twin spires, each nearly as tall as the Washington monument, tower over all "like two fingers pointing the city to heaven." This city is Germany's greatest river port, and one of the major railroad centers. Across the Rhine, we saw and crossed the bridge after which our own Seventh and Ninth Street bridges are modeled. These are the only types of bridges of this kind in the world. Cologne is a great manufacturing city. It is principally known for its "eau de Cologne," lignite used as a pigment in paints, and many other familiar products. Our sightseeing trip was brief, as we are staying in this city just to-day. Thus we end a delightful and profitable day.

July 16, 1926.

Rising early we taxied to the dock and boarded a river palace boat, bound for Bierberich. Our boat was the private yacht (one of them) of the former Kaiser. It is magnificent, and judging from its immensity, the Kaiser must have taken half his kingdom with him when he went for a cruise. The ride along the Rhine is beautiful; we

are overwhelmed by the stateliness of the high bluffs on both sides of the river. The Rhine, as we know, is the principal waterway of western Europe. It rises in southern Switzerland and flows in a general northwestern direction through western Germany and Holland, emptying into the North Sea. We passed through the most romantic and most celebrated part of the whole territory, that which reaches from Bonn to Bingen. It is a distance of about 80 miles, all through Prussian territory, or to be more correct, what was formerly Prussian territory. The heights are crowned by the famous ruined castles, and the slopes are covered with vineyards. This stretch is well known for the Rhenish wines. Several of these castles, which are not so badly ruined, are occupied for many months during the year. But even these are fighting a losing battle against the onrush of old Father Time. We passed many historic spots along the route, one of which was Coblenz, where our boys were quartered after the Great War and where now the French flag waves, much to the disgust of the Germans. Our meals (meals again, boys) were taken on board and were up to the usual standard of German cooking and, let me add, hospitality. No one can imagine with what kindness and courtesy we Americans were served by the thrifty Dutch and skillful German. Our boat ride ended in the early evening after we had arrived at Beirberich. Then, taking a bus to Wiesbaden, a noted health resort, we completed our day's journey. We are here just for the night, and to-morrow we leave for Heidelberg.

July 17, 1926.

We arrived in Heidelberg following a pleasant ride through the beautiful rural sections of Germany. This old town is renowned for its romantic episodes and historic environs. It lies on a beautiful slope between the castle hill and the river Neckar. Besides being the home of the famous university of the same name, Heidelberg is celebrated for its castle, one of the most interesting in all Europe. In the early afternoon, we hired taxis and rode to the university to obtain a closer view of it. We visited the old class rooms and the fencing halls. We could see the bloodstains on the floor from the fencers who fought their duels here. This is the principal sport (?) of the students. If a student has fought a certain number of duels he is admitted to a frat, I suppose. The guide told us that in former times a huge scar on the side

of a student's face was "prized" as much as our modern school-boys prize a fraternity pin. Leaving the university, we descended, crossed the river and climbed the opposite hill to the castle, overlooking the city. The picturesque castle was built in the twelfth century, so they say, and was enlarged at various intervals since that time. This ivy-clad, moated citadel, reached by a bridge, towers over the city as a huge sentinel. There are the halls and towers, balconies and dungeons, cellars and runways in which were kept wild animals as a protection against enemies. After exploring this place from tower to dungeon, we descended and rode to the scene of "Student Prince" fame and were in time to hear the students sing some of the old songs. Memories of the play, "The Student Prince," were recalled, but sad to say, the barmaid here greatly differed from the barmaid we saw in the play itself. We returned to our hotel and all were tired from our strenuous day of travel. So to bed early.

July 18, 1926.

Up early and attend Mass at St. Boniface's at six o'clock. Then we hurried to the railroad station, boarded a train and arrived in Lucerne in the late afternoon, climaxing a long hot ride. The remaining part of the day was at our own disposal, so I had to content myself with a stroll around the town and try to recall what I had read about it. As our country is divided into a number of states, so also is Switzerland divided, but they are called cantons instead of states. Lucerne is the capital of the Canton of Lucerne. It is situated in what reminds one of a huge amphitheatre of mountains, including the Rigi and Pilatus, on top of which are built large hotels which give a commanding view to the surroundings country. Our schedule does not include a trip to the Rigi, but we do go to Mt. Pilatus to-morrow. In my wanderings, I visited the most noted memorial that the town possesses, that of the famous "Dying Lion of Lucerne," carved out of the side of a grotto to commemorate the defense of the Tuileries in Paris by the Swiss Guards who were massacred by the infuriated mob. The lion is 28 feet in length, and under it is an inscription in Latin. Adjacent to this is the Glacier Garden, and nearby is the Museum of War and Peace. I concluded my afternoon with a stroll around the wonderful Lake Lucerne, one of the prettiest of Europe. The water of the lake is a clear blue, and the scenery surrounding it is the most beau-

tiful that I have ever seen. So ends my first day in Switzerland.

July 19, 1926.

To-day was one of the big days of the tour. We took a lake steamer and sailed along Lake Lucerne to the foot of the Alps. After debarking, we took the cog railway (or rack and pin railroad, as some term it) and started our dangerous ride to Mt. Pilatus. One cannot describe the sensation of riding up a railway on a forty-five per cent grade; at least I couldn't—I was too scared. We reached the summit after a two hour ride. The view from here is one of majestic beauty; it is sublime, with the clouds floating by below us and the snow-capped peaks hovering over us. The weather is comfortable and we experience no ill feelings, except for a slight humming in our ears caused by the altitude. As all tourists do, we had our snowball battle and then, after every one was satisfied that his companion had enough snow thrown at her (or him, as the case may be), we walked around the edge of the mountain and viewed the country for miles around. We took pictures of groups standing on snowdrifts and were fortunate in having two Swiss Alpine climbers pose for us. After a few hours, we took the railway for the long descent, met the boat and sailed back to Lucerne. This city is the easiest of all others in which to travel around. Most of the people understand English, and the different denominations of money are quickly learned. Many of our party are doing considerable shopping here because jewelry is very cheap, especially watches, which are the best one can buy. This, then, concludes our first full day in Switzerland and all were delighted with it, and all, too, were more than satisfied with the scenery which exceeds all expectations in beauty and grandeur.

July 20, 1926.

To-day is at our own disposal, no tour having been scheduled. Some went sight-seeing, others to shop, a few went swimming, while many are catching up on lost sleep. Needless to say, I did not go sight-seeing, nor to shop or swim. After a pleasant siesta, I took a walk to sharpen my appetite which, however, has not needed much sharpening since we left New York.

(To be continued)

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27.



The Philosophy of Emerson

THE philosophy of Emerson can be summed up briefly in these words: he was a pantheist and insisted on the identity of physical and moral law. Towards science his attitude was that of a poet and platonist. He was a strong individualist; whatever hindered the development of individuality he considered an evil.

In other words, Emerson was an excellent example of what an educated man is driven to when the authority of the Church, or, for that matter, any church, is denied. In strict logic, the attitude of Emerson must be the one assumed by a reasonable unbeliever.

Now, what do we mean by the word pantheism? By that is meant the belief that God and Nature are one. Such a philosophy denies the idea of a personal God. In our opinion, that is the attitude of most of the modern, self-styled scientists. That is the end to which they are directing their efforts. How is this trend shown in Emerson? In many places. In one of his essays he complains of a minister preaching the Last Judgment. In the words of Emerson: "The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now." Again, in another place, he writes, "I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the old superstitions."

He readily and easily shows his belief in the identity of physical and moral law. For example: "Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral." His explanation of the retribution that is to follow the sinner is not that of an avenging God, but rather that of an avenging Nature. "The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is nothing in the wide world to hide the rogue."

We must remember that at the time that Emerson flourished there also flourished those twin lights of progress spelt with a capital "E": Spencer and Huxley. To them Evolution was the Alpha and Omega of all things. That enlightened age which considered itself the *nec plus ultra* of refinement and knowledge is now stigmatized as an age of crass prudery under the title, "Mid-Victorian." Thus are the mighty fallen. In those days even the babies prattled about the "giant silurians" and the "carboniferous period." So, naturally, much of the skepticism of the age was absorbed by Emerson. We can notice the same feeling in George Eliot.


Emerson's exposition of his Philosophy is sometimes a bit obscure. This is caused sometimes by his wide use of scientific terms and abstract philosophical expressions. It is questionable whether Emerson had any real scientific training, but when it came to science he was willing to accept a servitude far more oppressive and affording less personal understanding than any established religion might offer.

The sad thing about religion is that any man, be he ever so ignorant, thinks that he can reason about and confute the nature of things and the Scriptures. When it comes to science, a man like Emerson is sensible enough to recognize authority. Such a man is then willing to accept, without proof intelligible to himself, the statement of an Einstein that time and space do not exist.

But all this does not take away from the utility of much of his philosophy. It is beautiful and inspiring at all times. One of his essays, that of "Compensations," is one of the finest in the English language, or any other language. Some of the noblest parts of Emerson are found in his treatment of the powers of the individual. This statement of his should be remembered by us all: "A great man is always willing to be little. When he sits on the cushions of advantage, he goes to sleep."

To read Emerson is to bless God for having the vision of sight. His works are inspiring and good food for the intellectual appetite. He was an original writer and constantly stresses in beautiful, almost poetic, prose, the power of good and the weakness of evil.

JOHN F. MURPHY, A. B., '28.



Cinquains on a Winter Night

The wind
Blows hard, snow falls.
A bleak and dreary night.
A light streams forth among the stars,
The moon.

Outside,
No soul is seen.
Doors are locked, blinds are drawn,
Porches, bared of chairs and swings
Are dark.

Alone
In a big town,
On a cold, dreary night,
Creeps gradually on and on, a feeling
Eerie.

The night
Has many eyes,
Yet sometimes does not see
The evil there is to hurt the good
Perhaps.

Despairing
Seems the world
To those able to see,
Alas 'tis not so for those who know
Better.

Things
Are different,
Looks are not always right,
The joy of living is indeed shown
Inside.

Within
Are signs of life.
Warmth and comfort abound.
A merry place for all to spin
Stories.

There are
Lights and more lights,
Everything is in splendor.
Music fills the air, drowns out sorrows
Past.

Now
Christmas is o'er.
Anxiously men await
The grand big clock in the hall
To strike twelve.

Soon,
It will be twelve,
Music will play, people dance,
Some may resolve to be different
Next year.

Sorrow
Has no place
To-night. It has all vanished
Only joy fills the atmosphere
Around.

Two
Minutes of twelve.
Why this sudden quiet?
Surely something is in the air
About.

Hark!
Whistles blow,
Sirens shriek, bells ring,
Peace is broken with strident
Noises.

Amidst
These voices goes,
The old year with our sorrows,
Joys, never to be forgotten
Begin

Past year,
Sad and forlorn,
But with a smile in his heart
For the things which he has done; will greet
New Year.

"At last
I have come,
I am the spirit
That lives for but one short year,
Then dies."

So you
Are like me, too,
Only here for a short time.
Things you are to do should be done
Soon.

"Never
Put off till to-morrow
What you can do to-day."
Life lasts only long enough to become
Too short.

A light
Pierces through air
Like the old year, night ebbs.
Yet leaves behind everlasting
Thoughts.

Darkness
Fades away, and dawn
Rises from the east to reign
A shower of dazzling white flashes
With it.

E. MAUERBERGER, Ph. G., '29.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

New Year's Greetings



AS 1927 dawns, we greet it with mingled emotions. There is a touch of sadness, as we see the Old Year with all its memories and achievements pass away forever into the valley of the countless years that have gone before. There is joy, too, in the thought that the New Year offers sparkling opportunities for greater results. The "Monthly" has sought during the past months to be a student magazine, offering student thought and effort for the consideration of the friends of Duquesne. Through its pages it has aimed at expressing the spirit and sentiments of Duquesne students. It has endeavored to be interesting and informative to its readers. If it has offered criticism, it has done so in a spirit of loyalty, tempered, perhaps, with an ambition to do its share in the work of the University.

With our hearty wish that all may have a blessed and happy New Year, goes the firm resolve to be worthy of the wishes and co-operation which the readers of the "Monthly" have bestowed on it.

We send greetings and best wishes to our Exchange friends who have been particularly kind with our efforts.

To all, then, we wish to say—

"To you this fragrant toast we sip:
To greet each morrow's less'ning lights
Through life in fond good-fellowship."

A Happy New Year!

THE STAFF.

Joseph Otten

On Thanksgiving Day, with his faithful choir singing the superb "Benedictus" at the graveside, the body of Joseph Otten was laid to rest. His passing leaves a niche in the field of church music that will be difficult to fill. Mr. Otten was recognized as one of the greatest American authorities on church music, especially the Gregorian Chant. To him, Pittsburgh and its clergy have often pointed with pride for the liturgical correctness of its church music.

Joseph Otten in life was always treated with the utmost respect, and his memory will be no less revered now that he is gone. Not only was he a leader in his chosen work, church music, but above all, a man of character. This quality manifested itself when he first came to Pittsburgh, some twenty-five years ago. Liturgical music was at that time at a very low ebb, in fact, there was very little liturgy in the music at all. But Mr. Otten, with that will power for which he was afterwards noted, put his efforts to the task. In spite of opposition, he finally succeeded in introducing Gregorian Chant into the churches. This was merely the first step. Gradually conditions were improved, until at the time of his death his choir and those under his jurisdiction were performing strictly according to the Rubrics. The Cathedral Choir, trained by Mr. Otten, is one of the very few lay organizations in America that is capable of rendering the Chant correctly. At the Eucharistic Congress last June, this choir was the recipient of many honors and much praise.

Joseph Otten's ideals were of the highest and he had the perseverance to realize many of them. He never considered himself an exception to any rule, and he made no exceptions to anyone in his domain. He practiced what he preached. He had the courage of his convictions. He performed his duty without the slightest deviation. May his work and his ideals live on!

ALBIN McDERMOTT, A. B., '28.

University Spirit

The spirit's the thing. We hear so much about spirit. What is it? Is it some magical potion which will produce marvelous results in the twinkling of an eye? Is it found on some mountain top? A subject like this is usually sought in every place except that wherein it is. Pages upon pages have been

written about the beauty, the idealism, the sacredness of school spirit. But, after all, what is it? To some, spirit means the upholding of the reputation of their school in the field of athletics. To others, it consists in, and is lip service mainly. Nothing need be said about spirit in connection with athletics. It is evident and inspiring.

But the mission of real spirit does not end on the playing field. True spirit creates and maintains interest, cooperation and service in every activity, be it game or class play, exercise or examination, and the success of each project is in direct proportion to the spirit of its backers. It brings forth unthought-of energy, inspires its representatives to fight in spite of overwhelming odds. "Pep," love of Alma Mater, spirit has brought victory out of defeat, honor out of shame.

But the tendency too often is to let that spirit stop on the athletic field. Let us have more of the spirit which makes men strive to the bitter end on the gridiron, the diamond, the basketball floor behind Duquesne's Student Senate, its "Monthly," its "Duke," its debating teams, its plays, its C. S. M. C. Units, its activities, whatever they may be. Let the idea of "must succeed" be the motive power for making the University's activities rank with the standing of Duquesne in other spheres of achievements.

Classify that student as having spirit, as being loyal to his school who supports not alone the athletic teams in victory or defeat, but any laudable and praiseworthy undertaking of Alma Mater. Develop, then, the spirit—Duquesne spirit, and work for it in the daily undertaking of the University!

CLYDE DALY, Ph. G., '29.

Stephen C. Foster

On January 13, 1864, unknown and poverty-stricken, Stephen C. Foster, Pittsburgh's greatest composer, died in New York. The author of scores of songs and musical compositions died as so many geniuses do die, unnoticed and unappreciated. But with the passing years his standing as a writer of music was recognized, and some little tribute was paid to the memory of one who wrote such charming and famous works as "The Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe." Neither boundary nor clime has limited the spell and appeal of these compositions, and one has said of his song, "Old Folks at

Home": "If art is an attempt of the human spirit to express itself in relation to life, then 'Old Folks' must remain for all time one of the greatest achievements of musical art. It expresses in an instinctive way that homesick yearning which is the emotional heritage of the human race." It has been remarked also that this song, "Old Folks at Home," aside from one or two national anthems, is probably the most widely known and loved song ever written.

The Scriptural saying, that a prophet receives no reward in his own land is true of Foster with regard to his appreciation in the city of his birth. It took years for Pittsburgh to realize the greatness of its child. But within the past decade, the city has taken cognizance of the worth of this son of its early life. A simple monument graces his grave, and the old home on Penn Avenue is preserved. With each succeeding year, more and more interest is being taken in this composer of "folk song." The theaters and musical organizations are arranging his melodies in their programs.

A special effort should be made to honor, in a befitting manner, one who has brought so much renown to his birthplace as has Stephen Foster. The late Victor Herbert, himself a citizen of Pittsburgh for a while, paid great tribute to Foster as a musician and composer. It might be well to stress the phase of the life of our city, that gave a Foster to the world, and that nourished and strengthened a Herbert, and a Nevin, in answer to the oft-repeated criticism that Pittsburgh is merely an industrial city.

Stephen C. Foster, "the troubadour of all nations," who set little boys whistling, mothers singing and granddames humming, the same tune the world over, whose works are sung by people of all ranks in life and wherever men lift up their voices in song, touched but one chord in the gamut of human emotions, but he sounded that strain supremely well. He occupies a unique position in the history of music. No other single individual has produced so many "folk songs" that so perfectly express the thought and feeling of the people. Pittsburgh should be proud of so illustrious a son and make every effort to honor him. The present agitation for the revival of the oldtime dances and the oldtime music must bring to the fore once more—if indeed it is necessary—Pittsburgh's own son, a great American composer, Stephen C. Foster.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE annual Memorial Mass for the deceased members of the Alumni Association was celebrated November 17, in the University chapel. Many friends and relatives of the deceased alumni were present. The College Choir sang the Mass. An instructive sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph D. Hogan, while former students officiated on the altar.

* * *

The students of the University enjoyed the pleasing address given by Mr. Hugh Lofting, renowned author, in the University auditorium, November 15. Mr. Lofting gave a brief outline of his relations with the Internationalistic movement, and revealed many of the intricacies of world propaganda. It would be a progressive move if the Student Senate or the authorities would have speakers of such ability and influence address the students at regular intervals.

* * *

"Turned Up," Mark Melford's famous farce comedy, is to be presented early in the new year in the University auditorium, under the auspices of the Student Senate. Dr. Lloyd kindly donated his services as director. The proceeds will be turned over to the band, which is to appear in uniform at the basketball and football games of the future. John Holahan plays the lead. Others in the cast are Catherine Winter, Alice Walsh, Rose Virginia Brennan, Peggy Nicol, Frances Overdick, Frank Karabinos, John Lambert, Richard Creighton, James Durkin and John Hanzel.

* * *

We regret to announce that Dennis A. Abele, school librarian for the past year and a half, has been forced to sever his connections with the library department. Mr. Abele has done great work in systematizing the volumes on the library shelves and showed an uncanny ability for arranging the books in an attractive and useful manner. We echo the desire of every student when we express the wish that Mr. Abele may find it convenient to return to his old post.

How do you like the new cover? We have heard favorable comments on all sides. The school colors show very prettily as a magazine cover, and add life to the dignity essential to a literary publication. By the way, credit where credit is due. The new cover is the work of David S. Byrne, A. B. '27, and his brother. We think they did well, don't you?

* * *

Hang another scalp on the "Frosh" belt. The Sunday evening concert of November 28 saw the college Freshmen win their second consecutive debate. Edward Montgomery and Charles Govigan upheld the Freshmen side, which was the negative of the following question: Resolved, That examinations are a fair test of a student's ability. The Pre-med freshmen were the victims. The Freshmen have now only to defeat the Seniors to capture the college debating championship, quite a sizeable task if the debating records of the school mean anything. The class of '27 has won ten debates and lost but two in the last four years, and the same men have never appeared twice in any one year.

* * *

"The Daily Squeak," official organ of the class of '27, is seen again on the campus. This paper first appeared in 1923, when the class of '27 were freshmen. The policy of the editors has always been to recount class news impartially, and without exaggeration. Personalities have always been avoided. We understand that Mark Stanton and David S. Byrne are the editors for this school year.

* * *

Duquesne now has three fraternities. Fraternities have their advantages, and are tolerated in most universities and colleges. However, they have one drawback. In other schools, a prominent institution in this city for example, fraternities have become involved in school politics to such an extent that the interests of the school are seriously impinged, and inter-fraternity warfare has become rather common. However, we feel sure that men attending Duquesne would never stoop to such practices, and as long as the fraternities keep to social affairs, and avoid school politics, they have the unqualified support of the student body.

* * *

The fourth anniversary of the founding of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was celebrated Sunday, December 12, in the University auditorium.

The business meeting of the conference was largely given over to a discussion of the troublesome veteran membership question. The constitution was also under fire from certain sources. John C. Stafford, publicity director, outlined his program for the rest of the year. After the meeting an entertainment was given by a number of the units.

* * *

"Bimbo the Pirate" was presented Sunday evening, December 12th. A feature of the production was the acting of several members of the cast. Miss Grace McKernan's portrayal of Lydia deserves special mention. We were impressed also with the result of the brilliant if perhaps over optimistic publicity so cleverly engineered by John C. Stafford. This demon publicity "hound" had lured the largest crowd of the season to the University auditorium.

* * *

The congratulations of the student body are due Velar and Prokapovitz, varsity football stars, who have been named on the all-star team selected by the Tri-State Conference officials. Both these men were shining stars throughout the year. By the way, there are two other Duquesne men whom many think should have been also mentioned by the officials, but it is not the policy of the "Monthly" to place any players above their fellows.

* * *

The staff of the "Monthly" wish to take this opportunity of congratulating the officials of the "Duke" on their splendid efforts to give Duquesne a real college newspaper. Mr. Moll and his assistants have worked hard all year, and their labors are bearing fruit. We wish them every success, and offer them every encouragement in their task.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

The School of Pharmacy

Papers were read by J. Hadel, C. Runhle and Clyde Daly at the meeting of the Pharmaceutical Association, which was held December third.

* * *

Professor Barret, teacher of Materia Medica in the School of Pharmacy, was suddenly called away, due to the death of

a near relative. The students extend their sympathy to him at this time.

* * *

The Student Senate of the School of Pharmacy announces the appointment of William Thompson as captain of its basket ball team. By the way, "Jock" Rosenberg has been driving the squad hard and long in preparation for the arduous task of defeating the teams of the other schools for the Intermural Cup.


* * *

The School of Pharmacy honored its members who played on this year's varsity at its meeting on Friday, December 17. Dean Muldoon presented sweaters to the following: Stanley Prokopovitz, Simon Velar, Wencislaus, Maslowski.

F. ARTHUR MOLINARI, Ph. G., '28.



Exchanges

RIENDS, whose work is here reviewed, let me offer you a gentle foreword. Too often the book reviewer becomes the critic, and perhaps, too, they are analogous. A word of warning to either or both is, that not dealing with the mathematical problem, there can be no absolute stand, permitting Sir Oracle to say this is good, or this is bad. Literature, which is a creation of the brain, can rightly be commented on, but in the last analysis, it is but a personal opinion, binding no one to believe or follow.

Quoting from Mr. Howe's "Book of Criticism," who speaks of "timid book reviewers in contrast with those ill-tempered lions of reviewing who show their own cleverness by roaring at young writers. It was the Scottish reviewers who thought no one equaled their own Sir Walter and so severely criticized Keats that it had a marked effect on the life of that great poet."

* * *

The November number of St. Mary's Chimes, Notre Dame, Indiana, certainly was heartily welcomed. It was filled with admirable verse; "Proof Positive" needed no foot-note

to estimate its worth as a prize winner; "My Dream Pillows" is a light fantastical poem of considerable merit, and there are many other splendid pieces of poetry. "Franciscan Missions in California" is the most instructive yet text-free article I have read in a long time, treating of the works and lives of the Missionary Fathers in the southern clime. "His Return" is a very short narrative in Irish brogue with a happy expected ending. "A Plea for Dime Novels" was beyond me. If it is sarcastic it lacks its characteristic—tartness. If it is sincere, the subject seems too trivial for such a fluent writer to adopt.

* * *

In the *Canisius Monthly* the critic, for thus he appears, who wrote "Pro and Conning" seemed rather hasty in treating the October number of "The Fordham" and "The Purple," but we admire his sincerity and frankness. His motto seemed to be, "If you can't say anything good about a thing, don't say anything," but on reading further we found his little note on the sermon in the "St. Vincent's Journal," which made us withdraw our previous judgment.

The illustrated architectural article which opened the "Canisius" November number certainly deserves praise. The author first gives us general knowledge then later mentions the individual churches of Buffalo, effectively describes them, and classifies them as to their type of architecture.

The reason that the prize winning essay, "The New Erie Canal of 1825 and the New Erie Barge Canal of 1925" received first place in the contest is unquestionable. It is filled with history and written in a delightful manner after the style of the interesting Macaulay.

* * *

Before me lie the two last issues of the "Dial." Both numbers are very interesting and well written, comprising nearly every variety of literary endeavor. The first of the poems, "Our Chapel" and "The Charm of Just Recalling," appeal on account of their thought and structure. "Clair De Lune" has vivid description but the thought is obscure. "Carmen Triste" is also good. The stories are, with one exception, too short, especially "The Descending Path," which barely escapes being an anecdote with its concise style. All the stories are pleasing, especially "Reverie," which has a style of its own and somewhat of a plot, too. "The Little Poor Man" and "The Carrolls of Maryland" are deserving of

praise as artistic articles well written and not uninteresting. The editorials are on a par with the rest of the publication. "The Commentator" department is excellent in its refutations of errors found in contemporary publications.

The second issue is not a whit less deserving of praise than the first. The Yuletide stories, "Christmas Reverie" and "Where Christmas Was a Reality," are easily contrasted. The former is quite descriptive and has the invariable ending of Christmas stories. The latter is written in a quicker, freer style and the ending is both pleasant and unique. The article, "Mary Stuart," is enlightening concerning the true nature of the "Queen of Scots." Let me commend the author, for he proffers briefly the result of ardent work. "Reunion," another short story, is filled with the usual Christmas feeling which inspires confidence in the forgiving spirit of God. From the section "That Reminds Me," I have just finished reading "On the Eve of the Logic Exam" and conclude that its author has a deep insight into philosophy, or at least would-be philosophers.

* * *

"The Duquesne Monthly" greets the "Fordham Monthly." We found many pleasing things in the October issue and cannot agree with one of our contemporary exchange editors. The opening verse, "Port Au Prince," smacks of the sea with its tarry ropes and the salty spray. The delightful poem, "Cargoes," came first to my mind when I was reading "Port." The poem is a gem. We wondered as we read "The Other Great Unknown" whether we have seen any more befitting and well-written subject in any of the college journals of the year? The thought is not particularly new. It has been voiced many times in the past. We are intrigued essentially with the manner of expression.

"The Idea of Coventry Patmore" fulfills a wish of ours that more college magazines would take up the study of some of the lesser lights in the fields of art, literature, music, and science. Most of us know the masters and famous men, but there are countless great figures, deserving of more recognition than they receive, who could become the subject of many an interesting and instructive article in the pages of college magazines.

DAVID BYRNE, A. B., 27.

Alumni Notes

A STUDENT TO-DAY—AN ALUMNUS TO-MORROW



It is with deep regret that we record the death of William O. Walker who was instantly killed when his car plunged over an embankment near Independence, Ky. He was hastening to keep a business appointment in Cincinnati and underestimated a curve on the Dixie Highway. Mr. Walker was graduated from this institution in 1900, and became affiliated with the Standard Oil Co., at Oil City. By assiduous application, he rose in his chosen industry, and at the same time was one of Oil City's best known and highly respected citizens. We extend condolence to the bereaved family, and ask your prayers. Requiescat in pace!

* * *

The success T. W. Noonan, '07, has achieved, exemplifies the philosophy that genius is 98 per cent perspiration and 2 per cent inspiration. He rose from the humble position of a payroll clerk of the Pittsburgh Railway Co. to General Manager of the Pittsburgh Motor Coach Co. We admit that there are many intermediate steps, but we are also pleased to admit that he did 18 months' service in France for his country. When he returned from the war, he became secretary to J. Dawes Callery, and has met with success ever since.

* * *

It is a pleasure to drop into another town unannounced and meet with a fellow you know. What must be the pleasure of Vogel, Stoecklein, Graff, Isaico, Shields and Healy, all Pre-Med. '26, in their bunks at Georgetown University?

* * *

We pleasingly announce that George Mashank, LL. D., is realizing success in his profession at Sharon, Pa. If any Duquesne student is caught speeding through this city, we direct him to George at 302 Dollar, Title & Trust, and we feel sure that the usual rustic fine will be somewhat alleviated.

* * *

One time I affirmed that a Duquesne alumnus could be found in almost any part of our native land. We received welcome news of T. J. Mullin from far away Houston, Texas.

We know of the four winds from the points on the compass, but we also know of the wind of industry. Mr. Mullin, after leaving Duquesne University, became acquainted with the American Petroleum Co. of Texas and is now president of that concern.

* * *

John P. Egan was unanimously chosen Vice-President of the Eastern Chapter of the Intercollegiate Football officials, and will represent the local board in a meeting to be held in New York. In passing, we might add that John Egan, on account of his fair-minded, efficient manner, is respected and considered one of the best officials in this district. Through his football activities, he adds renown to his own name and also to that of his Alma Mater.

* * *

The three Duquesne college men who last August entered the Holy Ghost Novitiate at Ridgefield, Conn., recently wrote to the Very Rev. President. All three expressed their complete satisfaction with the new life they have embraced. "I have so fallen into the ways of the novitiate," writes CHARLES RECTENWALD, "that it seems as if I had planned it for years If only those of my school friends who have gone elsewhere knew of the happiness and contentment that can be had in religious life, they would gladly make whatever sacrifices are required to embrace it." LEO KETTL, after commenting on the intellectual interest and spiritual profit derived from the exercises of the novitiate, voices his gratitude to Duquesne for opportunities offered, and in particular for lessons on the pipe organ and in public speaking and reading. "Since my advent in this beautiful country 'midst very congenial confreres," writes JAMES McCAFFREY, "my health has been splendid. The smoky city's atmosphere no longer affects the breathing apparatus, and I am sometimes ashamed of my ravenous appetite. I have gained 13 pounds I feel perfectly satisfied with my new home and mode of life, grateful to God that I am here."

* * *

RAYMOND M. MARLIER, the architect, was recently elected president of the Aero Club of Pittsburgh. In this capacity he unveiled a bronze placque in honor of Galbraith Perry Rodgers, Pittsburgh aviator, after whom the Pittsburgh municipal airdrome has been named.

EDWIN R. HEYL, A. B., '28.

Side Line Comment



IFE is just one darn thing after another. Scarcely has the curtain been rung down on one act, until it rises on another. A man, however great, is soon forgotten. As it is in the great realm of human activity, so it is in the realm of sport. Now that the football season is over, and great names are fading even from the memories of rabid fans, we turn to basketball, hockey and other winter sports. The great classic gridiron game is forgotten for another year. Pittsburgh fans have already ceased talking about Tech's glorious victory over the Irish, and Notre Dame's just as glorious comeback over the Trojans. Oh, well, it was an exciting race while it lasted, but it is over now, and sportdom is turning to the great battle for the championship of the indoor court. This race should prove even more exciting than the football campaign, especially in and around our own city. Pittsburgh is one of the greatest basketball centers in the country. The professional leagues are of the highest calibre, and the semi-pro and amateur ranks furnish plenty of real basketball. Few equals and no superiors can be found for the floor artists of Butler, The Morry's, Duquesne Lafayettes, Enoch Rauh and other teams of this class. They are the quintessence of ability in the realms of basketball. It can be stated with little fear of contradiction that Duquesne has done a great deal in effecting this condition. Some of the greatest professional tossers in the district have come from the Bluff. No man, who has played for a Duke quint, ever has any trouble signing up with the professional and big semi-pro teams, when he leaves school. Ex-Dukes are in demand. Boyd's Hill is the school of the basketballers. The Dukes are the last word in college basketball. No team, however great their reputation may be, enters a fray with Duquesne without a certain amount of fear and trembling. College quints of this district are of the highest order. The Duke is king of them all. Long live the king!

* * *

We are going to miss that big, shifty, rangy center of last year. Monohan was a tower of strength to the 1925

squad, and it will be a man's size job to fill his shoes,—speaking figuratively, of course. “Sticks,” “Strings,” “Slats,” or anything you please, could almost look down at the hoop, and when he was playing up to form, it would have been just as profitable for the opposition, if they had remained at home. No one ever got the jump on Monohan, and on rare occasions he just naturally jumped the ball right into the basket, thinking thus to save time and trouble, since the final result was usually the same.

Slats had to leave school and was not declared ineligible for low marks. As a matter of fact, he did not matriculate this year, and consequently had no marks at all. No marks are not low marks. We hated to see the big boy go, but, wherever he goes, we wish him luck and as much success as he had, when he played the floor game for the Dukes.

* * *

The Monessen flash,—you know whom I mean,—is down with the gout? . . . no, it's that bad knee again. Dick won't be held down for long, however, and it's well for us that he won't. Perhaps we do not always realize the greatness of Dick Shrading as a basketball man. Dick is one of the brightest stars that ever flashed across the scintillant constellation of college basketball. Always, he is dependable,—a good shot, a wonderful guard, a fast dribbler and an accurate passer. In a pinch, give us Schrading every time! We certainly hope that nothing will keep the incomparable Dick out of the game.

* * *

Jock Rosenberg and Pussy O'Donovan are in fine form, and everything looks rosy. That last was not intended for a pun on Rosenberg. Some good material has been found among the new-comers. Greene, of A. P. Moore's, is playing a fine brand of ball, as is also Vebulunas, younger brother of the former Duke star.

* * *

Another season is on. Championship of the Tri-State Conference this year means permanent possession of the Trophy for Duquesne. The Dukes have won it twice in succession, and their chances for making it three in a row look very promising. Davies is back on the job. All of last year's regulars, with the exception of Monohan, have returned. Again Pussy O'Donovan is the main cog. Around him the super-structure will be built. Everybody ready? Let's Go!

T. J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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The Catholic Church and Politics



VER since the foundation of the Christian Church, the state has made it a subject for attack and abuse. In medieval times, when the Church and the state appeared to be so harmoniously united, the constant usurpations and indignities imposed upon the Church by so-called Christian rulers amaze one. Indeed, after reading the history of those days, one is forced to the conclusion that nowadays the Church fares better under non-Catholic rulers than it did under Catholic rulers.

But present-day conditions of Catholics, as regards the state, are far from the ideal, and, in fact, are far from what ordinary common-sense would demand. Just to show the deplorable condition of affairs that holds sway in the principal Catholic countries, we need only to refer briefly to the political status of Catholics in the following countries:

First of all, in Mexico, where the Catholics are supposed to predominate in the proportion of 10 to 1, the Church is suffering its worst trial in modern times. A handful of organized bigots are ruling an overwhelming majority, and making them like it. Here we see what appears to be an anomaly: a great Catholic country outlawing the Catholic Church.

Virtually all the South American countries are doing the same on a smaller scale. In Nicaragua and Panama, priests are being harried and exiled. Just a short time ago, Arthur Brisbane, struck by the way these South American states were attacking the Church, said that it seemed to him very strange that the Catholic Church suffered more under Catholic people than it did under the Protestants. Of course, it is the bigoted minority that is doing it, but that they are permitted, is indeed a shameful thing.

In France, another supposedly Catholic' country, we find that an admittedly atheistic and socialistic spirit holds sway. Not more than five years ago, this spirit invoked a persecution upon the Church much like the one in Mexico. Despite the heroic behavior of priests in the war, many religious orders are still banished. In Belgium and Ireland, the state universities that are supported in the main by the Catholic people, are non-Catholic. In Belgium, the state university is Masonic. In Ireland, Trinity College is considered so non-Catholic that the Irish are forced, as in this country, to build a separate Catholic University. In Italy, until Mussolini appeared on the scene, the Church was bitterly persecuted. The first thing Mussolini did was to restore the banished crucifix in the schools. In Spain, until Primo de Revero assumed control, a minority of Masons troubled the Church.

The Catholic people certainly should not be proud of such a record, but we have to admit its truth. There are only two conclusions that can be drawn: either many of these so-called Catholic countries are not really Catholic, or there is something wrong in the way Catholics are entering into politics. The first alternative is not very palatable, so we turn to the second. That it is the second, can be seen by the example of our own country.

In our native land, the Catholics number about one-fifth of the population, yet our representation in Congress is far below that number. The Masons number two million and have about 90 per cent of the seats. The same condition prevails in all governmental and civic offices. Thus, Catholics pay taxes but apparently are not allowed to participate in any of the honorable functions of the state. Unwritten laws forbid!

Now what are the reasons for this? There are two very evident reasons: First of all, it can be attributed to the inertia of the Catholic population. That is unforgivable and should be rectified. Had the Mexican people overcome their shameful political laziness, they would not be suffering now. We may be next.

The other reason is the clever propaganda that has always been put out by the opposing side. These people have constantly repeated the old, time-worn statements about the Church being in politics, until Catholics have refrained from political activities, so that they might refute these false state-

ments. It seems to be a very costly refutation. Suppose the Catholics were in politics, would that make the opposing side any stronger, as long as we knew the representation was honest? It is, indeed, laughable to see how eagerly some of our newspapers quote statistics to show how little the Catholic people are in politics. But these people do not need that information. They know it as well as we do, but as long as they can make us self-conscious, politically, they are willing to make use of statements which they know to be untrue.

They themselves jump into politics head first, and actually wallow in politics to such an extent that even their co-religionists condemn them. The Methodist Church put through the Prohibition Amendment, and has built a costly political edifice near the Senate Building. Senator Bruce, a Presbyterian, calls this building the American Vatican. A President of the United States once said that there were three political parties in this country: the Republican, the Democratic, and the Methodist Church.

Thus their purposes are made clear: they wish to scare us into keeping out of honest participation in civic and national affairs, while they go in and partake of the fruits that an opulent government provides. The governor of the finest state in the Union, a man whom leaders in both parties declare to be the outstanding political leader in the country, is discountenanced as a presidential candidate because of his religion. This is the way things work out. When are Catholics going to wake up? Too late, perhaps.

The greatest example in modern times of what organization can do is the Catholic Centre party of Germany. When Bismarck promulgated his infamous May laws, he put the Church in a very bad position. The German Catholics prayed, but they did something besides praying. They formed a political party to protect their rights. In a short time, they got the balance of power in government, and frightened Bismarck into repealing these laws.

The example of the Centre party, and the examples that history provides us with, show that a people can gain respect only when they have the power to demand it. We cannot hide our heads like the foolish ostrich, thus hoping to escape the danger. We cannot cry Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.

What ought to be done, is the formation of a Liberal Party, managed and run by Catholic laymen as well as by

other non-sectarian leaders, and dedicated to the purpose of maintaining the rights of Catholics when threatened in any way. There should be less of this vain explaining and defending, and more real activity and aggressive action. The Catholic Church as such would then not be in politics, but would be protected from politics. The Jews give us a good example of what ought to be our future course of action; they go about minding their own affairs and not caring how they may be aligned, they go after what they want and get it. Is there any valid reason why we should not?

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., 28.



Lincoln

(A Portrait)

A head of thick and curly hair,
A wrinkled brow, a melancholy stare
That comes from seeing eyes which penetrate
Each humble love, each haughty hate.

A rigid face where lips are tight,
A countenance that smiles when right is might.
A human frame, magnificent in strength,
Instilled with life too short in length.

A memory that stays with us,
Immortal name all nations will discuss,
Great character, a model for us all
In every deed, both great and small.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. Sc. E., '28.



The Bogman



HERE are many sad results from oppression, and not the least is the driving of brave men to desperation. The oppressor and the desperado too often go hand in hand. And in that bleak year of 1847, many a good Irishman, goaded to desperation, had become, what the clergy were fond of calling, an enemy of society.

The good people of Ballyburn often cast a fearful glance at the towering immensity of Slieve More, behind whose rocky summit lurked that most baleful of outlaws, "the Bogman." One morning, ten years before, Ballyburn woke up to find young Jimmy Sloan mysteriously missing. Feverish inquiries were made, but to no use. Many a day had passed before it was learned, that in the dead of night he had set out for the home of the outlaws, the dark and lonely Proleek bog. No one knew why. That he loathed the tyrannical surveillance of the police was well known; but so did they all. There must be another reason. They shrugged their shoulders and forgot, but not for long. News leaked into the sheltered valley of a new desperado preying on the rich landlords of the Annaverna district, the other side of the mountain. Father McGuire denounced him from the altar. The police checked up on their districts, and it was not long before it became known that Thomas Sloan's eldest boy was "the Bogman."

Once a Cooley man was robbed and beaten on the New Road (he was an informer, according to some), and it was whispered that it was the work of the Bogman. It was the only time he ever appeared in his home district, and Ballyburn saw him no more. True, the good old parish priest denounced their erring son, and (as was the custom) the innocent parents, but outside of that, Ballyburn's knowledge of their most noted personage was from hearsay only. Sir Randal Holme's place was burned; John McAllister, the "land-grabber" from Dunleary, was robbed; the police had raided

the bog, and found it empty, of course. These, and other bits of information, were the only connections between Jimmy Sloan and his native Ballyburn.

It was the second year of the famine. Ballyburn had escaped in '46, but the spring of '47 ushered in a different state of affairs. The crops failed and starvation gripped the townland. The starving people were smitten by cholera, and died by the hundreds. A hostile government was not interested, and there was no attempt to aid. Along the roads, in the fields, dead men and women lay where they had fallen. In a little cottage, down by the beach, Michael Doran was dead. His little wife and their four small children were in despair. The neighbors were either afraid to come, or too busy with their own dead. The little family was in dire need, and how could they bury the corpse? Then he came!

The neighbors recalled the friendship of ten years ago, between Margaret McEntee and Jimmy Sloan. They remembered the pride she had in her Jimmy. Tall and straight he was, with ruddy cheek and chestnut hair, and he was a good lad, though the older men shook their heads, as older men will, and reproved his increasing dissatisfaction with the officiousness of the police. The day had even been set for the wedding, and the people congratulated the happy couple. All was well, until one Sunday, after Mass, old Frank McEntee harnessed the horse in the trap and disappeared until sundown. When he came in, he called Margaret aside.

"Mag, I want you to marry Michael Doran," he said.

"But," she cried, "I'm promised to Jim Sloan, and you know he is a decent lad."

"Well," said the old man slowly, "I've made the match with James Doran. Young Sloan is going to get into trouble one of these days, and I'm afraid of him."

That was all. She wept and implored the old man to relent. She went over all the good points in favor of Jim, his appearance, his tidy farm, his good family. Sloan himself pleaded, when he heard the sad news. It was of no use. When old Frank McEntee made up his mind, it stayed made up. So one morning, not long after, she went to her cottage by the sea, and he to the dark mysterious bog, beyond the mountain.

The little cottage looked drearily neglected as Sloan pushed open the door. It was a sad sight that met his eyes within. The little starving children and the despairing widow were grouped around the bed where the blackened corpse reposed. They were the picture of starvation and despair. She gasped as she recognized the man who was coming in, but she was silent as he closed the door, and surveyed the meager furnishings of the once cheerful little home. Then his eyes turned to the corpse on the bed, and a tear was evidence that he was thinking of what might have been.

"There's been a lot of changes," he said, laconically. She nodded silently, and shivered as her eye caught the still figure that would never stir again.

"Anyone come over to help?" he questioned, as if he did not know the answer.

"I'm afraid it is all up with us," she put in suddenly, as she rose to prepare some little thing to eat, a custom invariable in Ireland. "The process server comes next week to turn the whole townland into the road. It's an estate they want instead of farms."

"But surely Father McGuire—"

"Well, he has done his best, but they won't listen to him. Poor man, he says a prayer for us after every Mass. I'm afraid it's little time he'll have to condemn the bogman," she added, whimsically. "What makes you come to help us, after it all?"

"Well," he said, softly, "your father and his father are dead, so I'm the only one left to do a turn for you."

He went to the door, and beckoned to his two companions who were pulling the boat up on the beach.

Reverently they buried the man who had ruined Jimmy Sloan's life, and now, he feared, her life. Quietly the three bogmen plowed the long-neglected land and tidied up about the place. Provisions were carried up from the boat, and the sad little family seemed to cast off their feeling of despair. When the men went down the beach to launch the boat, Jimmy paused at the door for a moment.

"So the process server is coming Monday?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said, simply, and she sighed, "God help us, Monday."

"I'll do it for you," he said, enigmatically, and his voice was husky. "But for these others," and his voice grew hard, "they're afraid to defend themselves, like I do, and they could walk to the South Seas for all I care."

With that he was gone.

She wondered idly what the Bogman could do. An outcast. He terrorized the landlord every chance he got. Why should Sir Telford listen to him?

Out on the bog, the torches, casting a golden tint on the dark waters, disclosed a group idly chatting. They talked of adventures and dangers, but the conversation always reverted to father and mother, wives and sweethearts. These outcasts of society were contemplative that evening. There was a whistle. Sloan returning, they surmised, and continued to go over again the old days when they were men of peace. In a few minutes, the other three outlaws drifted in. They joined the group, and two of them chimed into the conversation. The leader was thoughtful for a moment.

"Boys," he said, "there's a little girl down in Ballyburn. I was going to marry her once. Her husband is dead. Monday, the process-server turns her out of her farm. And there's four little ones. I don't want you to help those law-and-order loving farmers, afraid to throw off English tyranny, but as a personal favor, I'd like you to help me talk it over with that process-server."

They nodded, those silent ones, the forerunners of many an Irish blow for freedom. A word of thanks, and Sloan plunged into a discussion of his plans for the tete-a-tete with the process-server.

* * * * *

Clackety, clack, clack! It took more than one coach to make a racket like that, they all agreed.

"Well, there'll soon be a different noise." This with a laugh.

Down the Newry road they rushed, those coaches. Nearer and nearer they came. Little the occupants knew of the men in ambush a hundred yards away.

A shriek of horses and a screech of brakes. Ah! that tree across the road made a first-class barrier. The red-coated police poured out of the second coach, carbine on arm, finger on trigger, but a volley of stones and the sight of a cool dozen

pikes, with the pikemen back of them, was enough to take the fight out of any band of terrorizers. When two of their number fell to the ground, from well-directed stones, and their cartridges failed to bring results, they quickly surrendered. The door of the other coach was pulled open, and a terrified process-server dragged out. They always had a rope handy, those bogmen, and there were plenty of trees. The bogmen didn't waste time, and the business was soon over. The police were whipped and chased back to Newry on foot, the cabbies warned to be more careful of indiscriminate picking up of customers, and the outlaws vanished into the woods.

Sir Telford Tipping paled next morning, when a dead process-server, and a politely written warning were brought into the mansion by the chastened policemen who had cut down the body. Messages were quickly sent to other landlords. A paucity of process-servers soon became noticeable, and Sir Telford decided to change his mind, after all, about the evictions and the new estate.

Two hearts were heavy Monday night, an outlaw on the bog, and a widow by the seashore, as they thought of what might have been. But the sorrow of the latter was tempered by a feeling of gratitude, and the sorrow of the former by the satisfaction for a deed well done.

Father McGuire offered up a prayer of thanks the next Sunday for the deliverance of Ballyburn, and for the first time in ten and a half years, there was omitted the semi-annual denunciation of the Bogman!

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.



Claude Monet



MUCH has been written in various periodicals concerning the life and works of the late Claude Monet, eminent French painter and daring impressionist. What he has contributed in the field of art and why he has done so, affords quite an interesting accumulation of reading matter for the art lovers of this age. To be sure, Mr. Monet did not stand alone in his ideas and ideals with regard to the mannerisms of his energetic brush. He had, and still has, a few contemporaries. But, with the passing of this apostle of a new code of artistic conceptions, there is something left behind which, in its nature, will give posterity something to think about.

Claude Monet lived a life, long spent in the earnest desire, not so much to be radical with the established notions of real beauty, but rather to formulate a new code which might be applied in creating it. As an impressionist, he sought to impress as well as express, and without doubt, succeeded in his efforts. In his canvasses, one finds a multiplicity of colors, fitted together in such a style as would convince the keen observer that great pains must have been taken with each application of the brush. His landscapes and garden scenes possess a tranquil note wherein nature gives full vent to its feelings in order that human nature may learn to appreciate the intricacies in the manifold objects of the Creator. A little spot of pale green next to one of a rich deep red, then a blot of blue, a bit of sienna brown, chrome yellow, all seemingly pinned upon the picture and creating a sharp contrast of light and shadow, is the essence of his pigment application. In viewing any one of his pictures, this same note prevails throughout. A very good example is the scene of "The Lily Pond," hanging in the Carnegie galleries of our own city. This is a recent contribution to Pittsburghers and belongs to the permanent group. Here is found, at first glance, a mass of color distribution, depicting the pond, the floating lilies, the tall weeds along the banks and the rustic bridge crossing overhead. A close scrutiny will fill the art student with consternation at Monet's discovery. His work is characterized by

what the uninitiated are wont to call "incomplete." That is to say, what Monet actually brings out in his canvass seems to be absconded from the view of the exacting observer. As a matter of fact, there is a completeness which should bring about an emotional reaction. Why should we accuse an artist if we fail to see the thing as he sees it? Rather should we envy him in his good fortune.

Monet is a good example of one who has been benefited by the influences of nature. His career was one of poverty and struggle until he had reached a good age, when an admirer of his works placed him under contract to paint. It was then that the artist exiled himself from the life and atmosphere of the city for that of the country. Here he was found in his later years, surrounded by his flower gardens, with the landscape for his inspiration. Flowers, lily ponds, and fields of hay were his daily delight.

The recognition that was his during the later years of his life seems almost incredible when one stops to consider that he was once branded by the conservatives as a revolutionist. But the simplicity of the man himself, and his mode of living, coupled with a desire to prove that he saw things as he painted them, won much favor with men in many walks of life, including the amiable Clemenceau. Monet sacrificed much for his ideas, only to see men later offer fortunes for his efforts. He was as much a poet with the brush as Longfellow was with the pen.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B.S. in E., '28.



Patience

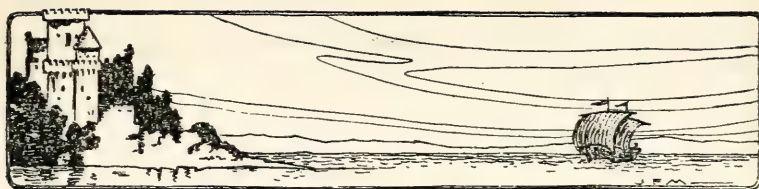
When trouble haunts each stifling hour,
And mourning fills a breaking heart;
The soul wilts like a fading flower,
As sorrow hurls each killing dart.

Then God doth call an angel near,
And bids him speed with quickening pace,
To where a mortal lurks in fear,
Needful of heaven's soothing grace.

The angel brings the holy word,
Saying, as fast he hastens down,
"True Patience, child, will change the sword,
Into a handsome saintly crown."

Yes, Patience is a holy thing
Which helps man to withstand his woes,
If hears he, what the angel bring,
And suffer all his wicked foes.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.



Touring in Europe

(Continued)

July 21, 1926.

To-day we leave Lucerne for Interlaken. Most of the party hired motor busses and are taking the auto trip over the Alps and the Rhone Glacier. But I feel much safer riding in a train. Automobiles take sudden notions to skid, you know. And if one skidded in this country, he certainly would get his money's worth! We reached Interlaken about noon. It is a typical mountain resort with wonderful little shops and more wonderful hotels. The scenery is impressive, the situation of the town ideal, and the climate most agreeable. It lies in the Canton of Bern, between two lakes from which it derives its name. Here we have a very fine view of the famous Jungfrau. We visit this to-morrow. We made a slight survey of the city, which indeed did not take us very long. In the evening, the remaining members of the party arrived and looked like a band of lost eskimos after their ride over the ice and snow. But they say they did not mind the cold because the sight of such splendiddness in nature alleviated any hardships endured. After a warm dinner, all of us repaired to the Casino where a band concert was given. Then we watched the gamblers at work in the inner buildings. Money is handled with surprising alacrity, and francs passed from hand to hand with astonishing speed. To our hotel for a pleasant night's sleep.

July 22, 1926.

All of us awake early and board the train for a trip to the commanding Jungfrau. We are warmly clad, for this is a cold trip for one who has been sweltering in July heat. Our party arrived at the peak in the early afternoon, glad to be near the Jungfrau, but gladder still to be welcomed to a warm stove in the hotel. All of us joked about gathering around a stove in mid-July, but joke or no joke, I was cold. After a warm

lunch, we took a short walk to the edge of the snow-capped peak (I say a short walk because a long walk would have resulted in one long step of a few thousand feet). Here we obtained a wonderful view of the surrounding country. The magnanimity of these wondrous mountains can never be realized except by actual sight. Mere descriptions in books cannot bring to anyone any knowledge of their beauty. In the afternoon, the party regathered at the hotel, then later boarded the train for the long descent and the ride back to Interlaken.

July 23, 1926.

We left Interlaken early in the morning and boarded a train for Milan. This idea of boarding trains in the early morning hours does not appeal to me, but I must stay with the party, otherwise there will be a stranded person wished on the Swiss. We passed through the most beautiful rural section of Switzerland, but our view was considerably hampered by the numerous tunnels. We counted them, and it was estimated that we had passed through fifty-five, the longest of which was the Simplon Tunnel. This tunnel is twelve miles long, required eight years to be built, and is the longest railway tunnel in the world. After passing through, our train was stopped and the custom officers boarded the train for the purpose of examining our passports and inspecting our baggage, probably looking for concealed weapons, ammunition, or maybe a few cannons. We arrived in Milan late in the afternoon, went to our hotel, and then made a hurried trip to view that incomparable picture, Da Vinci's "Last Supper." Then a visit to the cathedral. We are in this city only to-day, so we must do our sight-seeing as quickly as possible. In the evening, we attended a movie featuring Milton Sills and Colleen Moore; we enjoyed the picture, but all the sub-titles were written in Italian.

July 24, 1926.

We are leaving Milan at noon and will arrive in romantic Venice in the late afternoon. Upon our arrival, we taxied to our hotel in a gondola. Tra la! This was certainly a surprise for most of us. There are no streets for vehicular traffic; at least, I didn't see any. All transportation is by motor boat and gondola. Our hotel is just off the main canal. I marveled at the way these gondoliers maneuver the long boats, in much the same manner that our own taxi drivers do in their cars in our cities. In the evening, some of us walked to St. Mark's

Square and then to the Grand Canal. We chartered a gondola and went for a "sail." The moon was full (I said the moon); the night was clear and the stars twinkled as stars usually do and—and—O Gosh, what a night!

July 25, 1926.

Arose early and attended Mass at St. Mark's. In the morning, our guide took us on a tour of the city in a gondola, and the usual spots of historic interest were visited. In the afternoon, another gondola ride (I am now a veteran at this), and then returned to our hotel. To-day was certainly very interesting. One readily sees that Venice is a very unique city. I do not mean that it is so different from other cities; one cannot point to the difference, but can only accept it as one of those inexplicable facts that so often arise. Perhaps the reason is, that there, canals and modes of transportation are so odd; perhaps it is the peculiar lay-out of the city. It reflects the fact that it was once a great school of art, and represents this by its numerous notable palaces, public edifices, and churches. These structures are distinguished by their wealth of exterior decorations, the interiors were adorned by famous Venetian painters. The city, with its seemingly indolent existence, affects one with an indefinable but a rather fascinating sadness, and seems to enshroud one with a veil of morbid drowsiness. The inhabitants strike a person as lethargic; their very actions are slow. Perhaps the rush and tear of America has spoiled me. The great St. Mark's is included in our itinerary. It derives its name from the patron saint of Venice. The cathedral was built in the ninth century, was destroyed and rebuilt again. It is a very simple church, in the form of the Greek cross. The famous bronze horses, which are supposed to have been brought from Constantinople, are set above the central portion of the church. On entering the church, the impression strikes one of a relatively low but singularly rich interior. Everything seems to be near to the eye. This is also the case when entering St. Peter's in Rome. The mosaics are easily made out, although the lighting of such a structure does not quite compare with our own large churches; the pulpits, fonts and splendid harmony of the coloring of the mosaics contribute in making this church the great structure that it is. Then we visited the famous Doge's Palace. It holds many of the finest pictures in Venice. In the rear of this building, is the famous Bridge of Sighs, connecting it with the prison. A visit to Venice would be incom-

plete without a stroll along the Rialto. So we walked along here and were impressed by the numerous shops and the scenes of busy interest; the only place in the city in which the people seem to be alive. Our day was concluded with a boat ride to the noted Lido, the Coney Island of Venice, only much more aristocratic than our resort. Thus we write *finis* to our Venetian visit.

July 26, 1926.

Our gondola trip to the station was uneventful. The day was very warm and the long ride to Florence was much warmer. At Bologna we were forced to change trains, which was entirely unexpected. The train officials did this for a purpose, I think, because the Americans were getting too boisterous. We arrived in Florence late, and all were tired after this long, hot ride. It was the longest of our entire trip.

July 27, 1926.

We left the hotel early in horse-drawn carriages. The only means of travel I have not had, is that of a submarine. I must yet recross the ocean, and who knows but that my wish may be fulfilled? We first visited the Uffizi palace, which contains one of the finest collections of sculpture and painting in the world. Here we saw many of the works of Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, and many other noted painters. In the afternoon, our ride took us to the home of Dante, then to see some more masterpieces and many historic scenes. Concluding the afternoon tour, our guide took us to the highest part of the city, and here we obtained a perfect panorama of the city of Florence.

July 28, 1926.

To-day is at our own disposal. Many of the ladies of the party are doing considerable shopping, as this seems to be a Mecca for shoppers. To-day is our last in Florence, for tomorrow we leave for Rome. This city was not very impressive. Perhaps I am becoming accustomed to the general make-up of European cities, but Florence has nothing, or seems not to have, anything of importance with which to interest a person. But when one reviews its history, he is apt to change his mind. Florence, as we know, is situated at the foot of the Apennines, in a valley bordered with sloping hills, covered with olive groves and vineyards. The city is said to be the cradle of Italian culture. The number of her great men is astounding; she claims Dante, Leonardo, Michel-

angelo, Galileo, and Donatello, the great sculptor. We also visited the Ponte Vecchio, with its rows of goldsmiths' shops, an interesting example of the manner of using bridges for trade. We saw the same in London. Even with its great history and its homes of great men, Florence failed to impress me. Perhaps I will be accused of not appreciating art and the center of art; nevertheless, I am still unimpressed.

July 29, 1926.

Here we are in Rome. If anyone had told me that at this time a year ago I would be in Rome a year hence, I would have summoned the psycho-analyst. We arrived in the early afternoon, and immediately left the station for our hotel. Later, I went to the office of the United Service to pay a visit to Mr. Thomas Morgan, who is in charge of the Rome branch, and who, by the way, is writing a series of articles concerning Benito Mussolini, the Italian premier. These articles recently appeared in all the Pittsburgh daily papers, and proved to be very interesting. Mr. Morgan, who formerly resided in Pittsburgh, has been in Rome for several years, and is in charge of all the big news items of the city. However, he did not make the fact known that I was in town. I did not expect to find such an ancient city so modern. All modern conveniences are in evidence, but some are too much in evidence. But when in Rome, do as the Romans do.

July 30, 1926.

Up, and all of us board taxis and prepare to see the sights. Our first is a beautiful fountain which bears the marks of antiquity but betokens modern engineering. There is a legend connected with this fountain which says, that if a coin be tossed into the water, the tosser will, on returning to Rome, find himself a rich man. We visited many old Roman ruins which we have read so much about in our dry old histories. These are easily recognized from their pictures so often seen by the average student. Our next stop was St. Peter's. Words are inadequate in describing so magnificent, so commanding, so colossal a building. One is amazed at this gigantic structure, and can but realize its enormous size by standing in the rear and noting the smallness of those in the front. It is so proportioned, in every part, that it looks smaller than it actually is.

(To be continued)

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

The Month of Heroes

FEBRUARY has within its confines the birthdays of two of America's most revered heroes. The citizenry of the United States has, with pride and gratitude, annually honored George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as great leaders and true citizens of the republic.

In the annals of American history, George Washington stands first. A military genius, he led the struggling forces of the early patriots against the tyrants and conquered them. To the office of commander-in-chief, he brought a military skill, a thorough knowledge of the country, and a keen observation that enabled him to surmount the greatest difficulties, and bring victory to his cause. A statesman, he laid the foundations of this great nation so securely that it has successfully resisted the attacks of its enemies, both from within and without its boundaries. In all his actions, wisdom, patience, toleration and loyalty guided his efforts. "The noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. The father and creator of American Union." The petty attacks of certain authors, and their silly efforts to defame the character of our first President, are based mostly on their desire to be sensational. These seekers of front page publicity can do no real harm, except, perhaps, shatter for the moment one of the choicest treasures of the American boy—his picture of the ideal Washington, as the youth fighting gloriously for his king; then as a great patriot, wresting America's liberty from the tyrant; and, finally, as the renowned

statesman, leading the young republic up the steep heights of national honor and power. Such critics are not to be feared, only ignored.

After Washington, no figure stands out in broader relief than that of Lincoln. The powers of the genius, the poet, the painter and the sculptor, have been exhausted in an effort to do him honor. They have delved into his ancestry, they have searched his mind and soul, to find the secret of his greatness. No story of a human being surpasses in fascination and inspiration that of Abraham Lincoln. His is the story of poverty, struggle, disappointment, and defeat; a tale of romance, of pathos, of greatness blessed with success; a narrative of the log-cabin boy of the backwoods who, in the opinion of a noted orator, "rises in majestic grandeur above the Grants, the Lees, the Swards, the Douglasses of his own time, above Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Roosevelt, and others of other times, and like the snow-covered and storm-swept crest of Mount Everest of the Himalayas, defies all human agencies to explore his heights." The people, however, like to look upon Lincoln as the humble, tender-hearted man, always in their midst. They like to remember him as the chief executive of the mightiest republic, writing that touching letter to Mrs. Bixly, who had given five sons to the cause of the Union, as the President with all his cares and sorrows stooping to soothe a dying Confederate soldier's brow, and to hold his hand until the Angel of Death released him from his suffering. They will always remember him as America's greatest Commoner, the world's mightiest champion of freedom, the masterful man of the ages.

The great lesson of February is an argument for sane, intelligent citizenship. Too often have we allowed the issues raised by mere politicians to go unchallenged. Too often have we been content to be citizens in name only. The recent primary and election scandal would not now be marring the national life of the United States if the lessons and the lives of Washington and Lincoln were really appreciated. American citizenship must be aroused to function with reason and intelligence. College men, with the benefits which are theirs, must take the initiative and become the leaders in this crusade for a better citizenship.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Intramural Sports




IN the midst of so much discussion, resulting from the disclosure of dishonesty and bribery in professional sports, it is with genuine delight that we turn our attention to the truly amateur sports as played in the intramural league, composed of teams representing the various schools of our University. We say amateur, as distinguished from professional, not in reference to playing ability—for we have quite a few brilliant young players in the league who compare favorably with professionals—but in reference to playing the game for the game's sake rather than for glory or for monetary gain. Even in intercollegiate sports, the stakes are too high sometimes, and the players are tempted to use unfair and unsportsmanlike tactics, which the student body too often condones when it is to the apparent advantage of the school. In intramural sports, however, there is less opportunity for any such abuse to creep in, for no great reputation is at stake, nor is there such intense rivalry or any hatred.

In collegiate athletics, usually only a small portion of the students ever participate in the games or even try out for the team; most of the students are never seen on the campus, or in the gymnasium, except when a major athletic contest is being played. The intramural league removes this one big objection to athletics, but, of course, it does not entirely eliminate this bad feature; for rare, indeed, is the college that can get all its students out for athletics of their own free will. If, however, we extend our intramural league into the realm of tennis, handball, football, track, and possibly even swimming, as well as basketball and baseball, we should have almost full student participation in athletics, and have lived up to our athletic motto: "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano."

F. E. PAWLOWSKI, A. B., '27.

Why Not A Debating Club?

HE recent announcement of the schedule of inter-class debates in the College of Arts, brings to the fore a question that is of much importance. Debating has grown in the last few years to be a very prominent item in the list of activities of the leading colleges and universities of the land. The representatives of one school are meeting those of another, and their meetings are attracting the attention of not only the members of the schools concerned, but men and women of all ranks of life. To-day the boundaries of their native land no longer confine the efforts of the American college debaters. They now engage in a series of international contests which is proving to be a great success.

All this indicates the appeal and the attraction which debating has. Duquesne has allowed this avenue of enthusiasm to lie untouched, save, perhaps, in the college, where the classes meet each other in one or two debates a year. But why limit debating in this fashion? Is it not possible for our University to have a Debating Club? There are worthy debaters here. These men would gladly join some sort of an organization in which they would have congenial surroundings and an outlet for their talents. Such a club could sponsor a series of debates between various schools of the University. If these should prove successful, then there is the broader field of intercollegiate debating which awaits Duquesne's representatives. Debates of this kind could be arranged easily with neighboring colleges. A Debating Society could draw up a permanent code of rules to govern such affairs and could in many respects raise the standard of debating here on the Bluff.

True, the project must begin slowly at first, but there is no reason why Duquesne should not have such an activity except, perhaps, student laziness.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

An Appreciation

HERE is one person whom we must publicly congratulate, for his untiring effort, his capacity for industry, his love of labor and his devotion to duty, all of which have been of great value in the onward march of Duquesne University to better and bigger achievements.

Truly, his name is not on the lips of every student for great athletic feats, but whenever an athletic event is to take place Brother Ammon is the one who is called upon to put the place in condition. Whenever a banner or paraphernalia for some "Duke" celebration is needed, he is the one to whom the students go. He is ever willing to help, and ever suggests something that would be more pleasing and more suitable to the event in question; in fact, his ingenuity seems unending, and in every activity the noble Brother is ready to lend a helping hand.

He it is that superintends the laying out of the indoor and outdoor tennis courts, the gridiron, the diamond, and the basketball court, and all of these respective places have been kept in splendid shape. Hard work is required to do all these things, but no work is too hard for Brother Ammon. He goes about his tasks in an unostentatious and retiring manner, ever anxious to guide and instruct and make things pleasant for all.

The campus and gymnasium were never more inviting than to-day, and the splendid condition of these are, for the most part, due to his skill and ceaseless endeavors. We cannot say enough of Brother Ammon, but we again congratulate him—a noble man—an example in every way, and a gentleman worthy of a share in the glory of our school.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.



Duquesne Day by Day

THE greatest social event on the Duquesne calendar will take place on the evening of February 16, in the ballroom of the William Penn Hotel, when the annual Duquesne athletic dance is offered. A representative committee is in charge of the affair, and all arrangements have been made to make this year's athletic dance the most successful in Duquesne history. Those who attend this year's entertainment will be pleased with the increased facilities for dancing and card playing. Every student in the University should dispose of at least one ticket, and help to give an added impetus towards the building up of a greater athletic system in Duquesne University.

* * *

The appearance of the 1926 Year Book was received with great interest by the student body. The comment on the whole was favorable. We learn that several editors of student publications in other schools were favorably impressed with the "Grand Duke." The Year Book staffs of the future can profit from the work of their first predecessor.

* * *

The first steps towards the establishment of an influential Alumni Association were taken, December 21, when Alumni Night was observed in the University Gymnasium. After the basketball game, addresses were delivered to the old grads who had assembled for the occasion. Athletic Director McDermott presided over the meeting. The Very Reverend President made a strong plea for alumni participation in the Golden Jubilee of the University, to be celebrated in 1928. President O'Connor, of the Alumni Association, asked all present to affiliate with the Association. Rev. Dr. Carroll, Dean of the College, asked the alumni to take an interest in the development of English at Duquesne. Fr. McGuigan delivered a eulogy on the members of the alumni basketball team. Vice-Dean Loughlin, of the Law School, announced the plans of the legal department for a new building, to be erected downtown. Vice-Dean Moran, of the School of Accounts, sug-

gested that the alumni give a little financial assistance, especially to the athletic department. The alumni seemed very interested, and the meeting should be beneficial to the interests, both of the alumni and of their Alma Mater.

* * *

Friday, January 14, should be a memorable day for Duquesne University. For that day marked the adoption of the constitution of the Student Senate. Every school in the University was represented at the meeting in which the constitution was presented by the committee which drew it up. This committee was composed of Paul G. Sullivan, Patrick W. Rice, James Legrard, F. Arthur Molinari, and Russel Smith. The constitution provides for student control of student activities. It has been so arranged that the autonomy of the individual Student Councils is preserved. Each school will be represented by four delegates. The policy of equal representation was the only point on which the delegates were of markedly different opinions. In fact, it was adopted by a very slight majority. A Student Senate was needed for some time, and student activities should be given a great impulse by its organization.

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Now that inter-school cooperation has been strengthened, we think that those athletically inclined gentlemen, who have been attacking the University's oldest school so promiscuously of late, would do well to lay down their hammers, and attend to their own business, which, by the way, needs quite some attention. To hear these two worthies talk, one would gather the impression that the sole aim of the Dean, faculty, and students of the college, is the destruction of everything progressive at Duquesne. It is regrettable that persons in responsible positions at Duquesne should stoop to such petty attacks.

* * *

The staff of the Monthly extend their condolences to Father Carroll on the death of his brother in Chicago. Several of the students met the late Mr. Carroll at the Eucharistic Congress, and were much attracted by his winning personality.

The College Glee Club gave their concert Sunday, January 16, in the auditorium. A number of pleasing selections were given, "Cherry Ripe" especially being well received. Rev. J. A. Dewe directed the performance. The Glee Club bids fair to become an important organization in the University and will, no doubt, attract favorable attention to the school.

* * *

The Sophomores were given the decision over the Juniors in a rather interesting debate. The winners upheld the affirmative side of the following question: Resolved, That the City of Pittsburgh should annex all Allegheny County. Myer Parker and Paul Cain were the Sophomores, John McKenna and Edwin Heyl the Juniors.

* * *

"Turned Up," the play presented for the benefit of the band, was given January 20 and 21, in the University auditorium. Two large audiences enjoyed the presentation. Dr. Lloyd's injury evidently did not affect his work, for the players showed the benefit of excellent directing.

* * *

The Duchess Club was hostess to the student body, January 25, in the New Gymnasium. The reception took the form of a dance and card party. Though it was examination week, a large crowd of students was on hand to make the affair a success.

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Father Hehir has been elected first vice-president of the Catholic Education Association of Pennsylvania. The Association owes much of its success to the efforts of Father Hehir in its behalf. Father Hehir was instrumental in the founding of the Association.

* * *

Tom Quigley, veteran cheer leader, who graduates this year, is busy training his successors in the art of producing concerted uproar from the student body. So far, two new cheer leaders have led the cheering at the basketball games, and both looked like capable men. The following are the new cheer leaders: McGagon, Duffy, Ondeka, Schacter.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

The School of Pharmacy

The School of Pharmacy wishes to express its deepest and most sincere sympathy to Rev. Fr. Carroll, Professor of Ethics, in this, his hour of sorrow.

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The Pharmics are considering a debate with the School of Pharmacy connected with the Medical College of Virginia. The proposition to be debated will be chosen at a later date.

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Mr. Settino and Mr. Runkle were the speakers at the last meeting of the Pharmaceutical Association.

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Arrangements are being made for a home-to-home basketball series with the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy quintet.


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The announcement in the "Duke" of a library that is to be built by Canevin Hall has received much favorable comment from the students in Pharmacy School. It is their hope and desire that this much needed addition to our campus be completed in the very near future.

F. ARTHUR MOLINARI, Ph. G., '28.



Exchanges



OUR contemporary magazines have given us great pleasure, not because they afford an opportunity for criticism, but on account of their literary quality. Though these short reviews may show a lack of mercy, we must, as Hamlet says, "be cruel to be kind."

From St. Francis, at Loretto, Pa., comes "The Alvernia," always full of interesting articles. There is, however, a noticeable lack of verse and short stories to make for the book's completeness. "Saint Francis and Social Reform" reveals the momentous accomplishments of this holy man as a reformer, and makes more evident his saintly qualities. "Going to the Movies" is enjoyable. Its author should give us a further treat by continuing throughout the informal, humorous vein in which his editorial begins and ends. College magazines,

as a whole, lack good humorous writings. "Doyle Memorial Hall" informs us of the new gymnasium at Loretto. It is a fitting tribute to this beloved man—Rev. Dr. Doyle. The Athletic and Alumni departments have contributed immensely in making this number so praiseworthy.

* * *

In "The Marywood College Bay Leaf" we are reminded of the Church's great loss by the death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hoban, of Scranton. "His life has ended, but the good he has done will live on." "The Address to the C. E. A. at Marywood," by Fr. D. J. O'Connor, is exactly what every Catholic should know and heed—Catholic Philosophy and the ever-threatening Reed-Towner bill. The short story, "A Christmas Symphony," has a very happy ending and reminds us of a story in the St. Mary's "Dial," which also ends in plighted love at Midnight Mass on Christmas. "Pen Pictures of the Nativity," is a well-expressed appreciation for the picture, "Night," by Corregio, and "Life of Christ," by Papini. "A Debt to Monasticism," is a brief tribute to the oft-forgotten accomplishments of the Monks. It would not be amiss to read this in connection with Fr. O'Connor's "Address," for knowing the sacrifices made for the establishment of Catholic education, we will be more anxious to preserve it. The appreciative reviewer of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" is deserving of praise for her opinion of the book, and especially for her treatment of the part that is found objectionable by Catholics. We are pleased to acknowledge your favorable exchange of the "Duquesne Monthly."

* * *

The Saint Vincent's Journal of December gives us an opportunity to pick out twenty or more of our Duquesne Alumni. The editors of this department are to be congratulated. There is never a time we fail to see a large report on the doings of St. Vincent's Grads. The editorial on "Plays for Catholic Colleges" should bring results and start a league wherein original plays could be exchanged. We have noticed some dramas in the various college journals that would be well worth producing. The Christmas story, "Many Happy Returns," is tardy in action. We cannot be enthusiastic about this story, if we take it in its depreciation by its author. One should have confidence in his own ability, if he expects the reader to do so. "The Irish Chapter in American History" is written in an excellent manner, stating references, and is so

interesting that I look forward to the next issue, though no mention is made of one, to see what the Celts contributed in the World's War. "This European Travel" is always enjoyable reading, and its humor is ever ready to bob up. It is an effective, informal manner of procuring ideas of our foreign brother, his country, and his customs.

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The "Exponent," from the University of Dayton, has a quantity of choice literature. "The American College" is the best article in the book. It gives an accurate exposition of the growth of our colleges and their connection with the various Churches. The first schools, were Colleges of Liberal Arts and Sciences, and we are again turning towards them. "The Distribution of Bonds" has its appeal to the student of finance for the clear insight it gives on the subject of bonds. "St. Francis of Assisi" is a fitting tribute to this great Saint, and is commendable, both for its free style and convenient length. "Some Facts About Malaria" is a clear, concise treatment of a medical subject that is readily understood. "The Necessary Art" is explanatory of its contents—a plea for a finer appreciation of music. The subject is ably handled in an unrestrained manner. The Athletic Editor must have escaped his Editor-in-Chief, for we feel some happenings or anticipation should be found in the athletic column.

* * *

We learn from "The St. Mary's Chimes," Indiana, that the noted author, Huston McCready, gave an interesting talk on story writing, and the display of his own manuscripts must surely have added considerable interest for the students.

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"Fleur de Lis," of St. Louis University, is surely on a high plane and is good from cover to cover. "Monsieur Recovers His Chair" is written in a delightfully lively style, but should have been made into a humorous short story, for which the authoress has the requisit talent, we think. While we enjoy the story, we must object to the ending of "Green Cheese," in which the hero shows his disregard for law and "gets away with it." The dialogue in "A Twentieth Century Nimrod" does not ring true. Among the articles, "Travel" is quite interesting, with its breezy style, which seems characteristic of the whole magazine. Clearness and interest are to be found in "Faust and the Legend"; "Purple Robes" is good, but

incomplete. After reading "Democracy a Failure?" we regain confidence in our government. Of the poems, we like "Birthdays" for its thought, "Pansies" for its description and its structure, and "See How the Trees Stand" for all three of these qualities." "The Chained Eagle Soars Aloft" abounds in clear and vivid description. The editorials are well chosen, timely, and ably written. An exchange department is lacking.

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In "Green and White," La Salle College, Manila, P. I., the two stories, "Evils of Suspicion" and "Kitty," an exciting mystery story, are both good. The latter is excellent, except that the first part seems a bit improbable. Among the articles and essays, "The Power and Value of Education" and "Knowing It All" deserve mention. "The Brush and the Flag" should be with the editorials, we think. The editorial, "Legislative Liberality," is a timely and well-handled comment on the new divorce bill presented in the legislature. The exchanges are carefully and capably written, making this department the best in the book.

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"The Laurel," St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y., seems to prefer quality to quantity, thus making a worth-while publication. The one short story, "Mrs. Turner's Diplomacy Fails," and the article, "Pre-Historic Man," are excellent in their respective fields. The former is a love story that is somehow different. "Pre-Historic Man," as its name suggests, deals with the so-called "facts" of Evolution and is a capable and interesting exposure of "scientific" methods of trying to prove this theory. "Advancements Made in the Measurement of Time, Angles and Length," is not nearly so uninteresting as it sounds. The editorials, too, are well written and pertinent.

DAVID S. BYRNE, A. B., '27.

FRANCIS E. PAWLOWSKI, A. B., '27.

The Book Forum

Editor's Note.—It is our purpose to present herein not the usual book review. Too often they become the mere blatant song of publicity. We wish, rather, to present opinions and thoughts on worthwhile books from the viewpoint of the University student. We offer, as the first of such discussions, "Abbe Pierre," which has just appeared in its second edition. We believe that it follows that splendid rule laid down by Denham:

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight or use."

Abbe Pierre



WO ways there are by which we may know human nature. One is by study and observance, the other by experience in life itself. Consequently, Jay William Hudson, who has made extensive use of both these methods, is singularly fitted to write such a book as "Abbe Pierre."

Hudson was a teacher of philosophy in the University of Missouri. Little of his life has been published, but he certainly must have had a vast knowledge of nature and of things philosophical. In another book entitled, "Truths We Live By," he displays his understanding of human kind and contemporary life more in detail and philosophical treatise than he does in the novel, "Abbe Pierre." However, it is the latter with which we are here concerned.

The little village of Aignan, in Sunny Gascony; the hardy land whence sprang the race of D'Artagnan and Cyrano; the land of hills and valleys, trees and flowers, and little winding roads is the setting of this beautiful novel. "Abbe Pierre" is a story which lays open before the reader's gaze the good and simple lives of the peasants of Gascony, so poor in the things this world can give, yet so rich in the things that alone can give true happiness. It takes the form of a diary or memoirs of one Abbe Pierre, a teacher of philosophy in Paris, who has returned to his native village to spend the last years of his life administering to the spiritual needs of his people. Thus,

since written by a philosopher and viewed from the vantage point of kindly old age, these memoirs are filled with the philosophy of life. Chapter after chapter deals with nothing but the exposure of human kind, beautiful and otherwise. It delves deep into man's innermost soul. Nor are the other forms of nature neglected in this wonderful work. The flowers, the trees, the earth, the sky, all the beautiful landscape of Gascony, is so described, so wonderfully interpreted, that the heart of the reader is filled to overflowing with the wonders of God's creation. Thoughts and dreams which must have filled the heart of Wordsworth, rush upon one's mind as he reads the Abbe's descriptions of nature and his bits of philosophy. The work brings back to us of modern, material times, the Age of the Romanticists. It makes us long to see those days again, when all the people appreciated the simple pleasures, and thought the honest thoughts which the peasants of Gascony do even to this day.

The plot of the story is contained in the love affair of David Ware, a young American professor and poet, who is traveling in Gascony, and one Germaine Sance, a peasant girl and daughter of Jean Louis Sance, the Abbe's dearest and recently deceased friend. The Abbe feels a personal interest in Germaine, and at first dislikes Ware's attentions on the ground that he, like the rest of the world, ridicules the simple life of the Gascons. This aversion is overcome as the story proceeds, and David wins the hand of Germaine. They both leave for America, having promised that in two years they will return to their dear Gascony and Abbe Pierre. The other characters have little bearing in the theme, but enumerated they are, Germaine's mother and her brother, Henri; Marius Fantan, the poet; Monsieur Rugot, Abbe Castex, Abbe Rivare and Dr. Dausset.

The book is wonderful and ennobling. Never have I been so lifted out of myself by any work of literature as by this. The descriptions are magnificent,—superb,, and alone would suffice as a monument to the name of Jay William Hudson. Here is the happiest appreciation of nature in all her captivating charm and glory,—an appreciation of the love, the sweetness, and wholesome beauty which God has been pleased to hide under the cloak of weak human nature.

The style of the author is of the best. It contains delicate sentiment, and a strain of humor and of real romance. Of his

description, too much cannot be said. His narrative is simple, clear and ordinary, as befits the characters with which he deals. Unbounded must be his knowledge of life and human kind. The plot, though handled well, is not very complicated. However, this is as it should be, for, if the plot were deep and intense, the reader, in his eagerness to unravel it, might skip over the beautiful and more ennobling chapters, thus missing the sole purpose of the work.

There are some of the Abbe's bits of philosophy which certainly deserve mention here. One of these occurs in the chapter where he defends his beloved Gascons because the world calls them provincial; because the world laughs at their retention of ideas and customs, existing from medieval times. Monsieur l'Abbe refutes their ridicule in a most convincing way. "Can a man," he says, "be said to be provincial who communes with the countless stars, with sunsets no two the same, with hills that speak, with winding-roads that beckon,—and yonder the glory of the Pyrenees, loftier and grander than anything men ever build in cities? Our lives are not narrow!" And again he speaks on this same subject, "City life easily disintegrates character; there are so few times when one can be still and think, comparing relentlessly today's deed with yesterday's ideal. I say we touch more points of the universe than do your boasted dwellers in cities."

To me, the two most beautiful chapters in the book appear to be the one entitled "Wooden Shoes," and that entitled "At Night." In the former, his description of the simple, lovable peasants makes one ponder. His touching sympathy with their "homely joys and destinies obscure," awakens within us thoughts at once elevating, beautiful, and indescribable. The ignorance of these folk is their knowledge. Immune to the great evils and hardships of the outside world, they go, plock-plock-plock, in their wooden shoes, through the highway of life to meet the God in whom they trust so fully.

Have you ever stood under the stars of a clear summer's night, far out in the fields or forest, with the moon shedding its silvery beams on the rippling stream which murmurs along before you, you must have dreamed beautiful dreams; you must have reveled in the joy of living; you must have had thoughts that you never could put to words. But, the reverend old Abbe has expressed these thoughts for you in a way you

never conceived as possible. Read his words over and over again, and each time you will receive some new and elevating impression. Moonrise in Gascony:—moonrise over the lovely hills and fields, the many little villages, each with its little church steeple, the many-hued gardens of Gascony. It is a beautiful theme, but the description of it far exceeds the expectation which it suggests. Volumes might be written on the value of this composition, but time nor space will allow it here. However, it would not be adverse to mention a few things which the reader must surely gain from this,—a textbook of the school of life. It will instill in him the desire to know nature in the garb which the Creator has given it, and freed from the shackles of human vanity and materialism. It will stir up in him a love for what is beautiful and grand in life. It will form in him the ideal to become a man like the Abbe Pierre, brave-hearted, keen and unprejudiced, and with eyes that saw the good in those whom the world considered despicable. It will teach him where to find greatness and happiness, namely, in the good, the honest and beautiful life of a God-fearing man. It will teach him even the beauty to be found in sorrow. "Weeping," said the Abbe, as he contemplated at the last resting-place of Jean Sance and Marius Fantan, "is laughter's second thought."

Aside from this, it will give great pleasure in its very perusal, and incidentally I might add, that it is the first book, so devoid of the exciting and adventurous, which so held my undivided attention.

It is a story which would be of interest to all: to youth, maturity and old age. The youthful, as well as the mature, for the lessons it teaches; the old, because it shows them how to lead the last years of their life, and how to be resigned and confident in the "Great God who made and loveth all."

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.



Basketball



T seems that the Red and Blue basketeers are in for another glorious season. Like the famous brook, "Chick" Davies and his crew, seemingly, are destined to go on forever. Last year's aggregation was conceded to be Mr. Davies' masterpiece, but "Chick" reminds one of that good-natured magician at whom all marveled, and whose only comment was, "Wait'll you see this one." "Coach" is somewhat of a magician himself. With the lamentable passing of Monaghan, Davies rolled up his sleeves and produced Vernon. Now, if that isn't slight-of-hand artistry, then "Chick" Davies must be a very good coach. "Slats" Monaghan, for the want of a suitable term, was a neat basketball player, and from what has been seen of Vernon, there is nothing sloppy about him. Moreover, "Dom" De Maria's rise was meteoric. The same can be said of Jock Rosenberg. The days of Salem witchcraft are over, so "Chick" Davies must be a real coach. If you have known that before, then the thought has entered your mind that the Dukes are likely to continue winning basketball games as consistently as the weatherman misses his guess.

The Dukes inaugurated the basketball season on the Bluff with a win over the Alumni, coached by the well-known Father "Mac." Well might the situation that night have been called tense. On the one hand, were the men who fought valiantly in the past, and who first brought basketball recognition to Duquesne. On the other, the men who were not content to bask in their predecessors' glory, but who carried onward with the same vim and determination. Such was the setting—two stellar teams pitted against each other. Little wonder that the contest waxed furiously from beginning to

end. Words are inadequate and space will not permit a description of the battle. Once, we remember, the Varsity was far behind in the scoring. Again, we remember, the dazzling play that tied the score. We saw the admirable defense offered by the Varsity. We saw the Cherdini of old. We saw Klinzing and Kendricks loop "impossible" shots from mid-floor. There was O'Donovan, cool and collected. There he was, again enraged and infuriated. We saw a bedlam and heard wild shrieks. We saw a hat fly skyward. We saw a mob on the floor. We heard someone shout "36-35." We remember asking if the game was over and found we could not speak. We remember everything—and yet we don't.

The first college team to face Duquesne this year was Adrian—and face them is about all they did. From the very outset, Adrian was outclassed, and the Dukes never lost the upperhand in the melee. Fine teamwork, combined with excellent passing, stemmed the Wolverine threat. O'Donovan, Rosenberg and DeMaria chalked up five baskets apiece, at the same time keeping in mind their defensive duties. Johnny Serbin and Vernon managed to ring up a twin pair, also fitting perfectly into the scheme of things. Abele, during the course of the game, made his debut, and kept the good work going. The finest exhibition of classy passing one would want to see was staged in this game when the Duke cagemen completely bewildered their opponents by passing the ball back and forth for fully three minutes, then registering a tally, to the consternation of Adrian. Little opposition was offered the Dukes, although, in justice to Adrian, they played hard, if not showing the best in them. Sprinkle, of this outfit, hooped five field goals and caged five out of eight tries from the foul line, aiding materially in his team's scoring. The final count read, Duquesne 52 and Adrian 34.

Muskingum College, fresh from victories over Heinz House and Waynesburg, next entered the slaughter house. They proved hard to kill. Off to a flying start, the Muskies garnered a 5-0 lead before the proteges of Davies entered into the scoring. The Dukes succeeded in tying the score at the quarter, but the half ended 13-8, with the New Concord crew on top. With the score 19-12 against them, late in the third period, the Dukes finally found themselves and started a rally which eventually meant victory. It was a real win; for the Dukes, as they came from behind, displayed the fight that is

characteristic of them. Although beaten, the Buckeyes may find some consolation in the 25-22 score.

Winning game after game must have become monotonous for the Dukes, for the defeat suffered at the hands of John Carroll was, indeed, a surprise. The Clevelanders previously were beaten by Adrian, and using this game as a criterion, the Bluffites should have won hands tied. There is no question that the Hillmen were away off form. The renowned Duquesne defense faltered badly. Not until the last quarter did the Dukes display any of their real stuff, then the final whistle cut short a rally that would probably have meant a win. There is truth in the familiar adage, that "you can't win 'em all." The 35-30 setback is no disgrace, and the Dukes can well afford to drop one.

Getting back into their stride, after the upset at Cleveland, the Dukes emerged victors in the first Tri-State Conference affair of the season. Waynesburg College proved untroublesome victims. Never were the Dukes threatened. At every stage of the game, Duke superiority was in evidence. Waynesburg presented a formidable defense, but the Bluffites found a road to the basket, even if it did not become a beaten path. De Maria and O'Donovan accounted for six field goals, while the Jackets, combined, only got three. The score, 25-11, speaks for itself. A few nights after the Waynesburg tussle, the Dukes displayed their wares at Greenville, Pa., where they defeated Thiel 42-17 in a very one-sided game. The Red and Blue had easy sledding throughout the contest, outclassing Thiel on offensive and defensive. Johnny Serbin hooped four baskets, nosing out his mates in this respect by one, as they all played merry at Thiel's expense.

It is too early to predict, but the Dukes look like a sure bet to breeze along for the remainder of the season. Unless a disaster, not unlike the one that hit Florida, happens along this way, the Dukes ought not to experience much trouble. If they play as they have been—as a team of brothers, one helping the other—what is to stop them?

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.

Side Line Comment



SINCE last we "smiled right back at you" from these pages, great things have happened. Chick Davies' basketeurs are well started on their annual rampage. Already four teams have appeared on the Bluff court, arrayed in all their splendor of war, bolstered up with high hopes, teeth bared for battle, straining at the leash, 'arin' to go, and after the smoke had cleared, those of the enemy, who were able, slunk off the floor, feathers dragging, hopes shattered, and completely pacified. Once only the battling Dukes suffered a set-back. John Carroll University, the pride and joy of Cleveland, caught the Bluffmen in an off moment and knocked them for the well-known loop. To discuss at length the whys and the wherefores of this defeat would be idle waste of time and space. It has been already threshed out as much as the famous baseball scandal, and the result of all the confab has been almost as silly and futile. Some have attributed it to the long train ride, to lack of condition, to overconfidence, to internal dissension, and to other equally ridiculous reasons. We would not be surprised to hear some nit-wit claiming that the game was "sloughed,"—whatever that means. No one seems to attribute the defeat to the fact that John Carroll has a good basketball team, which reason is really probable. We feel sorry that the Dukes lost, but we did not expect them to go through the season without a defeat. However, we really hate to say what the O'Donovan clan is going to do to the Carrollites at a future date!

* * *

In the four games that we have seen so far, there have been exciting moments, and what we mean is, they were exciting. The Muskingum affair, however, was the most breath-taking, nerve-racking, hair-raising melee it has ever been our misfortune to witness. We say misfortune, because after that game was over a good whiff from a passing feather would have bowled us over. That game cannot be described. It was one intense moment after another. The Duke's climb to the front, after being apparently hopelessly outclassed, was a superb effort that can scarcely be described by the word

“spectacular.” Mere lifeless letters, set up on equally lifeless paper, could never express all the breathless intensity of those last few moments. The Dukes were three points ahead, but that meant nothing to those Ohio lads. On the floor was a whirlwind of men. So fast was the game that the human eye could not follow it. More than one Duke offered prayers and swore to quit smoking if only the timer would shoot that gun. And then he did. One newspaper scribe, intimately known to all Dukes, was heard to say, “Well, that fellow could have shot that right in my face.” So it was. Students pounded alumni and faculty members on the back; faculty members crashed the hats of students and everyone liked it.

Muskingum had a great team. The Dukes will not be called upon to face a more worthy foe. The Ohioans were gentlemen and good sports in defeat. We heard one of them say after the game, referring to the Dukes, “You just can’t beat them.”

* * *

The following letter was received by Manager Holohan a few days after the game:

Jan. 5, 1927.

Mr. Holohan,
Duquesne Univ.,
Dear Sir:—

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the courteous and fine treatment extended to our team on our recent visit to your city.

Sincerely,

W. F. Lange.

* * *

We welcome Schradig back again. He has had a long and dangerous sick spell, but we will soon see him in action again.

* * *

We were glad to see that there was dancing after the Bucknell game. These short dances have been missed. Last year they did much to draw record crowds to the hall, acquaint the students with their fellow-students, and generally to increase the interest in school and team.

T. J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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The Emerald Isle

The blue sky above it
Is tinted with white.
To be sure, we all love it,
That wonderful sight.

The shamrocks, her flowers,
Are symbols of truth,
Her churches and towers
Have strengthened her youth.

Her heroes and teachers
Proclaimed upon earth
The right of her creatures
To the land of their birth.

Her soldiers in battle
Poured out their red blood;
Were slaughtered like cattle
For Grattan and Flood;

For Sarsfield, in battle,
They fought for their rights,
And fell from the saddle,
And starved through the nights.

O yes, we all love it,
That Emerald Isle;
The blue sky above it,
Its heavenly smile.

The beautiful scene of it
Just captures the eye,
No wonder the green of it
Has made men to die;

Has made men to fight for it,
To cry out its name,
To spread forth the light of it,
To tell of its fame.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. S. in E., '28.



Louis Pasteur

IN beginning this paper on Louis Pasteur it would be well to give a quotation of his, in order that we may fully appreciate why he devoted practically his entire life to investigation and experimentation. "There is no greater charm for the investigators," said Louis Pasteur, "than to make new discoveries; but his pleasure is heightened when he sees that they have a direct application to practical life."

Louis Pasteur, a celebrated French biological chemist, was born at Dole, December 27, 1822. He early devoted himself to the study of chemistry. He graduated from Ecole Normal, Paris. For a time he was professor of chemistry at noted institutions of learning throughout the country. Later he carried on all his researches at Pasteur Institute, Paris, which was built by popular subscription for the prosecution of research in the preventative treatment of infection.

Perhaps at this point, in order to understand Pasteur's greatness, it would be appropriate to give an incident during the attempt of the French to build, what is now the Panama Canal. The death rate during this attempt in Panama was terrible, nothing could check its awful devastation.

No man was surprised if the friend he had seen in the morning was lying in the grave at night. Yet, in spite of the rapidly mounting numbers of the dead, the Frenchmen went on digging, and working in the face of almost total extinction. For they were in the grip of the invisible armies of Disease, and their very efforts to save their poor stricken men, were destroying the lives of their comrades. There are few things in the history of the world more pathetic than this—that in those days before the essentials for the prevention of sickness were known, the French doctors, to keep merely annoying insects out of the beds of the sick men, placed the bedsteads in bowls of water. As a matter of fact, the deadly mosquitoes which spread the disease from which their whole personnel was dying, bred very rapidly. The doctors were powerless to check the infections which baffled all their cures.

It was Pasteur who, looking through his microscope, first set men searching for the invisible enemies of Death at Panama. What Pasteur found out was this: Man had against him in his march for conquest, myriads of smaller creatures which, often before, without his knowledge, poison him and may destroy him. Sometimes these creatures live on a man's body, and they are called parasites, because they live on others; sometimes they have smaller parasites which live on them, so that even a harmless insect may carry a poisonous parasite and give it, with a sting, to man. This great discovery of Pasteur, if it had been made a little while before the attempt of the French to build the Panama Canal, would perhaps have saved the lives of 40,000 men and the expenditure of \$260,000,000.

Pasteur showed that the various changes involved in the process of fermentation were due to the presence and growth of a micro organism which he called the ferment. He was thus the founder of the science of Bacteriology. He proceeded to demonstrate that varieties of fermentation were due, each to a special organism, and when these atmospheric germs were absolutely excluded no change took place. Pasteur was recognized as one of the greatest chemists of his time. He found out the nature of the disease among the silk worms that had almost destroyed the silk industry in France, he discovered the microbes which caused the cholera, which was exterminating French poultry, and the disease called Anthrax, which is fatal to sheep and cattle. Up to this time, the disease called rabies in dogs was a cause of terror. The bite of a dog that was infected with rabies was certain to produce hydrophobia in the victim. Pasteur became certain that this disease, too, was caused by microbes, and did not rest until he found the microbe and discovered a way to render a person who had been bitten, proof against the ravages of this deadly little form of life. He succeeded in making animals immune to disease germs of rabies, and finally saved the life of a boy who had been bitten by a mad dog. This boy was the first person who had escaped death under such circumstances. And it marked an epoch in the field of medicine.

Pasteur's idea of preventing hydrophobia was to inject into the blood some of the weakened germs of the disease itself. The body would develop such a power of resistance against the disease that it could not obtain a hold upon it. His method of treatment for rabies is the most reliable. It is cer-

tainly harmless and is worthy of trial. The results are assuring and the statistics, to most people, convincing.

The work of Pasteur in preventive medicine is probably his best known achievement. His work laid the foundation for most of the great life-saving discoveries of the last fifty years in the field of germ disease, and it was due to his discoveries in fermentation and decay that Lord Lister was able to devise the method of antiseptic surgery.

Here is a point in the life of Pasteur that it would be well for us to bear in mind. When Pasteur was graduated from college, his diploma was not marked "Magna Cum Laude," but instead it was marked "Mediocre." But he was never content to just "Get By." In other words, he was true to himself; he had the will to work and "To do." His great success was obtained by the simplest qualities—common sense and perseverance. One can truthfully say of Pasteur, that he was one of the greatest men who ever lived. A man to whom every human being owes much, for his wonderful discoveries, which have aided immeasurably in prolonging the life of man upon this earth.

M. A. RAFFERTY, Ph. G., '29.

Sleeping Sea

Nothing the world can show to me
Has quite the appeal of the sleeping sea.
Gaze o'er the ocean's throbbing breast,
There you'll behold a goddess at rest;
Breathing so softly, with gentle swell,
And a silver sigh like some fairy bell;
Bathed by the moon in a lovely light,
Hiding her anger and dreadful might.
The moonlight kisses her brow so fair,
And blends with the stars reflected there.
If you long after peace, and beauty, too,
I know that sea will give them to you.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

Rosemary for Reconciliation



JOHN THOMAS JAMES was troubled. In fact, we might say that he was extremely troubled. As he sat in his library, in a commodious Morris chair which allowed his ample proportions to sink down in luxurious ease until only his stern jaw and two hands were visible, he was the very picture of worry, and serious worry at that. On less agitated occasions, his cigar spent itself in peaceful wisps of smoke lazily curling up toward the high ceiling, but to-day it was being shamefully abused. Unconscious teeth bit down savagely upon its protesting leaves, and if inanimate nature could speak of the anxieties of men, that little roll of tobacco would have been eloquent. J. T. James was starving vacantly out into the great prosaic out-of-doors. Vacantly? Yes, but be that inwardly he was very busily engaged. The man was known to be a man of decision, ingenuity, of power and of strong will. Why then all this worry? But that is the story.

"Damn!" The stolid, stuffed cockatoo on the pedestal near the window nearly fell off its perch at this explosion, and as J. T. J.'s mighty fist pounded down on the mahogany all the pens and pencils, and even the sturdy old inkstand leaped to attention. Clearly some of the hidden grief was rising to the surface.

"If that infernal Ames hadn't interfered I could have had Tenes' order," he growled, "and it's a big order of glass—the biggest in years, and would have tided the company over these hard times in fine shape. Then, to think it's gone!" he groaned. "All because of that Ames," he muttered, glaring at the unoffending clock on the mantel. "Well," and he shrugged his shoulders and rose wearily. "if Tenes wants to believe the story that I've been slandering his managing of The Clarion, he'll have to."

He crossed to the door, stopped suddenly as if struck with some happy thought: "Perhaps if I would write Tenes,—but I'll not," he exclaimed firmly, setting his teeth. "If he thinks I would do such a thing I am through, order or no order, though," regretfully, "I would like to secure that." A slam of the heavy door and he was gone.

The estimable gentleman in whose library and upon whose reveries we have been spying was one of the pioneer residents and glass factory men of the town of Brockway. Folks all

thought that no one under the sun could be happier than the wealthy widower and his son, and to see Mr. James worried, as we have seen him, was a most rare thing in Brockway. James operated one of the city's two glass factories; the owner of the other, a certain individual heralded as the Honorable J. Ames, Esq., was not only the business rival, but also, sad to say, the very personal enemy of Mr. James. I suppose it was an unholy love for the almighty dollar that cast his sentiments in this mould; certainly, at any rate, he did his best to injure the business of the James factory. On this particular occasion, as we have found out, he had insinuated to the owner of the Clarion Bottlings Works, that James had been criticizing his work. As a result of this misrepresentation—which James resented, but due to his sense of injured honor would not challenge—he had been assured of Tenes' order for several thousand dollars worth of bottles, and was only waiting for the contract to arrive.

After J. T. J. Senior's more or less stormy exit, the library relapsed into solitude, but not for long. The echoes of the hastily closed door had hardly died away when a door at the farther end of the room opened and in walked a young gentleman of possibly twenty-two years, elegantly though not extravagantly dressed in evening clothes, and with a likeness in carriage and features which marked him as the son of Mr. James. He stood for a moment at the threshold, listening to his father's retreating footsteps, and then sighed. "Poor Dad. This Brockway deal is troubling him a lot. What's the matter with that suspicious Tenes, anyhow! He and Dad used to be the best of friends and now—well, I suppose it can't be helped. Hope this satisfies Ames' rotten, miserly hate and greed! He never could bear to see us get anything at all." Thoughtfully he wandered over to the chair just vacated by his father. "Shucks!" he muttered. "Well," passing a disheveling hand through his neatly combed hair, "I'll just have to sit tight and see what comes of all this mess. Of course this will queer everything with Rosemary—her father's calumniators could never be her friends," he mused bitterly. "And all because of Ames. The lying pup! If he ever—" flaring up angrily and then repressing his emotions suddenly, "but that is unchristian revenge, any if anyone wants to accuse a James of such a thing, he—or she," he added, with a defiant toss of his proud head, "will have to." For he was truly his father's son.

Yes, J. T. J. Jr. was worried, too. He had met Miss Rosemary Tenes but a short time ago at a delegates' ball, and though the acquaintance had been short, the mutual attraction was very great. And now this. He hardly knew what to make of the situation. It was real, of course, but seemed to him like some fearsome nightmare. How he wished it were! But he was a James, and a James could not sacrifice the family pride of generations by descending to any denials of guilt, however true, in such a case of undeserved blame. The youth drew a long, deep breath, stirred uncomfortably, and settled down deeper into his trying thoughts.

Just how long T. J. T. Jr. sat there he did not know. The sun sank lower and lower towards its evening rest, until the lengthening shadows cast a sort of gloom over his reverie. The gentle wind fled before the calm of approaching night and all was still in the library and mansion.

Suddenly there came from the adjoining drawing room the words of a girlish voice. "Yes, I'll wait here till he comes down. No, never mind calling anyone else. I'm perfectly content to wait here alone. Thank you." A door closed and there was silence again.

T. J. T. Jr. sat up with a start. Was he still in his right mind or was it wandering? Astonishment plainly showed on his features. What had he heard? It couldn't be possible that—No, of course not, surely he had been dreaming. But still those rippling syllables raced through his ears. His mind denying and his sense affirming what he dared not hope, he tiptoed over to the door, which was standing ajar, and peered in. "Rosemary!" he inwardly exclaimed and started in amazement. "Why here?" he whispered.

On a divan near the balcony doors sat a young woman of perhaps twenty, a girlish figure, with soft brown hair. Her features were very fair, tender, yet tinged with the glow of youth. She was a delicate figure, daintily dressed, yet she appeared not frail but rather strong in her womanly grace.

To describe J. T. J. Jr.'s feelings is a task admittedly beyond my province. He was both entranced and bewildered as he stood there in the doorway staring at the girl. "Why here?" he demanded again of his dumb reason, and he had no response. As far as he knew, she had never been in Brockway before. And why of all places should she come to his house—and after that whole unfortunate affair? Could he presume to suppose that she had come to see him—to tell him she did

not believe? But no, she scarcely knew him well enough for that. Reason cautioned his feverish heart. "Then," he asked himself hotly, "what other reason could bring her here?" He could find none.

He was still standing there stupidly when the girl moved uneasily, sighed and rose. "Well," she began to herself as she turned, and with that, glanced up and met the wondering gaze of the boy. "John—Mr. James!" she gasped, "what are you doing here?"

John Thomas James Junior smiled whimsically into her almost frightened eyes. "In my own home?" he asked. "It is a most welcome surprise to find you here, Miss Tenes," he continued.

She started. "Your own home!" she stammered. "Why isn't this the residence of Mr. Jeffrey Ames?"

No, this is where my father and I live. I'm sorry." He turned away and then faced her again. "I understand now," he said sadly yet firmly. "You are here only by mistake. I had almost hoped—but why tell you now since you must believe the lying tongues you've heard."

The girl sank down into a chair, overcome for a moment with surprise, and as she sat there speechless, he moved over to the hall door, watching her with sincere regret. Hand on the knob, he turned and said quietly, "I will call a car, Miss Tenes, and see that you are brought safely," he added bitterly, "to Mr. Ames' residence."

He turned to leave, when she called suddenly, "John, don't go."

J. T. J., Jr., was more perplexed than ever now, and he scarcely knew what to do. Wavering between a strong desire to madly crush her in his arms and an equally strong spirit of pride which bade him do no such thing, he stood undecided. The girl, radiant now and smiling through her tears, came up to him. "John," she wavered, earnestly pressing his hand with her delicate fingers, "I am not going to Mr. Ames' home." Then rapidly, "You've opened my eyes to something and I see now that what they said was a horrible lie, and, and," she faltered, "I'm glad. Father was very provoked, but honestly, I didn't believe them, only I had no way to disprove their words. Don't you see?" she concluded.

But he didn't see at all. He felt as if Heaven had been suddenly wafted down to earth, but for the life of him he just

couldn't fathom it at all. "Yes," he said, "but how did you happen to come here and why did you wish to see Mr. Ames?"

Taking him by the hand, she said, "Let us be seated on the divan and I'll tell you the whole thing."

"But," started J. T. J., Jr.

"Now listen," she commanded, and he lapsed into silence.

Glancing at him for a moment with shining eyes, she looked away and said quickly, "Dad, of course—but I'll begin at the beginning. Dad was made to believe that your father was maligning him, hurting both his pride and his business. Oh, I know now he did wrong in listening to Mr. Ames," she hastened to say, arresting T. J. T., Jr.'s words of protest. "But, believe me, please, I really thought there must be some mistake, though I didn't—couldn't know. Last night, as I was coming to Brockway to pay a visit to one of my school friends, Betty Irwin, father gave me the glass contract, asking me to stop and give it to Mr. Ames in person. I know he didn't like to do that, but he had been brooding over what he had heard, and—well, anyway, when I arrived here late this afternoon I decided that business came before pleasure, and that I would get that contract off my hands as soon as possible. So I got into a taxi, told the chauffeur to take me to Mr. Ames' residence and here I am."

A great light was dawning on John Thomas James, Jr.

"I'll bet he thought you said Mr. J. James' residence."

"That's just it, I suppose," she added. "I came in, of course, the butler told me your father would be down in a few minutes. I thought then he meant Mr. Ames. You see, he must have understood me to say James—he told me he would be in shortly, and added he would call—I imagine now that he meant to call you, but I told him not to mind and that I would be glad to wait."

"That's what I heard then," interrupted her listener. "That's what roused me as I was thinking about—well, about you and all," he added desperately.

"She looked up quickly, met his eyes, and, blushingly bent her glance downward.

"I came over to the door there," he finished, "and could scarcely believe it was you there. That surely was a lucky mistake for the driver."

He looked up, meeting those lovely eyes. "Miss Tenes," he began.

"Rosemary, dear," she corrected softly, rising. But fate was cruel. A little apologetic cough startled them both. J. T. J. Sr., had just come in.

In a few short moments the whole matter was explained to Mr. James. Needless to say, he was considerably relieved when he heard the story. When the girl took a yellow envelope from her purse and tossed it into the greedy fireplace, the sight of it curling there, served to break the tension. A long distance call, begun by the girl and finished by Mr. James, reconciled the latter with the girl's father once more, and Mr. Ames had been thwarted by a mistaken word.

It need hardly be mentioned, that John T. James, Jr., and Miss Rosemary Tenes were immensely delighted at this happy turn of affairs. And when John Thomas James, Senior, considerately withdrew, not even the austere cockatoo would breathe a word of what they said then.

CHARLES E. McDONALD, A. B., '27.

A Smile

Though often thought a little thing,
Smiles are the flowers of life;
They brighten each face,
They lighten each pace,
They're the things in life that cling.

So smile away, my friend,
E'en though your heart be sad,
And you will find
That the world is kind;
You'll be happier in the end.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone."
With this in mind
You'll always find
Joy and happiness, too.

F. ARTHUR MOLINARI, Ph. G., '28.

Apologia Collegiata



COLLEGIATE! Yes, we are collegiate." These are the words, which in these our modern times, brand those who utter them as inane fools, not to say, malicious malefactors. To admit oneself a college student is to expose oneself to innumerable jibes, sarcasm and ridicule.

In the vast, open and empty spaces of the mind of the great American public, the words "college" and "collegiate" represent many surprising and peculiar apparitions. These are of a bizarre and futuristic type. They represent the sum total of all the impressions made by the movies, cheer-leaders and pseudo-college Charleston champions, dancing in cheap burlesque shows. Thus, then the g. A. p. associates with a college student—balloon pants, socks, shirts and ties of a glorious hue, inadequate caps, and last but not least, a cigarette dangling from the corner of the mouth at an angle of fifty-one and a half degrees. (No student complete without one.) Furthermore, this peculiar creature speaks a language of its own, that takes many years to acquire, and is to the layman very difficult to understand. His activities consist in playing football, joining fraternities, and attending all the dances in his vicinity; added to this, he carries a flask and (horror of horrors!) wickedly wastes his time in "dugouts."

His professors are unreasonable old fogies, devoid of the least sense of humor, who insist—unreasonably enough—that he know his lessons at least once a week. And, as for books, the only ones he knows anything about, are those, out of which come the checks, which his poor, poverty-stricken, mortgage-laden father sends him to buy a new Chevrolet.

He never accomplishes anything. He comes from nowhere, and ends in the same place. To the average man, he is a curiosity; to the scenario writer, he is a first-class joke; and to the reformers, a danger to the community.

Are they right? No! They are all wrong, hopelessly mislead, woefully in error.

Not all students are loafers, idlers, and "bums"—they do not spend all their time at dances and wild parties—they do not have curvature of the lower vertebrae, due to carrying over-size hip flasks — they do smoke a good many cigar-

ettes; but, rest assured, they feel comfortable occasionally without them.

They are not all drags on their family and their country. Many are the mills, many the workshops, many the post-offices that include their quota of young men, working in summer that they may train their minds during the remainder of the year. Furthermore, the books of most students are worn and well-thumbed; their eyes are framed with glasses for work—not, as some might think, to witness the delights of a show entered on a free theater pass. They may be light-hearted and inclined to sportiveness, but they are the makings of men, the salt of the land!

They have to be. Any institution of learning, any college, worthy of the name, maintains a certain standard of excellence. If the student does not measure up to this standard, he soon finds himself an ex-student.

To come to the studies themselves, are they of benefit to the student? Why, for instance, must he study Latin and Greek? To train his mind? Maybe. Principally, to train the will, to form beneficial habits, to make the mind the willing tool of the trained will. Perhaps he may never learn or remember any Latin or Greek; but the habits formed in looking up a Greek verb, the habits of perseverance, effort and systematizing, will cling to him in later life and bring him a justifiable success.

Furthermore, it is the college men of to-day who will be the leaders of the future. Some scoff at this statement. They have only to look at the successful men of to-day to realize their error. Fully sixty per cent of the men who have graduated from college are the leaders in every phase of life. True, there are many college graduates who have fallen into the ruts of life; but, such is Fortnue's way. The fact remains, that it is the college man who is taking the future into his grasp. Men who are wise, realize this. The Jews, always known as the shrewdest minds in business and the most remarkable hands at success, absolutely insist on a college education.

It is the trained mind and the trained will that will control the destiny of the future; then students will have an influence in affairs. Already, in Europe, they exert a powerful influence in political and social matters.

At any rate, the students, these collegiate youths, are the recruits who will reinforce the ranks of scientists, explorers and builders, writers and artists; they are the ones who will direct the course of the nation and lead men along the path of progress to an ever-increasing glory.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

Vanity

The world is full of emptiness.

We need but live to learn

The emptiest, the vainest things

About ourselves do turn.

There seems to be in all of us

The thought that there is none

Who's half so good, so fair, so true,

Whose fame's so justly won.

And so, to please a foolish pride,

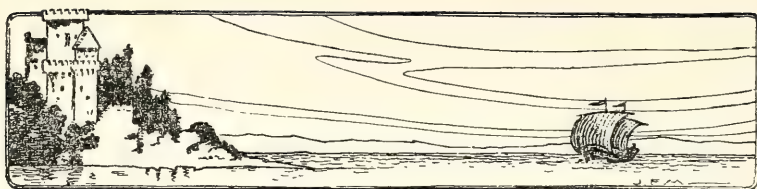
We make a vain display;

We try, we rise, we fail, we die,

We end in sheer dismay.

S. F. ANUSZKIEWICZ, A. B., '27.





Touring in Europe

(Continued)

July 30, 1926.

In our visit today to St. Peters, we saw the Holy Door about which we read so much during the year of the Jubilee; we saw the tombs in which are buried St. Peter and St. Paul, and we descended to the floor below and saw the tombs of the predecessors of Pius XI. After leaving St. Peter's, we rode to the Coliseum. One who has read the history of Rome is quite familiar with this antique. It was as expected. We saw runways through which the animals passed to the arena; also there were the boxes in which the emperors sat, and in front of which the spot on which the gladiators stood to be received by the emperors. Everything is as it was described in histories. However, our guide called our attention to the fact that some historians mention that Nero began the construction of the Coliseum; the guide denied the truth of this remark. He said that Nero had nothing to do with this construction of this amphitheatre. Whether he is right or wrong, I have no authority to say. We returned late in the evening very much pleased with our visit to this old city of many a school day dread.

July 31, 1926.

To-day is one long to be remembered. I left the hotel early and went to the home of the Paulist Fathers, concerning an audience with the Holy Father, for which I had made application yesterday. I received the application, returned to the hotel and donned dark clothing, as is prescribed, and went immediately to the Vatican. On entering, the noted Swiss Guards challenged us, but permitted us to pass after showing our credentials. We received our admittance cards and then waited until the appointed hour. Then we went to a reception room of cardinal red, and there we were received in audience. The Pope entered, accompanied by two monsignors and his personal guard. He passed from one to the other and each

kissed his ring. Then he went to the front of the room and blessed all those present. Accompanied again by his personal guards, he left the room. So concluded my audience with the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI.

In the afternoon, our tour included a visit to the catacombs. They were the secret hiding-places and burial grounds of the early martyred Christians. We visited a few churches of note and returned, after having completed a very delightful and profitable visit to the Eternal City.

August 1, 1926.

To-day we begin our homeward journey. We now meander toward the seacoast. Our trip along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea was beautiful, but again it is marred by the numerous tunnels. On arriving in Genoa, our party was taken to the hotel where a hot and cold bath refreshed us externally and a sumptuous chicken dinner pleased us internally. In the evening, we walked along the main street and through the square to the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. This city is just a stop-over on our journey back to Paris. We were glad that this visit was arranged, for we escaped the necessity of spending a night on a train, which is, we hear, not the most comfortable way of recuperating from the day's labors. During the course of the evening, we came upon a badly mutilated monument which, on closer inspection, proved to be one given by America during the recent World War. We inquired of the men standing guard why it was in such condition. They told us that a party of Anti-Americans had thrown a bomb at it the night before our arrival. Of course we did not proclaim to the whole town that we were of such nationality, but we calmly wended our way to our hotel, not venturing forth again until the morning. Funny thing about these Europeans, when they don't like anything or anybody, they just throw a bomb at whatever displeases them, which is a very good way of unburdening oneself of anything obnoxious.

August 2, 1926.

Up and we board the train for Nice, the paradise of pleasure-seekers. At two o'clock we needs must leave the train to have our baggage examined by prowling French custom officers, who indeed were unexpectedly very kind to us. Not having found any gold bullion or firearms in our portmanteau or grips, they allowed us to again mount this galloping steed and proceed along the seashore. We arrived in Nice early in the evening and immediately went to our hotel, acquainted

ourselves with these confounded, self-operating elevators and later walked along the "Atlantic City Boardwalk." Then to the Casino. I refer to Atlantic City because this city reminds me more of the famous American resort than does any other city I have ever visited. However, there are not the many piers extending out into the water, as in Atlantic City, but there are a few, the largest being the one on which the Casino is situated. We returned to our hotel "very early."

August 3, 1926.

To-day was interesting. We left the hotel on schedule time and rode up the mountain, where we viewed Monaco, in which province is located the famous Monte Carlo. After a bit, we began the long, hard descent, following the noted Corniche road, and arrived in a town called Mentone. Here we had luncheon, fit for the prince himself. The restaurant is built over the water and one faces the calm sea while munching at food only duplicated in one's own home. Afterwards, our party reorganized and set out for Monte Carlo. Before entering the Casino everyone must present his passport, and then, if allowed to enter, must pay a small fee. No one living in the province is allowed to enter the gambling halls. The town is tax-free, and the profits made in the Casino pay the expenses of the government. I was very much disappointed at the sight of the interior. Perhaps I did not receive a view of the true Monte Carlo, but first impressions are lasting. The gambling tables are smaller than I have seen pictured, and those huge wheels that we Americans sometimes see in silly magazine sections of the papers, are certainly inconspicuous if present. I found out later, though, that there are other rooms where admittance is by card only, and where the elite of the continent gather, so do not accept this as a real description of Monte Carlo; I did not get in any of these rooms. On leaving the Casino, I took a stroll around the beautiful terrace and soon recovered from my disappointment. The gardens and grassy plots are well kept and the flowers in bloom are most beautiful. Shortly we left the town and returned to our hotel for dinner. But our day was not yet completed. A hurry-up trip was planned by our guide to visit one of the famous French perfume factories. So we again set out for the mountains and arrived late in a village called Grasse. Here we were admitted to the place where the noted perfume, "Christmas Night," is made. We were shown the different processes through which it goes before being sold. We learned

that in America this same perfume sells for \$27.00 for two or three ounces ; well, believe it or not, but I bought four ounces for \$1.50 in American money. Great profit for some one who wishes to dabble in French perfumes. We returned to Nice and concluded our visit here.

August 4, 1926.

To-day was, in a way, uneventful. We boarded our train this morning for Avignon, arriving in the early afternoon. We visited the castle in which the Popes lived during the fourteenth century. This is just another stop-over for us, for tomorrow we leave on our last and longest train ride to Paris.

August 5, 1926.

Early we boarded the Express for Paris. All of our meals are taken on the train to-day,—yes, it's quite a novelty. In the afternoon we have tea, oh gosh, but I, forgetting Emily Post, order coffee. This train certainly knows what speed is, for all day long it keeps up its steady 90 miles an hour, as it seems to us. If one wishes to walk from one end of the car to the other, he takes his life in his hands. The sideward movement is such that one is bounced from the one side of the car to the other, which holds the passengers and who resent this intrusion in a manner not easily forgotten. We soon reached Paris and settled ourselves for our last view of the continent.

August 6, 1926.

To-day we started our initial tour of the city. My personal tour of the city began last night, but this is the official one. We visited the Louvre, the old Palace of Revolutionary times. The collections here in the galleries are the most valuable in any one building in the world. An inventory enumerated over twenty-four hundred. No, I didn't take the inventory ; they just told me and I agreed with them. Many famous masterpieces are contained in this spacious building. French art is the best represented, and next in importance are the Italian works. Leonardo da Vinci's priceless "Mona Lisa," productions of Rubens and Rembrandt are also represented. From here, we went to the Hall of Justice (voluntarily), and then to the Tuileries and its famous gardens adjacent to it. Then we took a ride along the Champs Elysees, a stop at the Arch of Triumph where the French Unknown Soldier is buried, and then to the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. After familiarizing myself with this oft-read-of structure, I next stopped to see the wonderful painting of the panorama of the World War. I do not know whose work it is, but I believe that after

having seen most of the famous paintings of Europe, I have never beheld anything so realistic as this. The characters seem to be standing in front of us. We can hardly believe our eyes. It almost drives us to scale the railing and touch the canvas to see if our eyes are deceiving us. Each country which helped to comprise the Allies is represented, and the men active in the World War are here pictured. We also saw the Pullman car which was used by Marshal Foch during the conflict, and in which the armistice was signed. This was our first day in Paris.

August 7, 1926.

To-day our schedule was slightly altered. Instead of visiting Versailles today, we are given an opportunity for shopping. All are purchasing gifts for home, and these are being bought in the Lafayette Galleries, the "Kaufmann's" of Paris. In the afternoon, I had quite a surprise. I visited St. Joseph's English-speaking Catholic Church and inquired the whereabouts of the Home of the Holy Ghost Fathers. Being given the address, I taxied to it on The Rue Lhomond. To my surprise, I was ushered in by a jovial Irish priest. I inquired whether our president, Father Hehir, was in Paris. The priest replied that he was. I was then brought to the parlor room, met Fr. Hehir, and there "old times" in Pittsburgh were recalled. I still wonder if Father Hehir remembers the description of me, given to him by this same Irish priest. I also had the pleasure of meeting Fr. Phelan, the provincial often seen at school, and several other priests from far-off Africa. In the late afternoon, I returned to the city and then to our hotel.

August 8, 1926.

Board the bus for our trip to Versailles. On the way we stopped at the home of Josephine, wife of Napoleon, but she was not home, so we went our way. Arriving at this town, we went immediately to the palace. Here we made an extensive tour of the Peace Palace, containing rooms of great magnificence, adorned with paintings by great artists of the seventeenth century and of later times, and then through the Hall of Mirrors, and to the room in which the peace treaty of the recent war was signed. We walked through the famous gardens, with their decorative ponds and vast fountains. Our tour ended in the early afternoon, and once again, the return to Paris.

August 9, 1926.

This is our last day in this, the most talked of city in the world. There is no tour scheduled to-day, so all of us are packing and preparing for our short train ride to Cherbourg to-morrow.

August 10, 1926.

We are leaving Europe to-day. Many are anxious to start the homeward journey, but there are a few who would stay a few days more. We board the boat train and in six hours we arrive at Cherbourg, where our baggage is examined and passports given the final workout. The tender takes us out into the harbor, where we board the Leviathan. A drizzling rain greatly hampers the loading of the passengers and baggage, and we do not set sail until late at night.

August 11, 1926.

This is our first day at sea. All of us are adjusting ourselves to the environments and preparing for the six day ride. Several old acquaintances make themselves known. All the glitter of traveling is fast wearing away and I am becoming lonesome for home, poor boy! I have counted the days and have divided them into hours till we reach little old New York. The ship is making fast time, and, if we have good weather, we will arrive in New York next Monday. This darn ship is beginning to rock, so I had better sign off or ? ? ?

August 12, 1926.

This is our second day out. The ship is still making good time. Everyone anxiously awaits the posting of our speed and position at noon. To-day passed as have all others. In the evening the sea began again to get rough, so I skedaddled.

August 13, 1926.

Awake as usual. To breakfast and then for a walk around the deck. I do not feel so good (albeit I have eaten heartily). To-day is fish day and my stomach is ready to rebel for the reason that enough fish has been eaten on the continent to last a lifetime of Fridays. There are quite a few children on this return trip, which helps to lull away the time. Every one is taking this as a means of recuperating from the strenuous trip on the continent. We received our declaration papers to-day and had our landing cards stamped, so we know that dear old U. S. A. is not very far away. The declaration papers are given to all passengers. On these, each one must note down what he has purchased while on the continent, and the price paid for it. Tourists are allowed to bring into America one hun-

dred (\$100.00) dollars worth of goods. Above this, he must pay a certain fixed duty.

August 14, 1926.

To-day is only another day at sea. The weather is unusually clear. We are entering the torrid Gulf Stream and are suffering with the terrific heat. None of the passengers are able to sleep and most of us spend the night on deck.

August 15, 1926.

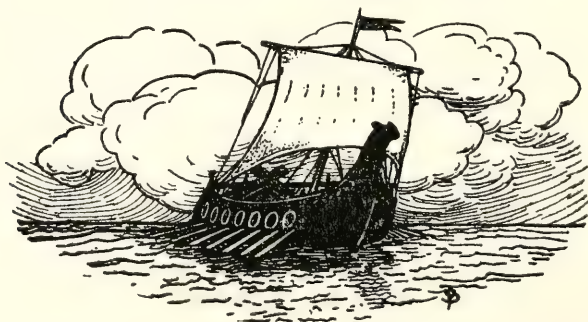
Awake early and to Mass in the Social Hall. The Mass is celebrated by a priest from St. Louis. This is our last day at sea. We passed the terrible heat wave this morning. Every one is packed, ready to dash off the boat the instant it touches the dock. Late in the evening we pass through the famous or infamous Rum Row. But no one leaves the boat. All of us stay on deck until late, as there are quite a number (?) of boats in the vicinity and it has been so long, or seems so, since we have seen any sign of life that we are making up for lost time.

August 16, 1926.

HOME AT LAST! We pick up the pilot at Ambrose and proceed into port. We reach quarantine at nine o'clock and here go through the usual foolish red tape of being examined by the doctors for dropsy, measles, bunions, gout, etc. Then we are met by tugs which bring us into the dock. After leaving the boat we must pass through the custom house. After our baggage has been scattered to the four winds, we gather it all into our bags again, leave for our hotel, and culminate a most joyous, most profitable vacation that one may ever expect to have.

(End)

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27.





SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

The Lustre of the Month of March



IN American history, the month of February has the greatest significance, due to the fact that it was the month which saw the birth of two of America's renowned heroes, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In world history, in the history of man's search for knowledge, the month of March stands forth in broader relief, for it saw the birth of two illustrious saints, St. Patrick and St. Thomas Aquinas. The former is the patron Saint of Ireland and the Irish people, while the latter is the patron of Universities, colleges, schools, and of students; being students, we are greatly interested in the latter.

St. Patrick gave to the Irish people a faith that has never been shaken; he gave them a religion that lifted them from Paganism and Superstition, and made them the leaders and teachers of that noble Christian idea which has influenced and affected, directly and indirectly, the peoples of the world.


St. Thomas gave the world the highest in thought, the best in Philosophy, the truest in Theology. He was a paragon of philosophical thought and well worthy of the title, THE CHRISTIAN ARISTOTLE. At the present day, when so many college students are led on to despair on account of the intake of the false doctrines of wrong philosophies, it would be well for Philosophy students to get their work at a school where it is truly and rightfully taught, where the life and works of this great, and saintly lover of wisdom are ever in evidence. For his influence was felt, not only in his

own time, but also in ours. His doctrines are elevating and inspiring; his works endeavor to raise men from the abyss of despair, ignorance and materialism to the heights of hope, intelligence and Christianity, and he paramously shows and clearly manifests throughout his works the relation between faith and reason.

Even with the birth of the great and glorious St. Patrick excluded, the month of March shines forth with the brilliance of the Angelic Doctor, or better expressed, "the most saintly of learned men and the most learned of saints," or perhaps one might say, him who embodies the wholesome and true Christian scholarship, replete with eminent learning and sanctity. He truly is the ideal of every seeker of knowledge, especially of the students of PHILOSOPHY.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.

A New Policy

HE recent decision of the Student Council of the College of Arts regarding the filling of the positions on the staff of the "Monthly" comes as a welcome change from the old method of election. Heretofore, the policy has been to elect the staff members for a period of a year. In some respects, it has worked out satisfactorily; in many ways, however, it has been a drawback. Such a policy allowed inactive men who contributed nothing to the success of the "Monthly" to reap whatever honor may come from such a position, and at the same time, displaced men who would have been only too glad to serve.

Under the new plan inaugurated by the Council, and approved by the faculty advisor, positions on the "Monthly" staff will be awarded on a competitive basis. Ability, industry and cooperation are the requisites for membership. Prospective candidates for the various offices must show these attributes between now and May 1st, the date on which the new staff will take up the reigns of management.

The adoption of this arrangement bids fair to relieve, in some manner, the ceaseless worry which the editors of college magazines everywhere undergo—that of finding suitable and worth-while material for their pages. The student who becomes the editor is usually presented with the credentials of his office in due solemnity and with a great flourish. His

commission is, "Go forth and give us a book worthy of our school." The tumult and shouting dies away and the poor old editor sets himself to the task. A month is sufficient to bring him to a realization that he is in for work. As the months, one after another, go by, the fact is a sad reality. His days are devoted to searching hither and yon for copy, to pacifying disgruntled authors whose work has found its way elsewhere, and to listening to mountains of excuses from column writers who "just can't find time to compose."

This experiment represents an effort to secure the best in the whole University and to eliminate, as much as possible, the disagreeable side of editing a school publication. It is the wish of the staff that all the schools will enter the competition and will "try out" for positions on the staff, so that May 1 may find an experienced and capable group of editors for the coming year.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., 27.

Civic Pride



WHEN we consider the progress of Pittsburgh for the last hundred years, we citizens should be proud of our city. Though there may be many cities which can rival her in extent and population, there are few that can equal her in world service. For those dense clouds of smoke, that grime and fog, which have earned for Pittsburgh the title of the "Smoky City," are but the veil for a place of eternal toil, of huge furnaces, belching forth soot and flames, that illuminate the very heavens, and tint the clouds to the likeness of fire. Let other cities boast of their cleanliness and clear vistas down broad boulevards lined with stately elms; Pittsburgh, too, could boast of these advantages, if it were not for the existence of less superficial conditions; if it were not for those mammoth iron and steel mills, wherein iron ore is made into products which are shipped to all parts of the world; if it were not for the location of Pittsburgh as the center of four large railroads. Would we be willing to give up our trade and industry, our factories and institutions, just for the sake of saying that Pittsburgh is free from smoke or that it is the cleanest city in America?

Men of yesterday, foreseeing the great future in store for a city so rich in natural resources, flocked here to Pittsburgh

and built their homes, and founded great industries, thus giving birth to Greater Pittsburgh, the workshop of the world. To-day, at daybreak, while other cities are deep in slumber, Pittsburgh's vast army of toilers crowd railroads, tramways, boulevards, and inclines, on their way into that great vale of industry to produce, not for themselves alone, but for all the world.

Only a few minutes' ride from the heart of this great workshop, we can view with pride the result of the toil of our great army of workmen. Outstretched before the eye, lies a vast panorama of beautiful churches, homes, hospitals, high schools, and libraries, wrought in delicate and wondrous architecture. Here, in the Carnegie Library, is held the world's only international exhibition of art. Here are our three great universities, Duquesne, Carnegie Tech, and Pitt.

And where on God's footstool is there a set of structures and institutions to rival in their combination of physical beauty and human and divine purpose, this cluster, of which the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall is the imposing center? The praises of the great cities of the old and the new world have been sung by poets almost innumerable, but nowhere else on earth has man built as he has done here among the hills of Western Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, A. B., '30.

The Old Grad Returns



HE class of '87, the class of '04, the class of '26; in fact, they were all there. The handclasps were a little stronger, the laughs a little louder, the men a little more boyish. Why not? It was Alumni Night at Duquesne. The night that the priests, the doctors, the lawyers return—the night that the Old Grads come back. To the undergraduate body that gathered at the Alumni Smoker on February 21, it was an expression of the regard which past students of Duquesne hold for their Alma Mater. It was a lesson of faithfulness. To the Alumni, it was the beginning of something new; something that seems destined to become the most constructive effort yet put forward by

former students for uniting graduates of Duquesne into one strong organization, capable of doing the things which one naturally expects such a body to do. It has been a source of regret, that in the past the Alumni appeared to be composed of units rather than one unit.

Nothing need be said of the love which an Alumnus should have for his school. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to speak of the worth of such a group. However, there is much that an Alumni Association can do for Duquesne. First, there is the big question of expanding the University so as to include Schools of Medicine and Dentistry, which is the aim nearest to the heart of the faculty, and which a strong Alumni body could aid materially. A more active participation in the realm of athletics is expected from the Alumni. There are other ways in which an active Association can further the interests of the University. Scarcely more than a year from now Duquesne will celebrate its golden anniversary—an event which means much to the school, and should offer a splendid opportunity for the Alumni to accomplish something of real worth.

The students welcomed the Old Grads back. They hope that out of that smoker will come a firmer, more active Alumni, which will carry into practice the lessons and ideals learned within the walls of Duquesne University.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.



Duquesne Day by Day



IN an able address, delivered before the Association of College and University Presidents of the State of Pennsylvania, at their annual meeting in Harrisburg, January 28, Father Hehir strongly attacked the bill, presented recently in the Pennsylvania Legislature, to tax the schools and educational institutions of the state. Declaring that Catholics are already doubly taxed in keeping up their parochial schools, and that Catholic colleges are hindered by lack of endowment and other financial support, Father Hehir clearly showed that the proposed bill would work a great hardship on the Catholic educational institutions of the state. Father Hehir concluded by asking that care be taken so that the proposed survey of higher education in Pennsylvania by the Carnegie Foundation, should be properly conducted. The other Presidents united with Fr. Hehir in criticizing the Tax Bill.

* * *

The athletic dance was a successful experiment. The overcrowding of other years was not in evidence, and those who attended felt that the result achieved justified the increase in price. The committee is to be congratulated for conducting the arrangements so smoothly, and for attending so faithfully to their duties. The athletic fund should be swelled quite a bit, as the returns were evidently of considerable proportions. Credit should be given to Fathers Danner, Dodwell, and McDermott, who handled successfully the business side of the affair.

* * *

Another step toward alumni participation in Duquesne activities was taken February, when an alumni smoker was held in the new Gym. Amusements and speeches had their part in making the evening an enjoyable one. "Chick" Davies, basketball coach, was the recipient of a gift from the alumni, as a token of their appreciation for his efforts in leading the basketball team to its present high position. Plans were considered for alumni participation in the celebration of the

Golden Jubilee of the University. A large crowd of students was present to welcome back the old "grads" to Duquesne.

* * *

The Student Senate showed excellent judgment in electing Paul G. Sullivan its first president. When an organization is in its infancy, the presence of a prudent guiding hand is desirable. In his many years at Duquesne, Mr. Sullivan has shown the attributes needed for filling the delicate position of president of the Student Senate. The Senate has now held seven meetings, and if one were to judge by these first sessions, there is every reason for assuming that the body will be a success. Prudence and co-operation are all that are needed to make the Senate a potent force in the affairs of the University.

* * *

The Senior debaters had a slight advantage over the Pre-Medical Sophomores, Sunday, February 6. The victors successfully defended the negative side of the interesting question: "Resolved, That the United States should withdraw all armed forces from Nicaragua and its waters." One of the features of the debate was the presence on opposite sides of the Philpott twins, James, Senior, and Robert, Pre-Medical. James had as a confrere Patrick W. Rice, while Milton Hurvitz made an excellent address as the colleague of Robert. John F. Murphy, erudite Junior, explained the question and presided.

* * *

"The Lion's Whelp," presented February 6, by the Junior Class, was one of the best class plays we have seen at Duquesne. The play itself was an admirable selection, while the directing, costuming, and scenic effects were exceptionally well handled. R. Aloysius Berg, as the father abbot, gave a pleasing portrayal. Charles Mullan made a striking appearance as the veteran knight, while good work was done by John Lambert and William Keown. Joseph McDonald and John McKenna completed a uniformly excellent cast. The play was directed by Rev. John F. Malloy, who also designed the scenic effects.

* * *

The mid-year exams made their usual appearance throughout the college of the country. Some schools announced honors and others, failures. Duquesne did both. The Law School, as usual, dropped a considerable portion of its student body, while the college published a lengthy honor roll. Charles O.

Rice, Harry E. Felich, and Marion Grockal, Freshmen; John P. Desmond, Michael O. Dravecky, and Frank B. Karabinos, Sophomores; John F. Murphy, Thomas F. Henninger, and Albin McDermott, Juniors; Patrick W. Rice, Thomas J. Quigley, and Cyril J. Vogel, Seniors, were mentioned in the published lists. * * *

It is a pity that Duquesne was not represented in the College Glee Club contest held February 18, in Carnegie Music Hall. The students who are interested in singing should cooperate with Father Dewe, so that next year our Glee Club may be ready to take part in the contest, and so reflect favorably on the school. * * *

We regret to announce that Edwin R. Heyl, alumni editor of the "Monthly," has decided to leave school. Mr. Heyl conducted one of the best alumni columns in contemporary college magazines, and his withdrawal from the staff of the "Monthly" is a loss to this publication. John P. Desmond has been appointed to fill the vacancy. * * *

The authorities of the University have received a card of thanks from the Better Traffic Committee of Pittsburgh, for offering a scholarship to the winner of the Traffic Improvement Essay Contest. Thomas F. Hennaghan, of St. Rosalia's High School, won the scholarship offered by Duquesne University. * * *

The Sophomore class defeated the Pre-Medical Freshmen in an interesting debate. The winners upheld the affirmative of the following question: "Resolved, That the Philippine Islands should be given their freedom by the United States." Ralph Hayes and John Baverso represented the Sophomores; Joseph Vernon and Arthur Caplan were the Pre-Medical representatives.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

School of Pharmacy


Mr. Eisenberg, Mr. Rafferty and Mr. O'Connor were the speakers at the Pharmaceutical Association meeting held on January 28. At the meeting of February 11, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Benson and Mr. Molinari spoke. * * *

Miss Benson was elected secretary of the Association, succeeding Miss Lacey, who has left school.

Dr. Bryan and his co-workers, who are connected with Parke Davis and Company, of Detroit, gave a very interesting and instructive illustrated lecture to the student body of the School of Pharmacy. * * *

The reports of the mid-year examinations were a source of joy to some and for others they were of an opposite nature. Those receiving honors in the Junior class were Edward J. Hadel, Herman H. Eisenberg, Wencilaus Waslowski, F. Arthur Molinari, and Stanley Prokopovitz. The fortune members of the Freshman class were Clyde A. Daly, Harry P. Staub, Michael A. Rafferty, Alfred L. Barther, and Walter C. Precener.

F. ARTHUR MOLINARI, Ph. G., '28.



Alumni Notes

A Student Today—An Alumnus Tomorrow



FEW men are more active than the Rev. Jerome Hannan, D. D., Secretary to Bishop Boyle. He holds, at the same time, the offices of Chaplain at Mt. Mercy Academy, and also has the same position in the Duquesne Council of the Knights of Columbus. He is a frequent speaker before that group and many organizations in the city.

Meanwhile, his pen is not idle. Besides writing for "The Fort" and our Catholic newspapers, he is also known as the author of several books on the teaching of religion in the primary grades. Here is an alumnus of whom Duquesne may well be proud. * * *

Mercy Hospital's biennial report shows as members of its staff the following Duquesne Alumni: Dr. J. J. Borgman and Dr. Alfred Pachel as Laboratory assistants, Dr. N. C. Miller in the Medical Dispensary, Dr. H. H. Sullivan in the Ear, Nose and Throat Dispensary, and Dr. M. F. Walsh in the Dental Dispensary. * * *

The lure of the pursuit of further knowledge has seized Dr. C. F. Lauer, who is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Stephen A. Yesko, of

Munhall, who, having completed his medical course at Georgetown, is taking post-graduate work in surgery in the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, at the University of Minnesota.

* * *

The call of the unknown, of adventure, has drawn Stewart F. Kretz to South America. He is employed in the Tiesta Copper Mines, located about a hundred miles from Lima, Peru, a month's journey from here through the Panama Canal. His work is rendering him an engineering education in the school of experience. After three years he will receive a six months' vacation.

* * *

Francis J. Ligday, an alumnus and former member of the faculty, is now established with the Eureka Casualty Co., with offices at 307 Fourth Avenue. He is an investigator and adjuster of accident claims.

* * *

Dr. William J. Dower, who graduated from the University of Pittsburgh last June, is now practicing dentistry in his own office at 624 Warrington Avenue.

* * *

Frank J. Brosky, whom Duquesne honored last June with the degree of Doctor of Music, recently presented one of his talented pupils in a recital. The three closing numbers on the program were of Mr. Brosky's own composition. They were an arrangement of Bach's "Ave Maria," a "Nocturne," and "The Dance of the Dervishes."

* * *

One of the most phenomenal rises ever made by a Duquesne alumnus is that of Zeno Fritz. Less than three years ago he came to Pittsburgh from St. Mary's, Pa. Until last month he worked in the offices of the Federal District Attorney as messenger. In the evenings he attended our Law Classes, from which he graduated last June. In September he passed the State Board examination, and shortly afterwards was admitted to the bar. On the seventh of last month he was sworn in as an assistant to the Western Pennsylvania United States District Attorney. He is the youngest man on the legal staff of the Attorney General.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.



C. S. M. C. Notes



THE Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was organized at a meeting of the representatives of about twenty schools at Teckny in 1918. Its aim is to hold the attention of students and focus it on both home and foreign missions. Hence, its main object is mission education. Since 1918, it has grown to the amazing proportions of 500,000 students in institutions of learning throughout the country.

Duquesne, through the Father Simon Unit, has been actively interested from the very first days of the Crusade's existence. Its representatives have played important roles in the activities of the Pittsburgh Local Conference, of which it is a member. The Unit has supplied the officers to the Conference for some years back, and at present two of its members are officers of the Conference. Perhaps the Unit is best known through the plays and mission rallies which it has fostered. But at the same time it has not lost sight of the spiritual. It has been cognizant of the spirit of the Crusade, that of prayer, sacrifice, and work. During its existence it has sent into the priesthood almost a hundred young men.

In order that it might have a larger field for its activities, the Father Simon Unit met in a general assembly on February 14 and decided to reorganize and open its membership to the whole University. Up to this time, it had been confined to one school, the College of Arts. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution. At present, a campaign is being sponsored to secure subscriptions for the "Shield," the national organ of the Crusade. Patrick W. Rice, president of the Unit, is leading this movement. The Unit is now arranging a series of debates with Seton Hill College and St. Vincent's College on topics of mission interest. It will be recalled, that the Pittsburgh Local Conference was the pioneer in mission debating in Crusade circles, and Duquesne Units were among the first to take up this unique but very splendid way of dispersing mission education and propaganda. Mission Debating was successful during past seasons, and the rivalry between Seton Hill College and our own school makes the present series of unusual interest.

The Book Forum

Editor's Note.—It is our purpose to present herein not the usual book review. Too often they become the mere blatant song of publicity. We wish, rather, to present opinions and thoughts on worthwhile books from the viewpoint of the University student.

One Increasing Purpose



FIRM belief in God and the Bible; an innate power to feel and to record exactly the experiences of others; the ability to write in a style which combines originality, humor, vitality and earnestness: all these attributes combined in a novelist present unlimited possibilities. These are admirably fulfilled by A. S. M. Hutchinson in the latest of his novels, "One Increasing Purpose."

Hutchinson, like Kipling and Thackeray, was born of military stock in far-off India. Naturally, he was expected to follow in the footsteps of his father, but, owing to defective eyesight, this was not possible. Sent to a medical school, he learned very little medicine, but began to dabble in writing as a hobby. In 1903, he left school and began a slow, seemingly hopeless literary career. After several years of hack-writing and editing, he succeeded in having published "One Aboard the Lugger," a novel which showed signs of genius. Several other novels were published, but it was not till after the Great War that he achieved recognition among the foremost contemporary novelists. His success was brought about by the publication of "If Winter Comes," which was widely read, both in England and America. "One Increasing Purpose" tends to rival its noble predecessor in circulation, and I do not hesitate to say that it will go down the years as a model of the modern novel. It is with this latter book that we shall concern ourselves.

England after the war! a hodge-podge of new beliefs and doctrines concerning God and man; a rapidly growing dissatisfaction with the artificiality, arrogance, and self-interest

which was manifest on all sides ; a muddle of affairs of a people that were trying to return, as far as was possible, to pre-war conditions ; and an attempt by them to adjust their modes of thought to the great change brought about by all these taken together : here is the setting of "One Increasing Purpose." In such a setting, we follow the change in one particular mind by the better which always follows a great war.

In the story we meet all sorts and conditions of people :— calm old souls smiling sweetly as the world rushes past them, suave business men, carefree ladies, women who follow the call to duty, and the glorious youth of to-day with his equally glorious ideals which sprang up with the new order of things. All are wonderful characterizations drawn by a master who has the artist's power of seeing through the emotionless masks behind which we hide our true selves. With calm deliberation, these masks are torn aside for us, and we see people as they really are,—and we know these people. The tale, almost wholly narrative, does not go into detailed descriptions of objects in nature, but shows us that part of nature which comprises humanity, thus following out the words of a great Catholic poet who said, "The proper study of mankind is man."

The plot of the story deals with the search for a purpose. Simon Paris, during the war, could not understand why he was saved from death when, almost daily, hundreds of his comrades were perishing. "Why am I spared?" The constant repetition of this question began "to get on his nerves." Accustomed to hold talks with his mother, long since dead, he asked the question of her. Immediately a feeling came over him that he was saved, set apart for an especial purpose. His search for this purpose after the war is described at length. We learn how he discovered that this purpose was "of God," and, finally, we learn the purpose itself. The other characters interwoven in the plot are many and interesting. Chief among them are Charles and Andrew Paris, Alice and Linda, their wives, and Elizabeth : Charles, on whom life pressed as a burden and whose suicide seemed such a matter of course ; Andrew, whose personality vibrated power in the business world ; Alice, who tried to flee from real life to a fool's paradise ; Linda, the beautiful, whose real beauty, that of soul, did not show until her facial beauty was ravaged by smallpox ; and Elizabeth, who held honor and duty even above love and happiness. Other characters are Margaret Yeoman and her

brother, who calls his blindness, "the lightness which has come upon me"; and the England family who glory in K. O. H. (Kingdom of Heaven) kindness.

It would not be amiss here to give some of the peculiarities of Hutchinson's style. The first thing that attracts the reader upon opening the book is the division into four parts:—In Faith, In Hope, In Charity, and The Greatest of These. These hardly require an explanation. The plot, which digresses pleasurably at times to tell the life story of a new character, is very easily kept in mind. Every word seems to have been well chosen, and the phrases and sentences have an odd twist that is peculiarly English. Short, jerky sentences, as a rule, are used, but these adequately convey what the author has to say. A clever interspersing of humor, sentiment, and pathos gives an effect, charming and realistic.

In reading a book, each person finds certain parts and characters which for him stand out like beacon lights, and to which he pays more attention. The characters which appealed to me most in this book were the Yeomans, already mentioned; and Old Gand, an alert mind imprisoned in a powerless body. The chapters most deeply touching were "The Fold in the Downs," and "The Prayer." The former relates the story of Charles' first and last night in "his own home," after having been forced for years to live an artificial life in the large gloomy mansion of his forefathers. "The Prayer" tells of the meeting of Andrew and Linda, after she had lost the wonderful beauty which he loved so much and for which he had married her. Both chapters are sad, but very beautiful, and show plainly the marvelous power of their creator.

Pleasure and knowledge are prime factors which test the worth of a book. In "One Increasing Purpose," I have found both. Pleasure in finding new ideas and new people; the knowledge that even for me a purpose is and has been increasing through the years. No one can help but be interested in such a book. People will find a lesson within its lines, and all will find pleasure in the perusal of its pages. If you have not read it, by all means do so as soon as possible; if you have read it, beyond doubt you have already decided to read it again. The really good books in the world become more interesting the more we make them a part of ourselves.

DENNIS ABELE, A. B., '30.



Basketball

WINNING six out of eight games from the classiest performers around this section of the universe is not a bad record for any team, and that, in all, sums up what Duquesne has done since the last issue of this column. Engaging in four Tri-State affairs, the Dukes won three quite handily, and lost a hard fought tussle to Waynesburg. Incidentally, the Yellow Jackets atoned for the defeat suffered earlier in the season on the Bluff court, and at the same time handed the Red and Blue its first Tri-State setback. But five games on the schedule remain unplayed, and the Duke basketeters, by offering the same consistent brand of basketball, ought to be well to the fore when the final whistle trills.

A capacity crowd turned out for the Duquesne-Bucknell game. Athletic Director Frank McDermott predicted a loss for his Alma Mater, and Mac, knowing both the Dukes and the Bisons, seemed the only one competent to render an opinion, for the records of both teams for the season were on a par. That the Dukes would triumph 29-19 was conceded to be more sane after the melee ended. The first quarter was devoid of thrills, as the Dukes and Bisons waited for an opening with the caution of veteran prize fighters. With the start of the second period, Johnny Serbin brought the crowd to its feet with a timely shot that seemed to be the harbinger of a Duquesne rally. Capt. Roy O'Donovan, not to be denied, caged two more while the mob voiced its frenzied approval. Before the half ended, Serbin counted another marker, while Seiler of Bucknell attempted to stem the threatened rout. In the third quarter, the Dukes gave ample evidence that basketball is their thunder, and no one is going to steal it from them.

Dom De Maria looped two baskets to start the half, and the powerful Rosenberg also tallied from the floor. O'Donovan added four more points to his sizeable total. An injury to Johnny Serbin halted the scoring for a time and the Dukes eased up for the remainder of the game. Seiler proved the only one able to make any kind of a showing against the Dukes, looping six baskets and accounting for 15 of the total number of points his mates made. Every Duke regular snared at least two goals.

The Muskingum game, scheduled to take place at New Concord on Jan. 22, was postponed until Feb. 22, so that St. Francis College, of Loretto, Pa., was the next home attraction. St. Francis, if you remember, humiliated the Dukes last autumn in a startling football upset. If you remember that game, the 43-12 defeat at the hands of Davies' cagemen is something to gloat over. When a fighter is hopelessly beaten, the referee can save him from an unnecessary pummeling by waving him to his corner. But not so in basketball. Thus the Dukes had to coax St. Francis to come out in the open, while the Saints kept in mind the first law of nature. Pussy O'Donovan and Jock Rosenberg counted five field goals. Vernon and Serbin each got three. Jerry Reich garnered two, while Dick Schradling had to be content with one.

Duquesne more than evened matters with John Carroll's aggregation of stars by tossing everything but the proverbial water bucket in their path. A packed house yelled lustily for revenge, and after seeing a weird battle, beamed a smile of satisfaction. Neither Chick Davies nor his men forgot the episode at Cleveland, and whether the crowd had hollered or not, the Dukes would have finished the first half 11 points to the good, for they were showing the best game possible. In the third quarter, John Carroll started an attack that had all the earmarks of a Duquesne fusillade. Murphy, of John Carroll, hooped two field goals, and the score at this juncture read 18-11. The Dukes continued to play consistently, while the Cleveland band became of a sudden spectacular. Thoma carried the burden of attack at this quarter and caged three successive baskets. With the score 22 to 19, and the stands at fever pitch, the Dukes decided it was high time to call a halt. Accordingly, with four minutes to go, the Red and Blue warriors took the offensive and completely smothered the Fifth City array. When the smoke had cleared, the Dukes were victors by the overwhelming count of 38 to 22—exactly 16

points to the good. The highlight of the game was O'Donovan's stellar playing. Seven field goals and seven tries caged from the foul line was Pussy's gift to an appreciative student body.

Waynesburg defeated the Dukes 26-22 in a closely contested melee. It was the second setback of the year for Capt. O'Donovan and his men, and the first league trimming. So fast was the play, and so evenly matched were the teams, that it was anyone's game up to the last minute. During the first half, neither team could gain an advantage, with the result that the Dukes and Yellow Jackets were tied at 11 all when the second quarter ended. Waynesburg, sensing a chance to beat the Red and Blue, entered the second half with a will not to be denied. Despite the efforts of O'Donovan and De Maria, the Jackets managed to cop the affair. The Dukes proved to be off in their foul shooting, as they made only 8 out of 19 tries. It was a surprise wallop, but the Dukes need lose no sleep over the loss. With regard to this game, John Holohan, popular student manager, is loud in his praise of Waynesburg for the treatment accorded the Dukes there. This may also be taken as a compliment by the students, for their fairness to opposing teams, in a large measure, has much to do with our boys when playing away.

Chick Davies and his men journeyed to Bethany, W. Va., on Feb. 9, and defeated the doughty quintet of that town by the close score of 21 to 19. The game was a humdinger from whistle to whistle, and Jerry Reich, who replaced the injured Serbin, snatched the game out of the fire on not a few occasions. Pussy O'Donovan played his usual game, hooping a trio of field goals and caging his only try from the foul line. Joe Vernon, too, was much in evidence, and the lanky center counted three two-markers. Dom De Maria and Jock Rosenberg took able care of their defensive duties.

The Nittany Lions of State College, Pa., invited the Dukes up there for a torrid session and laced the bewildered Bluffmen to the non-melodious tune of 39 to 15. That any team in the country can beat the Dukes by 24 points seems unbelievable, but Penn State came down here last year with the same thought, and it is a coincidence that the Dukes beat them last year by the same number of points. "The Dukes had an off night," is the general impression, and that seems to be the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The noted Duquesne

defense faltered and the stellar men on the team never got started. A beating such as this happens in the best of regulated basketball teams, as is proven ipso facto. Usually, and in this case, a drubbing serves to happen for the better. Two nights later Duquesne returned home to find a packed house and deafening applause. The city was still in back of them. It was just too bad for Westminster, as the Dukes unleashed an uncompromising attack. The Dukes were out to brook no interference and the team compiled a 38-25 score. Passing the ball from one to the other with the directness of an "Alex the Great," the cagers dropped one after another in the loop. Joe Vernon never once failed when the ball was passed to him, and Joe chalked up 8 baskets. O'Donovan got 4 and Rosenberg and De Maria two apiece. The Duke defense was equally as proficient as its offense.

Geneva's cagers paid a visit to Pittsburgh and found the Dukes still eager to battle. The Covenanters started out at a whirlwind pace, but the Bluffmen managed to keep beside them. At the half the score stood 9 to 5, with Duquesne on the long end. Jock Rosenberg opened the third quarter with a basket, and from then on the Dukes scored at will. O'Donovan and De Maria played a spectacular game. Vernon found the basket for 4 field goals, O'Donovan and De Maria got three, and Serbin and Rosenberg and Schradling one. The final score, 28 to 11, best tells the tale.

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.



ARCHBISHOP J. F. REGIS CANEVIN


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Archbishop Canevin

O some it is given to labor and to toil and then to pass away without ever reaping the reward which their efforts deserve. History is full of such examples. But to a few, comes that day which recognizes their work and honors them accordingly. Such a day came to Archbishop Canevin six years ago when, in the fullness of his achievements, he resigned as Bishop of Pittsburgh. The hosts of priests, the numerous Bishops and Archbishops, the kindly Cardinal who came to honor a departing Bishop and consecrate his successor, paid glowing tributes to this truly great member of the American hierarchy. Austere of habits, charitable, humble, gentle of thought and deed, Archbishop Canevin, in the midst of this outpouring of praise and commendation, remained the quiet, unassuming man of God that had carved so prominent a niche in the religious life of his community.

Born in Westmoreland County on June 5, 1853, Archbishop Canevin lived during a period of great expansion and growth in Western Pennsylvania. He saw this district grow industrially, commercially, and he witnessed its rapid increase in population. Above all, he saw it grow religiously, and it was his lot to play the most important role in this drama of development. He was ordained for the priesthood in 1879, after completing his studies at St. Vincent's Seminary. Following his ordination, he served as pastor of St. Mary's Church until 1884, when he became assistant pastor of St. Paul's Cathedral. His next position was that of Chaplain at St. Paul's Orphan Asylum and the Western Penitentiary. After serving five years at these stations, he became Chancellor of the Diocese of Pittsburgh in 1891, a post which he held for two years. In 1893, he was appointed pastor of St. Philip's, Crafton, and in 1895 he became the rector of St. Paul's Cathedral. His accomplishments and his successful work as pastor had attracted considerable notice. When, therefore, owing to

ill-health, Bishop Phelan was no longer able to attend to the duties of the growing diocese, Father Canevin, much against his personal wishes, was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburgh on February 24, 1903. In December of the following year, Bishop Phelan died and Bishop Canevin became Bishop of Pittsburgh. At that time, there were probably 225,000 Catholics scattered over ten counties of the western end of the State. To-day, the Pittsburgh Diocese numbers about 700,000. From 32,00 children in Catholic schools in 1904, the number has grown to 75,000. The number of priests and Sisters has doubled, and that of churches has trebled during the reign of Bishop of Canevin. So many were the buildings erected while he was Bishop, that he has been given the title of "Builder for God."

A correspondingly large growth was shown during these years by the size and number of charitable institutions. New Catholic organizations came into being under his supervision. These include many Catholic clubs for boys, the Missionary Aid Society and the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, through whose splendid work the Catholic faith and ideals are carried into the mining districts to the newly-arrived emigrants. Archbishop Canevin also introduced retreats for women and encouraged the lay people to make them frequently. Through his active co-operation, the means were made possible. Throughout the year, women can make retreats at the Passionist Convent and the men at the St. Paul's Retreat House on the South Side. The De Paul Institute, due to his assistance, was founded and is to-day one of the largest and finest private oral schools for deaf in the country.

These are but few of the outstanding accomplishments of this saintly prelate. Under his guidance, more was accomplished in the diocese than all his predecessor's combined. But his fame is not alone confined among the hills of Western Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, his works are without parallel anywhere in the history of the Church in America. The Diocese of Pittsburgh became under him the second largest in the United States and the best organized in the country. In the National Meeting of the Hierarchy, he exerted a powerful influence. Though his silence in the gatherings of this Body of Bishops earned for him the title of the "Sphinx," nevertheless, his words and his plans were held in high esteem by all. The Missionary Aid Society was his idea, and the present national plan to reorganize the Catholic Missions of the country is based entirely upon the program which he as Bishop

put in force in this diocese years ago. He figured prominently in the affairs of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, of which he was president for one term. His activities in this matter attracted the notice of President Taft, who twice sought Archbishop Canevin's advice in selecting the United States' representatives to the International Alcohol Congresses at Geneva.

Thus it was with every good cause. Public and civic affairs could always count upon his active co-operation and his knowledge tintured, as it was, with the wisdom of experience.

No resume of Archbishop Canevin's life would be complete without reference to his connection with Duquesne University. The University will remember him as the one who always was its most enthusiastic supporter, prudent advisor and first Chancellor. In every stage of the University's activity he contributed unstintingly of his moral and financial resources. For years, his was the hand that conferred degrees and diplomas upon graduates, and his was the voice that was ever raised in support of Christian education as given at Duquesne. The building that bears his name will perpetuate in lasting stone the memory of Duquesne's greatest benefactor, Archbishop Canevin. "This hall, from its eminence, overlooks the vast field of his labors. It sees and will commemorate with pride the places where he ministered the Word of God as assistant, rector and Bishop successively. He was a leader among us for generations, to the forefront of every movement that made for religious and social progress, he has done much for Christian education. His majestic figure stalks through its history and fittingly is his name linked with this enduring and splendid monument."

The saintly Archbishop is dead. The thousands upon thousands that filed past his bier as he lay in St. Paul's Cathedral, the scene of much of his life, were an outward expression of what he had come to mean to Pittsburgh. In the words of an unsung poet, uttered for another man of God, let us pay a silent tribute to His Grace, the Most Reverend J. F. Regis Canevin:

"Silent, O Father! Cold in death!
Is this the end, the sum, the all?
Nay! let thy work's unfalt'ring breath
Challenge the Reaper's call.

Thus death may strike; thus may the heart's
Long pulsing zeal be stay'd at last;
But living deeds still upward start
From an undying past."

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Conquest

From a death of agony,
Hanging on a bloody tree,
Dying there for you and me,
Did He rise;


Coming in His majesty,
Making man forever free,
Winning, by redemption's fee,
A priceless prize.

Thus, a heavy debt was paid,
And a sacred friendship made
By the Saviour's holy aid,
When we were lost.

By His gospel and crusade,
He removed the barricade
Of the sinful renegade.
What a cost!

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. Sc. in E., '28.

The Harder Way

HE members of the Freeport College team filed silently into the dressing room. Not a word mingled with the sound of scraping spikes. They were still too greatly disappointed over the loss of the game, and disgusted with the way it had been lost, even to get out of their uniforms. Ray Mason was the only exception. Ignoring the cold silence, he hurriedly tossed off his togs, took a shower, donned his street clothes, and departed. The slamming of the door behind him seemed to break the tension; Johnson was the first to speak.

"What a ball game! Some one ought to sock that bird on the nose and wise him up."

The murmur of assent and vigorous nodding of many heads plainly showed how the rest of the team felt. Every one had some word of ill-feeling for the absent Mason, and the denunciation was waxing hot when the coach interrupted.

"Boys," he said, "you're all wrong. And you're making it unnecessarily hard for Ray. He did the only honorable thing under the circumstances."

"Aw, he didn't have to be so darned honorable and tell the ump he missed the bag. His conscience cost us a championship."

Bartell, the catcher, was the speaker.

"And I've an idea it cost him the captaincy for next year, too," he added as an after-thought.

"I'd like to convince you for Ray's sake that he did the right thing, boys," the coach said. "After he was called out, he explained it to me. He said he knew he had missed the bag, but if he'd gone back to touch it, he couldn't have beaten the throw home. So he took a chance and bluffed it, but their third baseman was too smart and he told the umpire. When the ump asked Mason about it, there was only one alternative—lie or tell the truth—win or lose. He took the hardest way. He might feel blue now, but he'll never regret his decision. If you'll listen to me for a few minutes, I'll tell you a story that may help you to see it as Mason does."

The team was too dejected to reply. Taking silence for consent, the coach told his story.

When I was in France, we had a lieutenant in our com-

pany who was known throughout the division as one of its bravest and cleanest fighters. His name was Kelly. One night, the fifth of November, he had charge of a party digging a trench some distance in the rear of our own. It was raining hard, in fact, it had been for several days, and the work was anything but pleasant. While directing the work, the lieutenant heard a sound as of a body falling into a puddle of water. A quick glance around showed him that all of his own men were on the job. So, drawing his automatic from its holster, he began to crawl through the slime in the direction from which the sound had come. After crawling about fifteen or twenty yards, he came to the edge of a shell hole half filled with water; and in it, with his back to Kelly, was a man in the uniform of a French officer. The American knew that there were no French forces in that sector. Keeping the unsuspecting man under cover of his revolver, he dropped into the hole to investigate.

When Kelly splashed into the hole, the other man turned around with a startled exclamation, but seeing the gun, he settled back into a sitting position. As Kelly was not an accomplished French student, he opened the conversation in the only language he knew.

"Well, what are you doing here, fella?" he asked. "Explain yourself."

"Wait until I get some of this muck off my face, and I'll talk all night long if you want," the other answered, in unquestionably American English.

Kelly gave him a much soiled handkerchief, and when the prisoner had completed the job of removing the mud from his face, he looked up and said:

"Now, if you'll give me a cigarette, you can begin the cross-examination."

As they were out of the range of enemy machine guns and snipers, Kelly knew that smoking would be safe, although against regulations. So, partly because he wanted a smoke himself, and partly because he admired such a cool customer, he gave the man a cigarette. He lit a match, and when the two bent over it to light, up, they looked, for the first time, clearly into each other's face. Suddenly the unknown man's eyes opened wide and his cigarette fell from his gaping mouth as he uttered a surprised gasp:

"Jack Kelly!"

The lieutenant was equally startled, but he kept his automatic pointed at the man's breast.

"Heimert!" he said, "you're the last man I ever expected to see here. How did you get here? What are you doing in a French uniform?"

Heimert didn't answer. He seemed to be submerged deep in thought, as though trying to solve a mental problem. His poise was only slightly shaken.

"But I thought you came over to fight for Germany in 1915," Kelly continued. "You haven't turned traitor, have you? Quick, man, tell me."

"No," Heimert, answered, "I'm not a traitor. I guess there's no use lying. My game's up. I'm a spy for the German Government."

"Lord, Ed, you know what that means. You'll be shot, sure." Kelly was becoming excited.

"No, I'll not. Surely you, my best friend for years, will give me a chance to escape. You can't take me back to certain death."

It was now Kelly's turn to work out a mental problem. In two minutes he had reached his answer, and with the solution, his excitement left and coolness returned.

"I'm sorry, Ed, but I must," he said in a voice that, although low and sympathetic, was none the less firm.

The two fought it out, eye to eye, and finally Kelly won.

"All right, Jack, I guess you know what's you're doing. And I've still got enough nerve to like you for it," Heimert said as he got up to walk back to his death.

Captain Edward G. Heimert, German Army, was tried four days later, and found guilty of being a spy, on the evidence of his best friend. The court ordered him to be shot at sunrise on November 15th, 1918. But fate stepped in and saved his life, for as we all know, the Armistice was signed on the eleventh, two days after the trial. And the friendship of Lieutenant Kelly and Captain Heimert lasts to this day, strengthened by a mutual respect for each other's honor and bravery."

As the coach's story came to a close, none of the boys dared to break the profound silence. The coach was speaking again:

"You see, boys, Kelly would have sacrificed the life of his best friend, rather than betray his responsibility. To-day Mason sacrificed the friendship of his teammates rather than lie out of a tough situation. His act was on a smaller scale than Kelly's, but the principle was the same."

A week later, Ray Mason was elected captain for next season without a dissenting vote. And the coach smiled happily, glad that the most soul-trying experience of his life had been used to the advantage of some one else.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.

A Vanished Dreamland

Some dreams are of things that have happened,
Some dreams are of friends that are gone,
But I dreamed of a wonderful island,
Where life was a glorious song.

Many friends did I make there in fancy,
And I loved all the scenes that were there;
But they went with my dreamings and slumbers,
As soon as dawn tinted the air.

All through the next day I felt lonely,
For I longed for my island of dreams,
And I sought the embraces of slumber
When the moonlight sent forth its first beams.

But my island had vanished completely,
And it left not a trace of its shore,
Oh! I hope that for dreams there's a heaven
Where I'll visit my island once more.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

Father Hehir's Tribute to Archbishop Canevin

[The following tribute was paid to Archbishop Canevin by the Very Reverend M. A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., President of Duquesne University, at the Commencement exercises on June 19, 1921. This was Archbishop Canevin's last public appearance.]



As president of the University, I have this evening another duty to perform. His Grace, Archbishop Canevin, has been Bishop for more than eighteen years, and for well nigh seventeen of these he has governed and guided our Diocese of Pittsburgh. My esteem and veneration for him forbid any laudatory remarks, nor do I know any man who dislikes praise more than he. Let it suffice then to say, that Archbishop Canevin has resigned from the second largest diocese in the United States, and from the sixth largest among the dioceses and archdioceses of America, and, in my opinion, he leaves to his successor one of the best organized dioceses in the Western Hemisphere. During his term as Bishop, he has annually presided over our Commencement exercises, and, and on each occasion, he has addressed to you and to us words of wisdom and encouragement, especially on higher Christian education. During the past ten years he has been Chancellor of the University. In securing our charter, in every step that has been taken for the extension and growth of the University, Archbishop Canevin's advice has been asked, and his wise recommendations and prudent suggestions have been carried out. The University Faculty is profoundly grateful to him for all he has done. We are more than grateful for his moral and financial support on every occasion. The successful drive, last fall, in favor of the University, was mainly due to his efforts and influence. Buildings for the Greater Duquesne are to be erected when building conditions permit, and when improvements contemplated by the city, near our property, are completed. As a mark of gratitude to His Grace, our best of benefactors, the first building erected or bought is to be called the Canevin Building. As a further mark of our gratitude, and as a slight recognition of his goodness to us, I, as president of the University, confer this evening on His Grace, Archbishop Canevin, the highest degree and honor the University can bestow, that of Doctor of Laws."



"Across the Fields of Yesterday"

AT sunset, in the darkest and dustiest of all the corners of the old library, I came upon a large tome, mellowed by age, and shabby from use, and yet, withal, looking as if it had lain there unopened for years—nay, for centuries. At the cost of some damage to my clothes, I dragged it from its hiding-place, and as there seemed to be no artificial means of dispelling the shadows of the fast-approaching night, I lugged the volume to the open window, where the yellow pages might catch the last flickers of sunshine, and my cheek the last caresses of the soft Spring afternoon. There on the sill I perched, and while a lone feathered songster trilled vespers from a budding tree nearby, I sat and read of another day and another land; of kings and queens, and knights, and ladies fair. * * * *

And it seems that, once upon a time, there lived a knight who, to distinguish him from his fellow-adventurers, was called Malavon. Perhaps—who can tell?—he was one of King Arthur's own, and the court he graced may, indeed, have been the court of Camelot; at any rate, he was a comely lad, and, although very young, he had already won a reputation for bravery in the lists, and for chivalry at all times.

Now Malavon was very deeply in love with a lady who dwelt at the Court of the King—a lady whose beauty was greatly admired by all. Nay, it was whispered, but secretly, of course, and in strictest confidence, that in this or that person's opinion, the beauty of the fair Eleanor surpassed even that of the Queen herself.

With a lovely tenderness which only such a heart as his could hold, Malavon wooed Eleanor. Nor was his love unrequited, for one day in the springtime, when the world was full of gladness, she accepted his embraces, and promised to be his.

"But we must go and see father, for he has imposed conditions on the man who asks for my hand," she told him.

So they did, and the old warrior, a man high in the esteem of the King, looked with favor upon the young Malavon, and willingly consented to the marriage, provided that he fulfilled the required conditions.

"You must," he said, "perform seven deeds of bravery, and one deed of charity, in the King's name, and in Eleanor's honor. Until you have done this, you cannot see her, nor indeed will you be permitted to come within sight of the city."

Malavon accepted these obligations without a murmur, but before riding away he asked one favor of Eleanor.

"With your love to inspire me, I can do great deeds," he said, "but I should like some constant reminder of the freshness and the durability of that love. Fifty paces from the West Road, about a mile outside the city, an old yew, gnarled and withered, stands between two oaks. Let your servant every day bear a flower thither, and I, at every opportunity, will come and get the token that has most recently left your hand, and carry it with me. A lily will mean that you are still waiting for me; a rose, that you have given your love to another."

"Silly!" laughed she. "As if I could ever stop loving you!"

"If you should," he said simply, "I would die."

And having taken his leave, he rode away to face whatever adventures might befall him, and to perform his seven acts of bravery, and one act of charity. Opportunities for courageous deeds were easily found, but a suitable act of charity promised to be difficult of performance. He might throw a crust to a blind beggar, and consider his duty done, but to Malavon, that would be nothing; in his charity, as in everything else that he did, he had to be heroic, and it was for this reason that that one act troubled him more than all the other seven.

"Ah, well," he mused, "of that anon; meanwhile I will seek to test the strength of my lance."

So he went his way, and by the end of the summer he had to his credit six deeds of bravery. Twice had he met opposing knights in single combat and vanquished them; he had killed, with his own hands, a wild boar, and he had acquitted himself well in three other adventures, the nature of which is not known, although the gullible folk, who believe in such things, firmly declare that he did to death an ogre and two fiery dragons which had been harassing the countryside. And never, during those days, did he neglect a chance to visit the

old yew; sometimes he would be absent for two weeks, but often for extended periods he went to the tree daily, and he never failed to take from its hiding place the white lily which always awaited him there.

At noontime, on a warm, hazy day in early autumn, Malavon was riding along a dusty road, in search of a final adventure, and considerably troubled in mind because he could see no way of beginning, let alone completing, the magnificent gesture of charity which he felt obliged to make. For the present, he had no definite plan, except to visit the old yew in the evening, and then look for some peasant's cottage wherein he might get a comfortable night's sleep.

It was while he was thus jogging along, his burnished armor dully reflecting the copper sun, that Malavon came upon a young man sitting brooding by the roadside; a young man dressed after the manner of a tiller of the soil, but having on his face such an expression of nobility and melancholy sweetness, that he immediately attracted the attention of the young knight, who drew up beside him and spoke.

"How now, fellow! Why so sad on a mellow day like this?"

Perhaps it was the sympathetic attitude of the horseman which won the trust of the young peasant, or perhaps he felt the need of confiding his troubles to someone. But, whatever the reason,—

"Oh, master, I am in love," he blurted out.

Malavon smiled gently. He could well understand that feeling.

"And does the maiden not return your affections?" he asked.

"That I cannot say," the young man replied, "for I dare not approach her. But several times she has smiled at me when I was passing through the city, and I feel sure that were she not so far above my station, and had I a steed and armor such as yours, I could win her."

Malavon could have cheered for joy. Just when things were blackest, and he was on the verge of despair, the opportunity he had so long awaited had appeared.

"My horse and armor are yours," he said; "go and win her, and may God bless you."

And, having seen the young man ride away, Malavon himself, despite his being dressed in peasant's clothes, unmounted, and weaponless, went into the forest with a light heart and a smiling face. He had performed his act of charity.

He could claim Eleanor after just one more deed of bravery. Just one more . . . that would be easy.

And, indeed, so it proved to be. For that very afternoon, having spied an enemy knight riding towards him, Malavon climbed a tree, and lay on a branch that extended over the narrow road; and the knight, riding underneath, Malavon dropped upon him and threw him to the ground, despoiling him of his lance and armor; and having mounted the fallen knight's horse, he rode away in the guise of an enemy.

His work was accomplished. He did not, however, dare go into the city as yet, until he had secured a suit of his own armor, lest, perhaps, he be set upon and overpowered before his identity be known. Besides, he wished to ride into the Court in all the glory of his knightly regalia when he went to claim his love. And once again, the good fortune which had been following him all day came to his aid. For he met two of his closest friends and fellow-knights, who, when they saw him, lowered their lances; but he hailed them, and called, "It is I, Malavon," and having dismounted, he walked towards them; and when they saw that it was, indeed, Malavon, they were exceedingly joyful; they listened with interest to the tale of his adventures, and having willingly arranged to meet at the old yew in the morning, they went their ways; the two riding speedily towards the city, so as to arrive there before dark, and Malavon, turning towards the tree in order to pick up his lily before spending the night on a hard bed in a humble cottage for the last time. To-morrow he would be at Court.

The sun was already setting as he neared the yew, and with its sinking it brought a crispy coolness to the twilight air. The young peasant to whom he had given his horse and armor must have reached the city several hours ago, Malavon reflected. He wondered idly what success the fellow had had, but he was too wrapped up in his own happiness to greatly care.

* * * * *

True to their promise, the two knights were shortly after dawn riding towards the old yew, bearing with them a suit of armor for their friend, Malavon. It was an unpleasant morning, with no twittering of birds, nor glistening of dew, nor beaming of the sun to relieve the heaviness of the air.

"A bad day for Malavon's homecoming," remarked the one, as they neared their rendezvous.

"It is, indeed," said the other, "but methinks I see him by the tree. He must have slept there all night, for certainly he sleeps now."

"Yea," replied the first, "and in a quite uncomfortable position."

Malavon could now be plainly seen sitting on the ground with his back against the tree, his one arm flung carelessly aside, and his head at an absurd angle to the rest of his body.

"Yea, verily," said the one knight uneasily, "he might very well be dead."

As they came closer, their uneasiness increased, and when they arrived at his side, they found that he was, in truth, dead. But look as they might, they could find no wound, and no solution as to how Malavon had died. One tightly clenched fist, however, looked as if it might offer some clue; gently but firmly the friends pried it open, and from the cold and lifeless fingers there fell the crushed and tattered remnants of—a rose.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.

The Night

Soft drops the night,
Peace breathes eternal in the sky,
Hushed all the world.
Come now the stars,
Light up my fairy world of dreams,
Day's banner furled.

Sweet balm of night
Ease thou the ache,—my worried soul.
Raise me to God.
Night, and alone,
Out and away from living tombs,
Where humans plod.

Now flee the strifes,
Day's light doth seem to make a boon
To wretched man.
Here 'neath the stars
Man's pleasures do appear but false,
Gone now the sham.

Night birds do sing,
Perfumes from field and from the forest
Freshen my soul.
Soft steals the stream
On through the night, by heaven's light,
Softly doth roll.

Now doth my soul
Shake free the shackles of the world,
Breathe unafraid.
Now I dare
Live, and with countless stars commune,
Which God hath made.

All nature rests,
Now things that man hath made are dead,
Peace is abroad.
Hushed, quiet Night,
How thou doth bring me close to Him,
Close unto God.

Come, restful Night,
Hide me beneath the blanket of the stars,
Far from the quest,
Where gold and fame
Lead mortal men to petty strifes.
Night, let me rest.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.



My Mirror



HOW often do you stand before your boudoir mirror and marvel at the capabilities of the individual standing on the other side? How often do you remark about that individual's rare good qualities, his wonderful personality, the immensity of his accomplishments or the magnitude of his graces? While doing this, did you ever wonder what the mirror itself was thinking?

Undoubtedly your boudoir mirror could be said to understand you better than any other person in this world, because it sees you at your worst as well as at your "dudiest." The clues of the sand man's visit, the disrumbled hair, the glum countenances, are first revealed to your twin. The how of an unstained face, or a smooth cheek and chin, or the oily smoothness and even part of the hair, are all known to the spying image of your likeness. Your boudoir mirror hears your private mumblings, has to listen to your loud outbursts of song and your explosion of passionate expression, if perchance the razor blade stumbles.

But even with all these agonies, the reflecting surface is a true Christian. It does not attempt to gain revenge, but repays you by making you think. I have seen some men stand in front of their mirrors and pose and finally fall into a reverie. If you look at yourself, as only the mirror can show you, you cannot help but wonder about yourself. Unless you are more than normally conceited, you cannot help but realize what a small piece of this world you are. Stand a little longer and you will come to the realization that you are not dead until you're buried, and if you have the proper spirit you will make up your mind to do better.

So after all, no matter how much you abuse the ears of your boudoir mirror, no matter how much you splash its face, or no matter how severely you insult its eyes, it still remains your friend. For a friend he is, who can weather your seasons of temper, joy, sorrow, despondency, ambition and frivolity. Assuredly, your boudoir mirror does all this.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

Rain



SHUDDERING feeling usually goes through a person as he feels a drop of rain on his hand or when he sees the sky darken. But rain should not always suggest things glooming and dismal. It is a natural phenomena which could not be dispensed with by man. Man cannot regulate storm clouds as he can cross plants, thus giving us a new fruit with an unnatural flavor. Man makes money from mineral ores, but he cannot use rain until it is gathered into torrents and converted into light and steam power.

The word rain, however, has various happy associations for me. Oftentimes, when in a cozy room, I like to sit and see the rain bang against the glass window pane. The raindrops form big, pendant globules that fantastically arrange themselves across the sheet of glass. They apparently get set for a dash down to the sill, then through zig-zag courses to the window board, they run gauntlets of ovals and squares, as seen through a lace curtain. It is amusing to see a flock of chickens blinking off rain that runs in rivulets from feathery heads. They stand on one leg in a dazed-like poise, clucking nervously all the while. You, who feel unkindly towards rain, should stand on a railroad bridge some rainy night and watch the raindrops filter through the cone of light from the locomotive headlight as it swerves around the curve. And, also, some time watch the raindrops turned to opals and pearls as they pass in front of a rainbow, or splash off a tin roof into the sunlight.

It is good to be out in the rain and feel its soft patter on the face. The rain makes rivulets in wrinkled slickers of slithering college boys. The soothing, companionable sound of the drip-drip of millions of raindrops relieves the tension of tired ears and brings the smell of refreshed plants. It is good to see rain splash on asphalt streets and make myriads of bubbles and puff hot dust to sodden, pulpy mud. Rain, coming in blinding sheets, cuts blue smoke from the air and soaks big sunflowers, giving them the look of tired but glad and grinning minstrel men.

The rain, pounding the shingled roof of the migrated hunter, brings to him memories of a former home. Rain and distance draw him back. For the moment he is not conscious of the personality of the wilderness. In the note of the falling rain, he probably hears sounds like the dancing of children;

sometimes the sounds are like army horses galloping over a wooden bridge and sounding the staccato notes of sharp hoofs and broken steps. Perhaps he has memories of a breezy April shower that has swept down the street and whisked out of sight around a corner, leaving only a trail of silver puddles and wet, shining cobblestones as proof that it had passed that way. It is hard to remember, always, that it is only rain.

WALTER S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.

Thou Fool, To Try Create A Form of Life, A Living State!

A man went home one day to see
If he could try to make a tree.

He took a hammer, nails and wood,
And so began his foolish mood.
A tree he'd make, the work of God,
To cast a shade where humans trod;
A thing to lift its arms and then
Proclaim to all the work of men.

The thought to him was all serene,
For who'd attempt to go between
And thus betray his crazy pace
For making fools of human race?

The time had come, he soon would start
A vain attempt to make a part
Of God's creation, just a tree,
Faint symbol of eternity!
"My plan," said he, "is first to make
From piece of wood, a little stake,
And plant it in some solid ground,
Support it with an upright mound;
With hammer, nails, some branches few,
I'll have creation's end in view."

And so he did, and watching stood
At this array of lifeless wood ;
He watered it with earnest care,
And hoped success with once a prayer.
But water was a work of Him,
Who would destroy this worthless whim ;
The lowly dirt did block his plan,
For this was not a work of man.

The thing of course did not create
A form of life, a living state,
For God in endless majesty,
Alone the maker of a tree,
Unto the winds this work did cast
And made of it a lifeless past.

The maker was a foolish man
Whose only thought was in "I can."
But fools do come and go again
Before the knowing eyes of men ;
They try pretense, but no success,
Of such a thing can they possess.

The reason is that only He
Can have the power to make a tree ;
There is a God, and such is He,
Who owns creation's mystery.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.





SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

A Distinguished Prelate



OME men have the privilege of serving well some particular cause or organization, and of enjoying the respect and gratitude of its members, but without the added happiness of exciting admiration and affection outside of its limited circle.

Archbishop Canevin, who died March 22 in the Mercy Hospital, was one of the comparatively few of this community whose popularity embraced not only his own immediate followers but many people of all religions and beliefs. The homage which the thousands in this district learned to pay to this saintly prelate, in his regime as Pittsburgh's Bishop, was due to their perception of the purity and elevation of his character; to his long life of consecration, both as priest and member of the hierarchy, to the religion that he loved and revered; to his devotion to the Church that he served so well; and to the sincere interest which he manifested in every worthwhile civic enterprise.

The citizens of Pittsburgh saw in him, not only the representative of a great world-wide religious institution, but a friend, a leader of constructive ability. His nobility of character, his unusual qualities of heart and mind, and his unassuming devotion to the service and welfare of humanity were the virtues that endeared him to the people of his city.

Catholics saw in him a father and a deeply religious prelate, who was ever watchful of their spiritual well-being, who could, when occasion demanded, defend their interests with a vigor and a zeal that brought success.

Duquesne University remembers him as its most active and consistent supporter. The drive for funds, held several years back, owed its success to his leadership. As the Very Reverend President, M. A. Hehir, expressed it several years ago: "In securing our charter, in every step that has been taken for the extension and growth of the University, Archbishop Canevin's advice has been asked, and his wise recommendations and prudent suggestions have been carried out. The University Faculty is profoundly grateful to him for all that he has done." The University is proud of the fact that the first building erected as a memorial to His Grace is Canevin Hall, one of the first additions under the program of expansion now being carried out.

In dedicating this present issue of the Monthly to Archbishop Canevin, the students are expressing their respect and admiration for one who in his capacity as the head of the Church in this district, and as Chancellor of the University, championed their cause and helped to give them a school which they are proud to call their Alma Mater.

The Significance of Easter



ASTER DAY—the day on which the new styles in clothing and millinery, not to say haberdashery, are officially paraded—the day on which Spring makes her official debut—chocolate egg day—rabbit day. Such are the synonyms most likely to be coupled in the minds of the people of to-day with the mention of the word Easter. "Truly a most remarkable variety of feelings and of sentiments," you will say.

And, indeed, it is so—Easter is significant for the number of things it represents.

However, amidst such a variety, there must be a good deal that is insignificant and of minor importance. Easter Sunday is a festival that has been celebrated for centuries, and will be celebrated until the last Spring moon will have passed into oblivion. However, times change, customs change, people change—and among all this variety of the things which Easter represents, there must be one thing, one universal, all-appealing thing, that has endeared Easter to the heart of man, and made it a blessed, the glorious and the happy festival.

Let us, then, consider the number of things for which it is celebrated, and, having examined them, let us discard the insignificant and the unimportant—and single out the salient and pregnant fact that really counts.

To the merchant, naturally, Easter is a heaven-sent opportunity for making money. The clothier doubles the price on his merchandise, calls it the latest Spring stock and waits for the buyers to rush in. Truly Easter is a happy time for him, because it means dollars, and dollars are the blood of his heart.

The candy-man, the poultry-man, the Spring automobile man, and every other kind of man, all love Easter, because Easter means to them more business, more dollars. Dollars, it is true, produce a certain kind of happiness. But surely, a gross, material thing, such as money, cannot be the force that lends to Easter its enchantment and its remarkable hold on men.

Easter, for a very large portion of the race, has become the day for displaying the material features of life. To the female of the species, it translates itself into a question of clothes and fashion. The yearly Easter visit to the Church serves as a promenade, on which they can exhibit clothes, that will act as a background to display their charm, or at least the size of their husband's bank-roll.

I say the female of the species because, being a man myself, I cannot admit that pride in appearance plays a part in man's make-up! And, anyway, the joy of the men is entirely dampened by the fact that they have to pay the bills. The old saying, that "clothes make the man," might be well amended, nowadays, to read, "clothes break the man."

Apart from this, however, personal vanity can never constitute the force that seems to be in the Easter spirit.

To the poet, Easter is the day on which Spring makes her official debut. As Longfellow says:

'Twas Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

A beautiful thought, it is true, but still, sentiment cannot constitute the life principle of Easter.

To the child, Easter presents itself in the guise of a benignant, cud-chewing, egg-laying rabbit. Truly, a fit representative of our modern outlook upon Easter. All these are

but the physical side of this feast. Surely, there is something deeper than these to Easter.

But, however, let us join the holiday throng, as it journeys onward toward the Church doors for Easter service. We enter leisurely and go to our pews. Immediately we become aware of the fact, that here only can one find the real Easter atmosphere. Looking around, our eye alights on a statue of Christ, portraying Him, as He has just risen from the dead. 'Tis there we have the significant fact of Easter Sunday. 'Tis the Resurrection.

Now we know why Easter is the time of joy, of gladness,—yes, even of triumph. It is the anniversary of that day on which the shackles were stricken from the limbs of men and the gates of Heaven thrown wide to receive him. It is the day on which all nations bow to Christ, the Master, Christ, the Saviour, Christ, the King.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

A Virile Catholicity

THE statement has been made that a minority is always in danger of being influenced by the majority. Without questioning the truth or falsehood of this saying, as it applies in general, I venture to state that our American Catholics have shown a marked tendency to become victims of this very condition. The spice of originality, so desirable in any body of men and women, seems lacking in Catholic America. There is a weak element in the make-up of the average Catholic that manifests itself in every sphere of activity.

Our religious periodicals, for example, have too often an apologetic air that seems to cloud whatever of strength or nobility has place within their pages. A display of "tolerance," which is frequently but a mask for servility, has robbed the Catholic newspaper of a distinctive place in contemporary journalism.

The socially inclined member of our faith is but little better than his reading matter. The desire to "ape one's betters," has become quite prevalent within recent years. Where, for instance, is the Catholic of to-day, who does not frequently still his conscience so that his artistic non-believing friends

may not consider him a prude? He still exists, it is true, but he is considered of rather low caste by his more socially inclined co-religionists.

The old-fashioned Catholic who avoided public amusements during Lent is likewise slowly disappearing. A more tolerant race has arisen. Art must not be slighted, even during Lent.

It is devoutly to be hoped that a more militant, more intelligent Catholicity may develop in the near future, if the distinctiveness of the Church of Rome is not to vanish in this country. A little less attention to public opinion and current thought, and a greater response to the guidance of conscience and the precepts of religion, would tend greatly to a return of that now seldom seen individual, the "old-fashioned Catholic."

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

April 6, 1917—April 6, 1927



TEN years ago this very month, we plunged ourselves into the most terrifying of worldly struggles. We set out to make this world "safe for democracy," firm in the conviction that we were defending a glorious cause, sincere in our purpose to cleanse the globe of tyranny. We poured men, money and resources into the Europe to stem what the Allies chose to call the invasion of autocracy. But, after all, was our purpose safe, well grounded, worth the price we paid? Did the signing of the Versailles treaty mean that success perched upon our standards, or was it all just an outward sign, meaning nothing?

Time alone will answer these questions fully. However, now, ten years after the silencing of the mocking guns, seems a suitable time to take an inventory. Let us see how thoroughly we accomplished our ends; how perfectly we have cleansed the world of "tyranny"; how completely we have made the earth "safe for democracy." Is it not significant that our sacrifice of men and money did not prevent the Chinese war lords from brandishing the sword of war? Scan the columns of the daily press for news of conflict among nations. View the conditions in Mexico, Italy, Nicaragua, Russia. Witness the large armed forces patrolling all the European countries to-day, almost nine years after the Armistice. Can

anyone, then, say that the Allied victory has given the world peace? How many of us have found solace in the absence of our friends and relatives who heroically gave their lives in the conflict for those who still pay the price of the glory of war, sans arms, legs, eyesight, hearing in our veterans' hospitals?

Wherein, then, has the adventure shown us a profit? The very nations to whom we gave our blood and money now regard us in the light of Shylocks and seek to repudiate their debts to us. Americans returning from Europe, tell us stories of shabby, sneering, almost uncivil treatment at the hands of our erstwhile "comrades-in-arms."

Ten years ago, what glory, patriotism, excitement was ours!

To-day, what disillusionment! Our tenth anniversary of glory, how shall we celebrate?

MAURICE WECHSLER, A. B., '28.



Duquesne Day by Day

THE feast of St. Thomas of Aquinas was celebrated, March 7, with a high mass read by Father Carroll, Dean of the College. The sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. John A. O'Gorman,, Bishop of Sierre Leone. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, in his address, showed the importance of St. Thomas' philosophy, and stressed the need of its application to practical matters. The Bishop also brought out the mighty influence of St. Thomas on the life of today and the efficacy of his teachings against the false philosophies of the day.

* * *

The Father Simon Unit of Duquesne University will engage in a dual debate with C. S. M. C.. Units of St. Vincent's College and Seton Hill College during the week of April. The subject is: "Resolved, That the written word is more efficacious in overcoming prejudice than the spoken word." Duquesne, represented by James T. Philpott, Thomas Henninger and Charles Rice will defend the negative side of the question in the debate with Seton Hill College. In the second debate, the Duquesne team, composed of Patrick W. Rice, John A. Lambert, and Ralph Hayes, will defend the affirmative side of the question against the debaters from St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa. Rev. Edward J. Quinn, C.S.Sp., Field Secretary of the C. S. M. C. in this district, arranged the series.

* * *

Joseph McDonald, a Junior in the College of Arts, has been elected general chairman for the Junior Prom, and will lead the grand march. McDonald, a graduate of St. Rosalia's High School, has been very active in his three years at Duquesne. He was a member of the football team, and was quite prominent in the social activities of the school. He has appointed a committee of 50 to assist him in completing the arrangements for the Prom.

* * *

T. Murray O'Donnell, a Senior in the School of Accounts and assistant editor of the Monthly, was one of the major prize winners in an essay contest conducted by a Pittsburgh newspaper. Over 2,500 persons competed in the contest. The contestants were required to mention the advantages to be derived

from residence in the city of Pittsburgh.

* * *

One of the ablest statements in the recent controversy over the holding of Symphony concerts on Sunday, was a letter printed in a Pittsburgh daily from Rev. J. A. Dewe, professor of history and economics at Duquesne University, and director of the University Glee Club. Father Dewe first showed that Christ upheld the liberal view of the Sabbath, and then deplored the attempt of some to place Sunday concerts in the same category as crimes like murder and robbery.

* * *

"The Sweeps of '98," a drama of the Irish rebellion of 1798, was presented in the University auditorium, Sunday, March 13, by the Senior class of the College of Arts. The play was very well received. James B. Durkin and James T. Philpott played the leading roles. Others in the cast were David S. Byrne, Cyril J. Vogel, Robert A. Philpott, Patrick W. Rice, James Harrigan, John Hannon, and Eugene Sullivan. A debate between the Seniors and Freshmen was also on the program. The judges decided that the Seniors successfully upheld the affirmative of the following proposition: "Resolved, That the denying of seats in Congress to duly-elected representatives is just." Thomas J. Quigley and Francis E. Pawlowski were the members of the winning team, while Richard Creighton and Joseph Thompson represented the Freshman class.

* * *

Freshman Night was held Sunday, March 6, in the University auditorium. "The Hand of Liva," a play dealing with the Orient, was given by members of the Freshmen class. The following took part: Stephen J. Burke, Joseph Gayton, Charles Gearing, Joseph Thompson, and Harry E. Felich. A debate between the Freshman and Junior debating teams resulted in a drawn verdict. The subject was: "Resolved, That the Crusades were a failure." James Bream and Francis Cornelius represented the Freshman class, while John F. Murphy and George Haber, of the Junior class, upheld the negative side of the question.

* * *

The Forty Hours devotion was celebrated March 2, 3 and 4 at Duquesne University. A large number of students were in attendance at the various services.


* * *

A retreat for the students of the Pharmacy, Accounts and Law schools, will be given April 7, 8, and 9, in the University chapel.

The Beethoven centenary was celebrated Sunday, March 20, at Duquesne, by a concert in the auditorium. The University orchestra pleased with several selections, of which the overture to "Coriolan" was the most notable. Solos by Eleanor Brendel and Josephine McGrail were well received. A quartet gave two interesting selections. "The Heavens Resound," was presented by the College Glee Club and the orchestra. The feature of the entertainment, however, was an able address. "Beethoven, His Life and Works," by Rev. J. A. Dewe. A skillful interpretation of Beethoven's masterpiece accompanied the address. Rev. James B. Parent assisted Father Dewe at the piano. A comparison of Beethoven's work with the music of other great masters was a feature of the lecture.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

Exchanges

N "The Chimes" of Cathedral College, New York City, we find two good, albeit short plays. The essay, "Oriol and the Tractarians," is enlightening, but in the interest of the reader who may not be so well versed in history or who may have forgotten, the author should have indulged in a little explanation of the events he refers to so casually. "Francis, the Saint," is an able essay on an overworked theme. Of the verses, we like "Wanderlust," with "Voice of the City" as second choice. The thought in "The Firmament" is worthy, but the style seems inappropriate. The editorials, too, are to be commended for their well-handled topics of general interest. We also enjoyed the other departments, chiefly "Book Chat," which is not dry, as are so many book reviews.

Another college publication of merit is "The Holy Cross Purple," whose best offering this time is the one-act drama, "Pietro." This excellent play, however, is marred by the introduction of tragic irony toward the end, in which Pietro is so proud of his son, whom he does not know has turned traitor. We are in doubt how to classify "The Guest," so we shall call it a clever character analysis with a moral attached. It deals with a materialistic gentleman who misses the really worthwhile things in life while his old school chum sees things in their true perspective. "Eclipse" contains delightful humor,

which we enjoyed. "Coquette," "Barge," and "To the Old Year," are verses that appealed to us. The lack of one or two serious essays is noted, unless, perhaps, the rather long editorials were originally intended to fill that void. "Paper Jackets" we find to be engagingly informal book chats, although we had to use two dictionaries in order to enjoy it. We are grieved to see how coldly and impersonally you treat your Alumni, but we do like your systematic method of arrangement.


In "St. Benedict's Quarterly," there is much to commend and a little to criticize. Of the latter, the most flagrant is the too frequent use of the pronouns in the first person. The pithy sayings in odd corners and at the foot of the pages, seem to indicate that you have a budding columnist in your midst. The authoress of "Vachel Lindsay, the Poet Eccentric," shows knowledge of her subject and the ability to express her ideas well. "With Silk and Symbols" is a worthy article that gives us quite a bit of information on vestment making. Some humor is to be found in "Why Do You Do It?" but we are disappointed in not seeing the question answered. If their articles are a true indication of "What Freshmen Think," there surely are some deep thinkers at St. Benedict's. Some fine thoughts shine forth from "Friendship." A story, "Two Make-Believes," is good but too brief. The verse in this issue seems strained, except "Cloud Fragments." The editorial on Longfellow is worthy of mention; the others, while fair, are of limited appeal. We like your novel and interesting method of treating your Alumnae news; and your humor column is to be praised for its originality.

"Niagara Index" is rather easy to review—there is so little of it. It lacks a short story or a play, and even a few more poetic efforts would not be amiss. Your one poem, however, is really good, as are the three serious prose contributions. "Measure for Measure," explains nicely and in an interesting manner the Shakespearean play of the same name. The other two are appreciations; the one, of the character and work of St. Francis Xavier, the second, not of the doctrines but of the character and ideals of that great American Socialist, Eugene V. Debs. Such articles as this latter are to be commended as the truly correct and charitable view of a man's character as distinct from his doctrines, which, mayhap, are wrong; condemn the doctrine but commend the man. We certainly enjoyed the humor section and anxiously await the next outburst. FRANCIS E. PAWLOWSKI, A. B., '27.

The Book Forum

[The Harper's Monthly and The Bookman, two of the finest magazines published in America, and which are found wherever the good things in literature are appreciated, have been selected from among the current publications by the Monthly for discussion in this issue.]

Harper's Monthly

N "Cheer Up America," the bright side of American democracy is depicted by William Allen White, in what might well be called an American apology. The dark side of the picture is not hidden, but the famous Kanson takes issue with those who magnify the faults, and overlook the virtues of the American nation. There is many an injustice in our democratic system, he admits, but the progress of civilization must be measured by its effect upon man in the average. There is no place in the world, where good-will and mutual consideration are so evident. The presence of self-respect, and the absence of a cringing attitude among American workers is strongly brought out. What America has done with humanity, is to make the dynamic man, the man eager for change.

We are not uncultured, as our attackers would have it, for Mr. White truly remarks, that we patronize art, if we do not create it. But to this astute journalist, the fact that millions seek to become Americans, and throw off their own nationalities is our greatest challenge to the world.

At this time when so many are condemning the ideals and institutions of the American democracy, it is a pleasure to see the nation defended by so able a champion.

Gilbert K. Chesterton gives us another Father Brown story in "The Red Moon of Meru." A Hindoo divine and a London spendthrift are among the visitors at an English castle. When a famous ruby disappears the Oriental is placed under suspicion, but on its sudden reappearance is credited with supernatural powers. The priest is not deceived. He smiles and philosophizes. We learn that the spendthrift stole the gem, and for fear of detection, returned his theft, while the Hindoo was willing to undergo the suspicion, so as to be considered a master of the supernatural.

THE BOOKMAN

"The New Mr. Tarkington", by Joseph Collins, is an appreciation of Booth Tarkington from the viewpoint of a realist. What the author styles the evolution of Tarkington from "pure romance to sheer realism", is traced through the many novels that the Indianan wrote from "The Gentleman from Indiana" to "The Plutocrat."

Among the facts brought to light about Tarkington, are, that he never quite throws off the romantic, that his novels resemble those of William Dean Howell, that he sometimes was guilty of bad grammar, and that he is an idealist. The author believes that the same men and women live through all Tarkington novels. The Novelist is praised for his eye to the particular and talent for details, and accused of superficiality. In the opinion of Mr. Collins, Booth Tarkington created pictures and situations, but lacks the fire of the inspired. "The Two Vanrevells" is mentioned as the "half-way house" of Tarkington's novels, and "Penrod," "Cherry," and "Women," are considered most favorably by the critic.

Those of us, who have enjoyed Booth Tarkington's novels, can hardly agree with so strong a criticism of his genius, and one wonders if Tarkington's evidence of the unsavory themes of the modern novel, might not have aroused the ire of its advocates.

"Literature, Its Cause and Cure," by William McFee, is a clever attack on several of the theories held about literature of to-day. The author begins his theme, by declaring that the age of machinery is responsible for the increase in literature. He says that two extremes are held in regard to literature, one that it is a hobby, the other that it is a business. A middle course is the better; it is an amusement trade, at the present moment. Still, literature is an art, but it is not true that anything amusing is not literature. The habit of condemning what is interesting, and praising what is dull is next attacked.

There is no formula for the short story. The creative genius cannot be imparted. What is "profoundly conceived and set down," is the secret of greatness in literature, and is the goal of every writer. Our danger is to mistake the laborious profound. That we need more writers who can spend a greater amount of time on their novels, is the author's opinion.

The collection is the "best" short stories of the year is condemned, and the policy of desiring to decide which story is the best, is regretted. Little faith is placed in the study of "best" short stories.

The author closes by ridiculing those who think that modern literature is exhausted, and points out that present literature, not real literature, is decaying.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.



Basketball



WASHINGTON'S birthday found the Dukes at New Concord, Ohio, where they engaged the giant Muskingum quintet in a weird contest. The champions of the Buckeye State, having previously bowed to the Red and Blue, put up their most formidable defense. The Dukes, past masters of this method of play, were equally cautious. With both teams playing a strictly defensive game, the first half produced one of the lowest scores of the season, the Bluffites holding the edge at 9-7 at the midway mark. The second half began with the same airtight defense—and a new referee. Without casting aspersions on the Ohioans, it is singular that Captain O'Donovan and Jock Rosenberg, both sought the showers via the personal foul route. Not long after the third quarter began, with the passing of these two mainstays, the going became tough for the wearers of the Red and Blue. The Muskies, sensing a victory, put their all into a great spurt in the final moments of play to win 30-18. Roy O'Donovan, before his ejection from the melee, lived up to all the complimentary things said of him. Dick Schrading was the only Duke, outside of O'Donovan, who was able to elude the Muskingum defense. The Monessen flash looped a trio of field goals.

A much improved basketball team, in the personnel of Thiel College, offered the Dukes some stiff opposition before being vanquished to the tune of 35-28. An easy win, early in the season, prompted the Hillmen to take matters easily during the first half, with the result that the Dukes led at this juncture by only five points, the count reading 17-12. With the start of the third stanza, Thiel opened up and before many minutes the score was even at 17 all. Then the fun began! With both teams fighting desperately for the lead, the score

changed to 19 all and then 21 all. The Dukes managed to gain a one point advantage before the gun ended the quarter, Shilling, a thorn in the Duke's side, started the final quarter with a field goal. With Thiel playing like mad, Davies sent in Rosenberg, who had withdrawn in favor of Jerry Reich, to stem the tide. The powerful Jock soon made himself acquainted with the loop, and the Dukes began scoring at will. Within three minutes, the Bluffmen played the Thiel array dizzy and added another Tri-State win to their already sizeable total.

The Dukes were forced to swallow bitter defeat at New Wilmington, Pa., when Westminster won a closely contested battle by the score of 22-20. Off to a whirlwind start, the New Wilmington crew delighted a houseful of admirers by leading the Dukes at the end of the first half. The Red and Blue's famed defense momentarily slipped during the early part of the tussle and Westminster succeeded in utilizing every advantage. The third period ended with the Dukes seven points behind, the score being 17-10. With their backs to the wall, the Dukes began a spectacular rally, only to see it fall to nothing as Crowell, of Westminster College, tallied his only field goal of the game as the whistle trilled. O'Donovan, Serbin and Rosenberg were instrumental in evening the count. It was a tough game to lose, yet it hardly affected Duquesne's Tri-State standing.

The night of March 1, 1927, will long remain cherished in the memory of Duquesne students. This night saw Duquesne not only win the Tri-State Conference championship, but also gain permanent possession of the trophy as well. The game with Bethany, despite the fact that the championship hinged on it, was only a minor event. The real magnet that taxed the capacity of the gymnasium was the passing of Captain Roy O'Donovan and Johnny Serbin. After four years of stellar playing, this popular pair found a vast throng waiting to pay them homage in their final home game under Red and Blue colors. Dr. Moran, of the School of Accounts, presented Roy and his illustrious mate, Johnny Serbin, with handsome traveling bags, tokens of esteem from the student body. Captain O'Donovan received a scholarship from the Very Reverend President. Both were accorded fitting eulogies. On account of the preliminary activities, the game was late in starting. When hostilities finally got under way, the question of superiority was evident. Duquesne played its usual game and romped home to a 30-19 victory.

The final game of the year took place at Beaver Falls. Geneva College, arch enemy of the Dukes, went down to defeat, gamely fighting. Not until the final minute of play had either team displayed a marked superiority over the other. The score stood at 21-19 in favor of Duquesne at the last minute, then two rapid fire field goals cinched the melee as the final whistle blew. Some few hundred Duke students cheered lustily for the 25-19 victory. Joe Vernon, with six field goals, led the Duke attack. Pussy O'Donovan and Dick Schrading garnered a pair apiece.

On March 11, the Varsity engaged a team of All-Stars, picked and headed by Chick Davies, in a benefit affair. Before the game, Chester L. Smith presented the Dukes with the basketball trophy, emblematic of three years' championship on the Tri-State courts. Dick Schrading was also honored before the game with the presentation of a leather bag. Dick makes the fourth star to leave the Dukes this year, Dom De Maria having left school. The game with the All-Stars proved a study in defensive tactics. Both teams resorted to this style of play and little scoring was done by either during the first half, which ended 9-6, with O'Donovan and his mates on top. In the third quarter, Chick, aided by Reich, Monahan, Collodi, and De Maria, started a rally which gained the All-Stars a one point advantage at the end of the stanza. The final period was hard fought, but the Varsity managed to win, 26 to 20. It was Duquesne night—and Duquesne year!

M. A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.



Side Line Comment

The Conference bought a trophy, that was to last for years,
But the Dukes were far the better of the others, it appears.

In seasons three they won,—and how!

The famous cup is theirs,—and now,
The Tri-State League must buy again. More money! and
more tears!

* * *

Whoop-oo-lah! A little poetry now and then will never
harm the best of men. Anyway, Spring has come. With it
comes the end of the basketball season for the Dukes. With it

comes the end of the greatest, most scintillant, most blood-curdling, hair-raising, heart-breaking and thrilling season, that the Bluff fans have ever had the privilege of witnessing. With it also comes a lot of other strange phenomena; for instance, graduation, and, believe it or not, every year some of the boys graduate. This year, when the old sheepskins are peddled, three of the greatest,—if not the three greatest, basketball players, that ever wore the Red and Blue, will yodel their Swan song and make their final bow. Out into the hard, cruel world goes “Pussy” O’Donovan, Johnny Serbin, and “Hooks” Schrading. Out and away from the warm friendships and familiarities of college life. Never again will we see “Pussy” stamp his foot and sorrowfully shake his head as he steps up to the free throw line. Nor again will we be warmed by Serbin’s sunny smile or thrilled by his beautiful archers. And gone forever are those familiar words, “Don’t be a chump.”

* * *

So much has been said and done in appreciation of Roy O’Donovan by students and faculty; so much has been written about his prowess and ability on the floor by capable and knowing critics, that it seems futile and useless to attempt to add anything here. We can say so little that has not already been said. Men who have witnessed games on the Bluff for many a long year, have called him “the greatest player ever to wear the uniform of the Dukes.” What more can be said? Roy knows how the students appreciate his work. We would like, in the name of the Monthly staff, to add our own little appreciation and good wishes. So long, Roy, and good luck!

* * *

As basketball players go, Roy was a great man, but in a very great measure his ability was made possible and evident by the presence of Johnny Serbin and Dick Schrading. One man, no matter how good he may be, can never make a team. Johnny and Dick were absolutely indispensable to the Dukes during the last four years. Schrading’s speed and daring; Serbin’s accuracy and steadiness, were just as important as O’Donovan’s technique and generalship. The three stars graduate this year. The great luminary was O’Donovan, but we must be careful not to ignore those other two who are equally deserving, and whose light helped to magnify the luminosity of O’Donovan. The three of them are equally worthy of our highest praise and deepest gratitude because they made a great basketball team for Duquesne. Vernon and Rosenberg will be with us again and so, while we extend our thanks

and appreciation for the season just ended, we reserve their praise until they, too, graduate or leave the Hill.

* * *

Johnny Serbin is perhaps the coolest, steadiest player, the Dukes have ever boasted. We are inclined to forget all he did for the Red and Blue, because of that unfortunate slump this year. Towards the fag-end of the season, Johnny's sharp eye went back on him. He just couldn't ring them up. However, this did not make him of any less value to his mates. Realizing that he was "off" on his shooting, Johnny stopped trying, and bent all his efforts on working the ball up to the point where someone else could ring the gang. Johnny was always there where he was needed and never where he wasn't needed. The so-called slump was a trifling matter, when we look over Serbin's record for the last four years. Then it was Serbin who pushed up the score; Serbin who took away our breath with long, beautifully arched shots, that dropped through the hoop cleanly. And always Johnny was the same,—quiet, cool, steady. Whether he was high-scorer or not, he plugged away at the same even pace. Like Roy and with Roy he played for the team, not for himself.

It is our hope, Johnny, that as you read this (if you ever do), you may hear the cheers of the entire student body, from the oldest man in the school of Law down to the youngest Prep,—all wishing you good luck and happiness.

* * *

Then we have good old "Hooks." Our old friend, Dick, also steps out this year on the great highway. Dick Schradling, like Serbin, met with some hard luck this year. He was taken down with pneumonia at the beginning of the season, and had quite a long siege. As a matter of fact, he never came around to his playing strength until the last few games. However, when he did finally get in the game, he proved that Old Man Pneumonia was no match for him. He was the same speedy, flashing, daring Schradling, who would score a two-pointer just when most unexpected and just when most needed. In his four years with the Debonair Dukes, Schradling built up a reputation for himself in this district that will live for many a year. He was, perhaps, individually responsible for more victories than we credit to him. "Hooks" was always there in the pinch, and it was a mere nothing for the "Monessen Flash" to pull the game out of the fire by ringing up two or three doubles in the last minute of play. **No matter how gloomy** the outlook, Schradling never seemed to give up. Despite the

hard luck which kept him out of the line-up for the greatest part of the season just ended, Dick Schrading must come in for a lion's share of praise and gratitude from the students. Besides his basketball ability, Schrading was a real friend to almost every student. All of us will miss his happy, beaming smile and his cheerful voice, and so we watch his passing somewhat sorrowfully, while we extend to him our sincere good wishes for a bright future.

* * *

Thus we witness the passing of three great men of the indoor court,—O'Donovan, Serbin and Schrading.

* * *

Vernon and O'Donovan were named on the All-Conference Five and on the All-Tri-State Five, composed of Conference and non-Conference teams,—quite an honor for the Dukes.

* * *

Roy was mentioned as the best all around player of the whole district, with Reed of Pitt, second,—also an honor. The Dukes were Conference champions, with Pitt as the Non-Conference leaders, but the championship of the entire district, Conference and Non-Conference, was given by the Pittsburgh papers to Duquesne. All this is not to be sneezed at. However, here's something else. Look over these names;—"Chewy" Davies, Eddie Gall, Houston, Coy Harrison, "Moon" Klinsing, Cingolani, Tracy, Vebulunas, Kendricks, Cherdini, O'Donovan, Schrading, Serbin, De Maria, Monoghan, Rosenberg, and Vernon, (Vebulunas, the younger). There they are. Pick your own all-time, all-American, basketball team.

* * *

Before we run out of ink, we have a few more good-byes to make. First of all to the Intramural League. With a beautiful, complacent smile and a sort of "I-told-you-so" expression, Dean Muldoon placed the Pharmac Cup atop his desk where it belongs,—as the Pharmacs say. It certainly belonged there this year. Rosenberg's proteges swept all before them, and to the victor goes the spoils. The Intramural League was again a great success in this, the second year of its existence. May it so continue. At least don't let it die now that the Pharmacs have their cup back again. The Arts were the runners up for the second time. The third floor boys must be laboring under some kind of complex. They play like champs until the home-stretch is reached, then suddenly become afflicted with paralysis and cave in like a boulevard slide. The third time's the charm, they say. The college ought to register next

year certainly. However, in two successive years they have been the most consistent winners. The Accounts hold the honor of handing the Pharmics their only defeat of the year. Because of graduation the Accounts five was considerably weaker than last year, and the same holds true for the Pre-Meds.

* * *

A lot of credit for the success of the league is due to the fatherly efforts of Mike McNally and Mart Cusick. It was pathetic to see the tears that filled their eyes, as they watched their little league do its stuff for the last time. Mart and Mike were heart and soul in their work and they did credit to their respective schools, by the way in which they handled the affairs of the league. A little more of the Mart and Mike spirit would not hurt our University. A beautiful Intramural friendship sprang up between these two. Continually the writer was being asked, "Where's Mike?" or, "Did you see Mart?" The only strain on the family tie was the fact that Mart wanted the Accounts to win and Mike was all for the Arts. However, thanks to the Pharmics, everything came out all right, and so the Mart and Mike alliance is still intact.

* * *

And now comes the saddest task of all. All these good-byes, all these fond reminiscences have caused the copious tears of our pent up emotions to gush forth unrestrainedly. The deep, poignant sorrow is in no way relieved by the fact that one more farewell must be made. If anyone has been courageous enough to plow through all this, he will no doubt be relieved to know that this is our own last sally. No more will our friend, the Editor, tear at us, "Where is that Side Line Comment?" Do you think we'll hold the magazine up for the likes of you?" Ah! those bitter words! No longer do they seem bitter. Now we see how dear they were to our heart—which breaks with anguish as we contemplate leaving the job, but leave we must, so why weep.

But as we said in the beginning, "Spring has come." Just now we can hear the bird singing. The sun is warm and the breath of summer is in the air. We hear a robin and they say, "They'll be no more sobbing when the red-red-robin comes bob-bob-bobbing along." So we leave off the weeps, say we, and as this article began, so let it end, and let it rest in peace. Once more a big whoop-oo-lah, and some more poetry.

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore" we'll fill these pages as of yore, With bunk and junk and so-called news of how the Dukes did win and lose. No longer will we rant and rave, we had the chance that we did crave. We hope we haven't been a bore, that's all there is, there ain't no more.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A. B., '27.

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Dawn


When first I see the morning sun
Begin to peep
Above the hills, and night is done,
And pleasant sleep
Is interrupted by the touch
Of tepid rays,
I wonder much.

What promise has it made to me
That it should come
Each morning for my eyes to see?
A pendulum
That swings, unceasing, left to right
And makes a day,
And then a night.

And when the day is gone again,
And darkness fills
My half of mother earth, ah then,
I cure my ills
With balmy sleep that makes me yawn
When I behold
Another dawn.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. S., in E., '28.

Be Yourself

 HERE is an old Greek saying, which means, know thyself. Considered as a gem of wisdom, it has been preserved and brought down to us, even to the present day. To-day we hear it in a modern modification as "be yourself," a slang expression bandied about on the lips of the so-called "wise-crackers," that tribe of moderns who take delight in brutal frankness and cutting satire.

If they only knew what a wise caution it is, to "be yourself"—how pregnant with the wisdom born of centuries of experience—a formula for happiness—a formula for success. Alas! they did not know it. With them the phase, "be yourself" holds about equal place as a come-back with some such piece of wit as "So's your old man."

Ours is an age of pretense, of artificiality, an age inimical to simplicity and naturalness. I say "Ours is an age of pretense": I am not the first one that has said it, nor is this the first age about which it has been said. Countless other writers and speakers in countless other ages have said the very same thing. Our age is no different from the others; human nature does not change; and the desire to be something other than what one really is appears to be man's birthright. Hypocrisy was common in the time of the Pharisees, who merited Our Lord's particular enmity and the name of whited-sepulchres; it will, no doubt, be just as common at the dawn of the last day upon this earth.

To some, then, it might seem to be a waste of time to speak of pretense. "A necessary evil," they will say. "And, therefore, the less said about it, the better." Here, they err. Pretense may be an ever-present evil, it need not be an omnipresent one. It is our duty to keep it subjugated to the best of our ability.

To be oneself, a person must first know himself. This is easy, if he will but set about it in the right way. Everyone deep down in his heart knows just what he is; the knowledge is seldom flattering. His conscience tells him that he is not as good as his relatives think him; not even as good as he, himself, would like to think he is.

Know yourself—learn to look at your mirror from the proper angle; cast upon your reflection the spotlight of truth. If what you see there satisfies you, you are wearing rose-colored glasses. Discard them for the crystal-clear ones of

truth. Then, if what you see there arouses your pity or even contempt—good. That is a wholesome sign. Don't look over your shoulder to see who is standing behind you; but learn to look at the image which arouses your pity, and to say, if ungrammatically, at least truthfully, "That is me." And above all, do not reach again for your rose-colored glasses. Throw them out. For, while it is true that most people wear them, the peculiar fact about them is, that they are effective only when looking at oneself.

An amusing incident comes to my mind as an example of this. A graduating class in a girls' academy were having their pictures taken for the year book. They all went to the photographer and had six different poses taken. When the proofs arrived, do you know what happened? Fully seventy-five per cent were unsatisfied with the entire six poses and insisted on having their pictures taken over again.

So then, if, when looking at your true image, you find yourself disgustingly average and commonplace, do not be discouraged. At least, you have a solid foundation to build on. You have secured the true perspective. Now set yourself to work. Throw high-lights on your desirable characteristics, tone down those less desirable, obliterate the reprehensible. Above all, see that your background be not artificial, but that it embody all the characteristics of simplicity and naturalness.

I need not go into the benefits of naturalness; they are self-evident. I would, however, like to dwell on the disadvantages arising from artificiality and pretense.

The embarrassing situations and awkward positions into which pretense brings us, are only too well known to all of us. The comic strip, "Keeping Up With the Jones," illustrates well the predicaments into which pretenders are likely to become embroiled. The fate of pretenders is often amusing, more often tragic.

A humorous example is that of the young man who always boasted of himself as a globe-trotter. He claimed particular and intimate knowledge of France and of Paris. You can imagine his discomfiture, when, one day, when asked whether he had seen the gendarmes in Paris, he replied that he had never visited the zoo.

On the other hand, that pretense can often be the cause of tragedy is easily seen from the following pathetic little story, a true one:

A young man, who was a clerk in one of the cities' law offices, fell in love with a certain young girl. By dint of pretending that he was a young man of wealth and by showering her with costly presents, which took all of his salary, he finally won her. Imagine her disillusionment when she discovered his real circumstances; and when she found that she had traded the ease and comfort of her father's home for the comparative poverty of her married life. Imagine the bitterness that followed.

That was many years ago. Time has dulled the sharpness of the discontent in that family, but real peace has never entered into it. The man still holds the same job with a slightly higher salary. He has developed into an average hen-pecked husband and she into an average, nagging wife.

Thus we see what happens to a life built upon a foundation of pretense. How different might things have been, if discarding all pretext, he had gone to her, just as he was, and tried to win her love. If he had won her in this way, she would have worked with him and helped him on to success, their home life, a thing of peace and content instead of a disillusionment and bitterness. If he had not won her, time would have healed the poignancy of his grief and perhaps, ultimately, have brought him peace.

Nearly every great man was a model of naturalness and simplicity. The man who is perfectly natural is the one who stands head and shoulders over the ordinary mob. Take Christ, what more shining example of simplicity do we have than the Saviour? Take Lincoln, who is more natural than "Honest Abe"? Take the symphonies of Beethoven, probably the greatest music ever conceived by a human mind. Why? Because they are perfectly natural. There is no artificiality in the music of Beethoven, no morbidity, no unwarranted complexity. All is simple, wholesome and absolutely spontaneous. Compare Milton and Shakespeare. How much lovelier is the perfect naturalness and spontaneity of Shakespeare than the ponderous periods of Milton, whom one can often feel striving after effect. Great, as is the works of the latter, those of Shakespeare will be loved and read long after those of Milton are forgotten. Take the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, when Juliet is about to bid her love adieu. Does she say it in long terms of endearment. No—just this, "Sweet, good night." What could be lovelier; and all on account of its perfect naturalness.

Having seen, then, the benefits of "being yourself," there remains the necessity of giving a few hints as to how one can learn to do this. As O. O. McIntyre says, one of the best means is the acquiring of the ability to say "no." For instance, someone asks for the loan of a dollar, and you know that he will never repay it, or when a bum asks you for a dime, don't say that you are broke or that you have nothing less than a fifty dollar bill; just simply say "no." Or if a friend asks you to buy a five dollar ticket to hear a lecture on the salubrious and hygienic qualities of monoaceticacidester of salicyclic acid, don't pretend that you know all about it and really can't go because your wife isn't interested in that sort of thing; just simply say "no."

You will be more respected and will be at least considered truthful. Some of the most popular people I know are just the ones who have acquired the ability to say "no." This very ability makes their "yes" all the more pleasing.

So, then, if you want to avoid all kinds of awkward situations, if you want to be respected and preeminent in your walk of life, if you want to be happier than you ever were before—Be yourself.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.





Fathers' Sons

IF you would take the west road out beyond the city limits of Bridgeport, and would continue along its dusty way for perhaps five miles, you would notice an old ramshackle farmhouse set back away from the roadside. This dilapidated house, as badly in need of paint as its surroundings were of care, years back had been the cause of much speculation on the part of the inhabitants of this sleepily little city nestling off the beaten path of progress. No newcomer, no transient visitor ever was allowed to remain unaware of its story—that is, as much of its tale as was known. Any one of the citizens of Bridgeport could tell you how old John Graham, his wife, a son Marc, and a daughter, Emily had come into the city, ten years ago, and had taken the Thomas farmhouse just outside the city limits. No one knew their past history or why they had come. The Grahams, in turn, made no effort to enlighten them. For the first year or so, the citizens of Bridgeport noticed that strange people came and went. Then the little girl died, and gradually the Grahams and their life were forgotten.

Then it chanced that the auto of that debonair young fellow, Bob Martin, was slightly damaged in an accident along the highway, and Bob and his friend, Lee Stack, were forced to stop for several hours in Bridgeport. While waiting for the car, they decided to take a stroll down Fifth Street, which was the city's main thoroughfare. These two, sauntering along in the noon hour rush, were much like two college boys. Indeed, they were scarcely more. Both had been graduated just three years before. After leaving school, they continued to be the same close friends. They were just now returning from a vacation spent together in a camp in Canada. Tall above the average, with clean, open faces, now burned a dark tan, they were fine specimens of active outdoor life.

They stopped at a corner to watch the lunch hour crowd of hurrying men and women in their mad scramble to get something to eat and get back to their places of employ-

ment. Now John Graham, a little man with a slight stoop and a dejected air, passed down the street. He looked into the face of Bob Martin, gasped, began to speak, but turning quickly about, he stumbled back the way he had come. Bob also was visibly affected. His features were rigid, his face pale. He took a step forward, as though he would follow the old man, then stopped gazing vacantly after the retreating form of John Graham. Lee, who was the astonished spectator of this strange little scene, shook Bob roughly.

"Snap out of it, Bob. Did you see a ghost? Say, do you know him?" He pointed in the direction in which Graham had disappeared.

Bob ignored the question. He reached nervously for a cigarette and lit it. After a few puffs, he tossed it away, and with a forced smile, grabbed the arm of Lee.

"Let's get out of here. I think our car is finished, anyway."

They returned to the garage and found the car ready for them. With little delay, they resumed their drive homeward. Bob was strangely silent and moody. Lee had to repeat several times whenever he spoke to him. After these few attempts at conversation, Lee lapsed into silence. These two had learned to respect each other's desires, and as they drove along he quietly regarded his old friend. They were boyhood chums. At school they had always been found together. One's trouble was the other's concern. One wag had termed them the "Beloved Twins." They had gotten in and out of many scrapes together. Their escapades were numerous. But never had Lee remembered seeing Bob act so strangely. Usually he was so lively. In any crowd, he was the leader of its gaiety. These, and many other thoughts, passed through Lee's head as the car traveled mile after mile with no sound from its driver.

Just as dusk was falling, they arrived at a little town along the highway. They decided to stop there over night. Bob had little to say at dinner, and very shortly he retired to his room for the night. Lee sat for a time on the porch, and after his cigar had died away he went to his room.

II

But Bob Martin was not the only one that was disturbed by that chance meeting on Bridgeport's main street. John Graham, after his meeting with Bob, walked blindly on, apparently unaware of his surroundings, and he muttered unin-

telligible words to himself. He made his way back to his place of employment at last, and when five o'clock came he went home.

That evening, the Graham family was gathered in the sitting room. To Marc Graham, as he came in, it was not clear whether it was the poor light or the plainly angry and agitated countenance of his father that made that shabby room seem so forbidding. He stopped in the doorway a moment. His mother looked up from the evening paper and smiled at him. Marc Graham was tall and slender, rather too slight to be very strong. Light, wavy hair began well back on his head. He carried himself with an athletic stride as he advanced into the room.

"I think that I shall run into town to-night, Dad. Do you want anything?"

"Can't you ever stay in, Marc?" The old man's voice was querulous and very tired.

"But John," interposed Mrs. Graham, soothingly, "Marc hasn't been out this week. What makes you so irritated to-night, dear? Did something go wrong to-day?"

Mr. Graham did not answer, and Marc, putting on his hat, said, "Well, I think I'll run along."

"Don't stay too late now, Marc," his mother called after him.

There was silence in the room after the boy had left. Only the rustle of the paper as Mrs. Graham turned its pages could be heard. John Graham sat very still in his chair, staring vacantly at the opposite wall.

After a bit, Mrs. Graham turned to her husband. "You know, John, I think you are worried about something. Tell me, what is the matter?"

Mr. Graham got up and walked about the room. Finally he came back and sat down beside her. "Yes, Mary, I am disturbed to-night. To-day, at noon, something brought the whole story back to me again. I wanted to forget that experience, as I promised you I would, but I can't Mary."

"John, it doesn't do us any good to fret about it. It is over. Why don't you forget, or at least stop trying to fill Marc's head with bitterness. You are making his youth unhappy with this constant cry for revenge, and you are spoiling your own peace of mind."

"I know, Mary, I know. But it is hard to see you living in a place like this, and wearing cheap clothing, and working

so hard. I wanted Marc to have a fine education and every opportunity. But now it is all out of the question." Bitterness had crept into his voice. "To-day, Mary, I met that young Martin. To-day, here in Bridgeport. Face to face on Fifth Street. His insolence and contempt made me want to kill him. And I want to do it when I think he is getting everything that I desired for you and Marc. He has grown like the thief who was his father. I——."

"Hush! You must not say such things. You must forget that horrible past. You have Marc and me. We are happy." Mrs. Graham put her arm about him and tried vainly to soothe him. He was becoming more and more excited.

"I can't, Mary, I can't. You know you are not happy in this forsaken hole. I'll go crazy yet. Oh, if Martin had only played fair! I ought to have killed him that day in the office. I——."

But he never finished the sentence, for he crumpled up in a heap on the floor. Mrs. Graham knelt beside him, working over him feverishly. She was not able to lift him. With pillows and blankets she made him as comfortable as possible on the floor. For a time he failed to respond to her efforts to revive him. After a while he opened his eyes. He tried to speak and Mrs. Graham, bending down, caught the word "Marc." She told him that Marc had not yet returned. He closed his eyes again. As the moments sped by, Mrs. Graham could see that he was growing weaker and weaker. She was afraid to leave him, and there was no one nearby to help her. About eleven o'clock, Marc came in. His mother sent him hurriedly for assistance. Having called the doctor from a neighbor's house, he rushed back to his father's side. The doctor arrived, and after an examination he gave them no hope for the patient's recovery. About three o'clock, Graham opened his eyes and smiled faintly at Marc. When he tried to speak, the boy bent his head to catch his father's words.

"You must—— get——Martin. Make him pay. Watch mother——. Get Martin. He stole the ——."

His voice died away. Marc thought that he was dead, but a slight breathing was still noticeable.

Just before morning, however, John Graham died.

III

Lee Stack lay awake, listening to the moving about in Bob Martin's room. After a bit, he got up and went over to his friend.

"Say, Old timer, can't you keep still and let us all sleep? What's worrying you?"

"Nothing. You better sleep, Lee. Don't bother about me."

"If you can't sleep, I may as well keep you company. You've been on the fidgets since you saw that old fellow. Is that what has upset you?"

"Yes, I suppose it has. It is a long story, Lee, and I am not sure that telling it will make it any better for me."

Lee went over to him and put his hands on Bob's shoulders. "Bob, we've been buddies since we were kids. You have gotten me out of scrapes and helped me over the rough spots. I'd do the same for you any time. You know that. If you think telling me what's troubling you will not help you, then don't. Tell me to get out instead. It makes no difference to me. If you want to, go ahead."

"I am not so sure, Lee, that if I told you this story you would still want to be my friend."

"Bob, what kind of a friend do you think I am? A fair weather buddy? We have been together too much to let some old story make any difference between us now."

"I think you are right, Lee. I'll tell you the whole story. You can judge for yourself."

Lee's only answer was a confident nod.

"That old man was John Graham, the man my father purposely and deliberately ruined. They were——"

"John Graham!" Lee exclaimed. "Not the Graham that controlled the bank——?"

"Yes, Lee, the bank that he built up till it was the most important one in the State. My father and Graham were partners and the best of friends. In fact, Dad owed his start to Graham. Well, the bank began to lose money and slip from its prominent place in banking circles. Graham unjustly accused Dad. They quarreled. Dad never forgave Graham, and when the chance came, he ruined his old friend and forced him out of the bank. Graham dropped out of sight. The whole affair was hushed up. It never got into the papers. I didn't know anything about it until after Dad's death. Then a letter, which he had instructed his attorney to give me after his death, told the whole story. In the letter was a new will, leaving the biggest portion of his fortune, with the exception of a few thousand, to John Graham. No one knew about the

new will but myself. The lawyer had Dad's first will, which was made out in my favor." Here Bob faltered. He got up and walked to the window. He stood for a moment looking out into the night. Then turning to Lee, he continued his story.

"Why do people sell their souls for money, Lee? Oh, well—you can guess the rest. I destroyed the new will. The fortune came to me. I'd never have done it, Lee—you've got to believe me—if I had not been heavily in debt. You know lots of the fellows borrowed from old man Zister. Well, I borrowed more than was sensible. He was threatening me with jail and exposure if I didn't pay up. I was frantic. As you know, I was engaged to Betty then. I knew if Zister's story ever got out, I would be done as far as Betty was concerned. Well, I lost her, anyway. The rest was settled. Since then I have tried to keep Graham out of my mind, kidding myself into believing that he couldn't be found. To-day, we met him. There, Lee, you have the story."

For a moment neither spoke. Lee just clutched Bob's arm very tightly. "I am sorry, Bob. I think if I were you I'd — go to bed."

Bob sat up for a long time after Lee had gone. "I can't give it back," mused Bob. "Very likely the Grahams would put me in jail. I deserve it, I suppose. Why did Dad do such a thing? He brought me up to desire riches and the easy things of life. Then he expected me to give them all up. Poor old Dad."

At breakfast, Lee met Bob as if nothing unusual had happened. Neither referred to the events of the night before. Shortly after eating, they resumed their journey. Bob sensed, as they traveled closer to home, that Lee was disappointed in him. Just before they parted at Lee's apartment, he said, "Bob, pardon me for interfering in your affairs, and I'll never do it again. You ought to hunt that old man up and give him his fortune."

Bob did not reply. They shook hands and he went home.

IV

Ten years have come and gone since Bob Martin met John Graham on the street in Bridgeport with such far-reaching effects on the subsequent history of both. During those years, Bob carried the business of his father to even greater heights of success. He occupied one of the foremost positions in the city's life and was held as a truly great business man.

With it all, however, he was not entirely happy. He had ruthlessly crushed the voice of his conscience and the advice of his best friend, Lee Stack. Every now and then the wan face of an old man rose up before him.

Then suddenly a new figure appeared on the banking horizon with far-reaching effects. The Martin Bank found itself fighting desperately to hold its position against the competition of the new rival. The bank was slipping slowly behind, the other forged ahead. The situation becoming acute, President Martin called a meeting of the Board of Directors.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have called you together again, despite the fact that our scheduled meeting is not due until next month. The plan devised at our last meeting has not improved our condition. The rival concern continues to cut into our trade. At the present rate, we will not last six months. The situation is critical. Something must be done. I confess it frankly, I do not know what to do. Have any of you gentlemen a plan whereby we may strengthen our position?"

The members shifted uneasily in their seats. They spoke to each other in whispers. This thing was getting on their nerves. They had tried several plans with little success. They were not only worried, but becoming panicky, for most of them had all their resources tied up in the bank.

"I don't quite see why this new bank can't either be stopped or bought off." Mr. Thompson, one of the oldest members of the Board, was speaking. "In my long years of experience, I have never seen competition so keen, and what seems doubly strange, our bank is feeling the most of this competition. Who is this youthful financier that wrecks banks and remains in seclusion?"

In the midst of the confusion that followed these remarks, the secretary of Mr. Martin came to his side.

"Beg pardon, sir, but there is a gentleman who insists that I give you this letter."

Martin took the letter, turned it over in his hands several times, and after a moment's hesitation, tore it open and began to read. The others, who were watching the president closely, saw amazement and fear follow quickly after each other across Bob Martin's face. He finished reading, and for a moment appeared undecided just what to do. Then he signaled for silence.

"Gentlemen, I am called to my office for a conference which I consider very important. I beg your leave to go. Will Mr. Thompson take the chair?"

He walked quickly to the door leading from the Directors' room to his own office, and before any one of the astonished men could speak he had closed it behind him.

Once inside, he sank into his chair and stared stupidly at the opposite wall. Then he rang for his secretary.

"Show the gentleman in, Miss Jasper, and see that we are not disturbed."

A moment later, the door opened to admit a tall, slender man. His deep set eyes, which took in the whole room at a glance, and his long, thin face held no hint of leniency.

Mr. Martin motioned to a seat opposite him. For a second they regarded each other, the one not sure of his next move, the other like a cat ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting mouse.

"Well, sir, what is the meaning of this letter that you insisted upon me reading, despite the fact that there was a Directors' meeting going on?"

"Mr. Martin, do you know who I am?" The voice was stern, unyielding, tragic.

"I can't say that I do. There was a note about that letter, however, which made me want to see its author. We have met before?"

"You never saw me before, but I—I have watched you countless times. In fact, I have pictured this scene often in my imagination."

Surprise stopped any reply from Martin and the other continued: "Do you know why I have come here to-day, why for the last ten years you have been in my thoughts? You pretend you do not know. You appear surprised. Perhaps your memory does need a little jogging." Here he leaned over the desk toward Martin. "Out in a little cemetery in Bridgeport lies the grave of John Graham. Ah! I see you begin to recognize me. I'll help you. I am John Graham's son! The man, that your father cheated and that you killed, taught me but one lesson, and that was to make the Martins pay for their sins. The future of this bank lies within my hand. I can crush you like a little shell. I will."

The bitter voice died away. Martin, with the exception of his extreme paleness, seemed unperturbed by this violent outbreak.

"Well, what do you want me to do? Step out and give you the place? You hold the upper hand, Graham. I ask you to remember my family and the depositors in the bank."

"Did you remember my father or mother? Did you care when you robbed me of all the opportunities of life that I wanted most? You ask that of me!"

He laughed as he saw his words hit home. Martin shuddered.

"Martin," and this was said with deadly deliberateness, "you turn the money, which your father stole, over to me by to-morrow at noon or I shall publish the whole affair, and in less than three months I'll have you and your bank crushed out of existence."

"But man! that will ruin the bank. We are so cramped now that if I were to draw out my holdings we would fail and the losses to depositors would be enormous. You can't want that."

Graham had arisen. He walked to the door. "To-morrow at noon."

He closed it softly behind him.

V

The night that followed had been one of terror for Martin. All through its long hours he had wrestled with the issue. Should he give up the money and thereby ruin the bank and its depositors? Or should he refuse to withdraw his holdings for Graham and allow him to publish the story, ruining him and destroying the esteem and honor which the city had for him and for his father. Many times during that night he cursed the folly of his father and his own weakness when he refused to heed his conscience and Lee's advice to "hunt up the old man and give him the money."

The hours of the morning passed slowly for him. Twelve o'clock was but fifteen minutes away. Up and down, up and down, Martin paced the floor. At five minutes to twelve, Graham appeared in the adjoining office. He told the boy that he wished to see the president. A moment later, he was following the boy into the office of Bob Martin.

The president sat before his desk. He showed no outward sign of the struggle that was being waged within. Except for the strained look about his eyes and the tenseness of his body, one might have thought that he was receiving an ordinary caller. Graham took a chair just opposite Martin's

desk. They sat there in silence till the little chimes of the desk clock proclaimed the hour of twelve. Then Bob Martin spoke.

"Mr. Graham, the last twenty-four hours have taught me much. I do not intend, however, to comply with your demand at this time. The bank could not withstand the withdrawal of so great a portion of its capital without serious harm to its depositors."

"You know, Martin, what that means?"

"I do."

Graham arose, hesitated as though he wished to speak, then turned abruptly and walked slowly out.

As the door closed, Martin's head sank upon his arms. Well, it was all over. Graham would publish the story. In a few hours the town would seethe with the news. A demand for his resignation would come. The effort of years of steady toil would be destroyed with one crushing blow. He had not made any plans for the future. After a bit he got up and began gathering his personal effects together. He would send his resignation to the Board before they asked him for it. After that, he had no aim save to get away. He glanced at the clock. Almost five. The papers probably had the story by now. He smiled grimly as he thought with what glee the rival bankers and a certain element of the town's population would receive Graham's story.

The door opened slowly. Martin, sitting at the desk removing his belongings, asked without turning his head:

"Well, what is it, Miss Jasper? I have no letters for you. You may go now."

There was no answer. Martin turned.

"Oh, so you've come back to see how thoroughly you had wrecked me, Graham?"

"No, I came to say that I can't do it. I cannot ruin you and the depositors as your father ruined mine. You know, Martin, two wrongs never make a right. I am going back to Bridgeport, to-night. I shall never bother you again. Good-bye."

VI

In a year's time, the Martin Bank once more rapidly outstripped its rivals. Martin was hailed as a financial genius. There was even talk of proposing him as a Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of the new President who was taking office that year.

As the months went by, Martin withdrew more and more of his funds and transferred them to an account which he had opened in Bridgeport. When his withdrawals equaled the amount which had come to him on his father's death, and the bank was showing no ill-effects from his action, he announced his resignation. It was reluctantly accepted.

A few days later he slipped out of town and arrived in Bridgeport. He trudged the five dusty miles out to the Graham farmhouse. Without words or ceremony, he simply handed a check to Graham and, without waiting for a reply, he left.

Graham, on recovering from his surprise, dashed out to the road just in time to see Bob Martin disappear from sight around the bend.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.



"Do Ut Des"

"Do ut des,"
The maiden said
As she tossed
Her pretty head
And gave him
The gift she'd bought.
(She knew Latin;
He did not;
At least that's what
The maiden thought.)

He was rather
Sweet on her,
She was hoping
For a fur,
"Do ut des;
Now don't forget,"
As she produced
A nice Gillette.

"Oh, how nice,"
He said to her,
Still he didn't
Buy a fur,
But from his vest
He brought a thing
That looked quite like
A diamond ring.

"Das ut dem—
You think you're smart!
Well, 'Do ut des,'
To me your heart."
Curtain.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.

Old Ironsides



THE most contemptible feeling that can lay hold of the heart of a man is ingratitude. Through all the ages it has been despised by men; men have hated it and all who have harbored it; ingratitude has been held up to contempt and scorn by poets, dramatists and other writers. The Bible contains many a warning against it, and men's greatest and most shameful sin has always been ingratitude to his God. When a man displays ingratitude he is suspected and thought capable of all that is mean and base. His ingratitude is taken as a criterion of his soul, and rightly so. When a nation shows ingratitude to its benefactor and preserver, what must we think? I have in mind a tale of ingratitude, a story of a nation's ingratitude to a noble ship whose battered hulk now rots in a Savannah navy yard.

Come back with me, in spirit, to those stirring days of 1812, when America's newly won liberty seemed about to be snatched away; when defeat stared her in the face, and enemies were on every hand and when black despair settled over the land. But there was one ray of light in the black gloom of failure. When things looked darkest, news would come of the frigate "Constitution," "Old Ironsides" as a grateful people called this famous ship. That news was always good news, news of victories, glorious and overwhelming, victories against great odds, achievements to stir the blood and quicken the pulse. Land forces might lose, other ships might go down, but the "Constitution" was always victorious. She was America's pride, America's boast. At the very mention of her name, faces lighted up. She rode the seas, free and untrammelled, the spirit of America, her proud masts raking the skies, her sails spread to the breeze, her sturdy hull cleaving a path through the ocean.

Her value to the nation cannot be measured according to the mere material or strategic effect of her victories. The result of these on the morale of the country was their chief value. Coming as they did, they helped bolster falling spirits and enkindle dying hopes. After the disastrous expedition into Canada and the defeat at Queenstown heights, everything looked glum indeed for our country. Weak men despaired and thought surrender inevitable, but when news came of the victory of the "Constitution" over the *Guerriere*, of England's defeat on the sea where she was deemed impreg-

nable, the faint-hearted forgot their cares and a spirit of hope and confidence spread over the land.

Surely this ship deserves our gratitude, surely the men who died on her deck deserve the gratitude of the nation they fought so nobly to preserve. You may have wondered why one should speak of ingratitude and the "Constitution." But the connection is all too apparent.

Consider the history of this grand and noble vessel since she rendered her last services to our country. In the thirties of the last century a movement was on foot to scrap her. After all her service and sacred associations, she was to be torn down and sold as old lumber and iron. But, fortunately, the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, hearing of this attempt, was roused to patriotic anger and he wrote the poem to her memory that secured him undying fame, "Old Ironsides." He lent his pen to her aid and enlisted patriotic Americans with his fervent words:

Aye! tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

This poem saved "Old Ironsides" from destruction at that time, but new enemies are attacking this grand old ship, which no living enemy could ever overthrow. These new enemies are the forces of neglect and decay. That battered hulk was not torn down, but now she rots in a navy yard, forgotten and neglected by the people for whom she fought.

Oh! let us preserve her, let this ingratitude go no further. She is sacred, sacred to liberty, consecrated by the blood of those who died on her decks. Let us save her for their sake. Let her be a monument to those men who gave unstintingly. When we are ungrateful to her, we are ungrateful to them. We have monuments in the shape of battlefields preserved to the memory of the heroes of the land, let us keep this ship as a monument to those of the sea.

She safeguarded the policies laid down by Washington, she stood for the ideals of the patriots who suffered at Valley Forge, who fought at Bunker Hill and Lexington. She inspired the fighters of 1812. Let us keep her and preserve

her that she may inspire future generations to do the things that those heroes of former days did. Do not let her rot, lest those ideals of honesty, fair play, love of liberty and hatred of tyranny rot with her.

If she was worth fighting for to those men, surely she is worth our preserving. To the men who dyed her decks red with blood, she was no mere thing of wood and iron. They loved her, they were ready and did die for her. Imagine their thoughts if, dying as they did, they could foresee her inglorious fate.

Oh! Better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the gods of storm,
The lightning and the gale.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

A Rose

No other flower, it would seem,
Is worthy of so great esteem
Because of loveliness supreme,
Or can disclose
Such qualities of sweet perfume,
The best that nature could assume
In one soft penetrating fume,
Except a rose.

No other can depict the hue
Of roses in the morning dew,
Not even if it really knew
The art of it.
No other, I can surely say,
That blooms upon a summer's day,
Can even think of trying to play
The part of it.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. S., in E., '28.

Tolerance



THE old adage: "What you don't know won't hurt you," has been severely criticized in recent years, and rightly so. The belief that because we do not know that within us are the germs of some deadly malady, and hence ignorance will protect us from their ravages, is obviously false. So it is with our body politic. It has been attacked by various insidious influences and we should rejoice that certain events have revealed these tendencies to us. Enemies are always to be feared, but hidden enemies most of all.

One of the proudest boats of this country, one that has been widely heralded and proclaimed when the slightest opportunity was given, is, that we are a tolerant nation; that in this great and marvelous country all religions are free to do their work. All men have the right to aspire to the highest offices, no matter what their religion may be. So again let us rejoice that finally truth has been revealed. It is this truth that shall make us free.

Had not the first governor in the land, the great governor of New York had the prestige, ability and personality to demand that he be considered as a presidential candidate we would not know of the smoldering coals of hateful intolerance that lurk under the thin crust of so-called American tolerance.

Just recently an "open-letter" was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* by a certain Mr. Marshal, and addressed to Governor Smith. Although it is very evident that this letter will aid the governor immensely, since it shows that he is recognized as the most formidable of all the candidates for the presidency, and although it will provide the governor with the opportunity of presenting a true and authoritative view on the matter, yet the impudence of the letter is not to be overlooked.

The writer takes it absolutely for granted that the Catholic Church has certain things in its doctrines that are radically opposed to our notions of free citizenship. He tries to prove it by some excerpts taken from pronouncements of Popes and bishops. Now it is perfectly clear to anyone that has participated in debating, that excerpts, especially those containing only a few lines, can be made to prove anything. They are much in the same category as statistics. You choose

only such lines as will aid your cause. Excerpts, without the surrounding texts, can be made to read anything, according to the desire of the writer.

When one reads this man's letter, his use of quotations is what first attracts attention. Father Talbot comments on this same thing. It cannot be called anything but deliberate malice. A man doesn't cull and select partial quotations from here and there, especially in the matter of religion, without some sinister purpose. He knows very well that to give only part of a quotation, having removed it from its surrounding matter, is unfair and unjust. The favorite example of the same sort is the Biblical one: "And Judas went out and hanged himself." "Go thou and do likewise."

Here is another example of the same sort of "tolerance." A recent issue of "The Outlook" gratuitously assumes that the Catholic Church is inseparably connected with politics. It says that this open-letter is very good, for the Church has always been connected with politics, both in this country and Europe. The statement that the Church in this country is and always has been involved in politics is a grievous falsehood. The man, who mentioned it, is guilty of either of two things: absolute ignorance of American political affairs or else insane bigotry has obscured his vision. Catholic parties have been formed in Europe, but not until some vile minorities threatened to take from Catholic majorities their inalienable and God-given rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Such is the "stuff" put out by these so-called "impartial" papers. If that is impartiality—well, let us pray for protection from partiality!

Mr. Marshal absolutely disregards the record of Governor Smith. If the Catholic Church is so opposed to American principles of government, why didn't it affect his governorship of the great state of New York? Why is it that nothing even approaching domination by the Church has ever been noticed during his many terms as governor. The presidency is only one step higher. In fact, the governor of a state has a more despotic and absolute rule over his commonwealth than the President has over the country. The President is not an absolute ruler, as some of these people must believe. Congress can put constant checks on his rule. Why, then, be afraid that a President, even if he desired, could ruin this country when his hands are tied in so many ways?

Why have men like Chief Justice White, Generals Meade, Sheridan, Rosecrans, and other Catholic men who are or have

been entrusted with the highest sort of responsibility, been so free from control by their Church, namely, the Catholic Church? Simply, because the Church, unlike most of the other religions, has severely abstained from anything that might be considered as political activity.

But bigots won't regard such facts as these. They do not want to see. As Caesar said: "Men believe that which they wish to believe."

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.

Pax

Here now the shores of Brittany
Where the heaving waves do roll
And the summer sun
When the day is done,
Casts shadows bleak and gray
Over the waters, calm and still;
There upwards on a lofty knoll
Stands a chaplet of the day
Of Saint Augustine and his mighty will;
And hark, the sound of a litany
Breaks out upon that peaceful scene,
Where trouble and strife nay mix atween,
Where, strange to tell,
Solitude and peace have learned to dwell.

A blowing wind of toilsome universe
Is breaking on the calm of night,
And a driving rain
With its might and main
Strives hard to break the charm of peace
Now nestled in that rock-bound cleft;
But soon the storm of dreadful blight
Is forced without its rage to cease,
And the sky is soon of clouds bereft,
And the wind has failed to leave its curse
Upon those ancient walls of stone,
That time had doomed to stand alone;
That now again,
Sound anew the tread of praying men.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Off With the Old



WITH this issue, the members of the Monthly staff for 1926-27 lay aside their blue pencils, close their desks and open wide the door to welcome to the sanctum, the gentlemen of the 1927-28 staff. This is in accordance with the resolution passed by the College of Arts' Student Council. The new staff will serve until May 1st, 1928.

It has been a real pleasure to edit the Duquesne Monthly. From the manifold duties of such a task, the departing staff has culled a vast amount of worthwhile knowledge and experience. It has learned that publishing a school journal is work, exacting, recurrent, at times tiresome, but withal, a work that gives satisfaction. The outgoing staff sought to reorganize the Monthly, and in some respects it succeeded. But the work is by no means completed. The new staff must take up their duties cognizant of the fact that they cannot stand still, but must be ever watchful for new ideas and always eager to introduce new features if they are to keep pace with the growth of Duquesne, if they are to give the University a magazine worthy of its 3,000 or more students.

While the Monthly, under the regime of the outgoing staff, represented wholly and entirely the work of students, still the number of those who engaged in the effort was far too small. There are any number of capable writers on the campus who would find work on the staff of the college publication both a pleasure and a source of instruction. They do not come forward because they feel out of touch with the group who take up the work of editing. This is true of every

college publication. Some of the schools of the country, however, have found a way out of the difficulty. They have done it in a fashion which Duquesne might follow with profit. Writing or Journalism Clubs are organized, and the condition of membership consists in having had something published. These groups—one might mention the Scribblers' Club at Notre Dame, the Pen and Pencil Club, and others of a like nature in the various colleges and Universities—have the task of editing and fostering the work of publication. The method apparently is successful. It draws the kindred spirits from the student body. It brings together, in a congenial atmosphere, persons with the same inclinations. It forms a compact group upon which to build a staff, and it offers a splendid chance for those people with literary tendencies to demonstrate their ability. Such a plan might be productive of good results here at Duquesne, just as it has been elsewhere.

Before the staff shall fold its tents and, like the traditional Arabs, steal silently away, its members would like to express their appreciation for the fine spirit of cooperation shown by the Monthly's readers and contributors. The Monthly also owes a debt of gratitude, which it is very pleased to acknowledge, to Rev. John Malloy, C. S.Sp., and Rev. Joseph Danner, C.S.Sp., for their very excellent, helpful and at all times willing support.

It is, then, with these mingled emotions that the staff hands over the Monthly to the very capable hands of its successors who will guide its destinies for the coming year.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

What Price Music!



T last the fondly cherished dream of a symphony society in Pittsburgh has become a reality. Pittsburgh has finally awakened to the necessity of breaking through its crust of gross materialism to a realization of the necessity for the higher things of life.

At what an effort this has been accomplished, we all know. We have read in the papers of the obstacles that beset the path of those striving to establish a symphony orchestra. Strangely enough, these were not of a financial nature, but were actually obstacles occasioned by opposition on the part of a certain group of men. "The Sabbath Association of the Pittsburgh Area" they call themselves.

Yes, it is Pittsburgh's shame that a symphony society, capable, eager to perform and amply financed, was forbidden to play because of a law that should have become defunct with the Pilgrim's pantaloons.

Were these laws of 1794 pressed by popular consent? No, indeed. They were advanced by a group of men supposed to be broad-minded, members of the so-called intelligentsia. They did everything in their power to stop these concerts. "A fight to the finish," they called it. A fight to the finish against what? Art and the progress of civilization.

One has but to examine the situation closely to realize its enormity. What are the things generally prohibited on Sunday as unlawful? Gambling-dens, speak-easies and rough-houses in general. Are we to class frequenters of these places with the people attending a Sunday concert? Can we designate art and beauty as criminal?

Imagine the howl of mirth that went up over the country at the news that the Pittsburgh authorities were going to stop the concert, empowered by the Blue Laws of 1794. No doubt the enthusiasm created by Beethoven's Symphony (the Pastoral one, forsooth) would cause a civic disturbance, where the joy would be "wild and vicious. And, again, how the laughter was redoubled at this piece of naivete in a Pittsburgh newspaper:

Symphony Concert Will Be Permitted. And down below in small letters (very small letters, indeed)—for members only.

To cap the climax, we had this piece of news the other morning:

The Director of Public Safety (of public safety, forsooth) declares that everyone that attends the concerts will be arrested. Imagine the sort of comment that this aroused. On reading it, one is surprised to some such lines, as follows:


Here lies a music lover ;
His death was premature.
He lost his life, while list'ning to
Euryanthe Overture.

But enough of these things. The less said about them, the better. The fact remains that Pittsburgh has attained the glory of a symphony society, all her own. Triumphant against natural and unnatural obstacles, unbeaten in the face of opposition, it has fought its way well toward a consummation of

its purpose. The world laughed at our attempts to establish a symphony society. It is up to us to prove them wrong; to wipe out the stigma on our name by interesting ourselves in this worthy undertaking; to interest ourselves in the higher arts in general; and to make Pittsburgh something else than merely the "Smoky City."

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

On Leaving The Theatre

OWHERE can a more interesting or more diversified gathering of people be seen than in front of a theatre when the show is over. They slowly crowd out through the narrow doors, pushing and being pushed, laughing, criticizing, and reviewing the performance they have just seen. Every one is in a good humor. The banker rubs elbows with his clerk, the cultured with the crude, the great with the unknown. Girls linger for a final dab with powder puff or lipstick, while their escorts hurry them, so they can get out and light up the inevitable cigarette. Everybody's happy.

This splendid spirit reflects the attitude of the genuine American pleasure-seeker at all times. Democracy is his chief characteristic, good fellowship his password. Snobbishness is intolerable to the true Yankee. The jostling and hurrying, which the sophisticated Englishman would frown upon, is accepted here as part of the fun. It is this mental relaxation, after a hard day's work, that keeps one's brain from becoming fatigued and dull. The American is essentially a worker, but he does not let his work interfere too much with his play.

Shakespeare has said, "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." It would be Utopia to wish that life was a theatre, and we could live in it and leave it as pleasantly as a happy crowd leaves after a pleasant evening. But, as it is, the best we can do is work when necessary, play when we can, and hope to get through the crowd at the door without damage.

RALPH HAYES, A. B., '29.

Farewell




WITH few exceptions, the staff of this year's Monthly takes leave of its work. Most of its members will graduate in June and will sever their journalistic connections with it. Therefore, we deem it appropriate to pay our respects to those who have labored so conscientiously in the advancement of student literary activities.

For many years, the Monthly has been the vehicle of our opinions, carrying them to friend and foe alike. To those who have seen fit to criticize unfavorably, we can only utter a word of forgiveness. But to those who have inspired us in word and deed and who have been instrumental in propagating the influence of our literary efforts, it is only right that we should speak our thanks in these pages. True friendship is possessed of infinite endurance and faith. Those who have endured with us and have kept the faith, we must call our friends.

And so this work is left to others. Whether or not their measure of success shall equal that of the staff now leaving it, must be decided at the consummation of another scholastic period. Somehow, we cannot find it in our hearts to doubt the ability of the newly elected officers. They shall do well because it is felt that they must. Their predecessors have quit the task, not without a little sadness at the thought of it. But in the quitting, they have witnessed a certain measure of achievement. They have been inspired, they have aspired, and they have perspired, in order that the business and responsibility entrusted in them might not fall short of expectations. We believe that they have not fallen short; that their endeavors are worthy of due appreciation. Therefore, let us all unite in one great voice of approval, and let us bid a fond farewell to those whose names are about to be listed in the ever increasing column of the Duquesne Monthly's past editors and assistants.

T. M. O'DONNELL, B. S., in E., '28.

National Oratorical Contest

HE Associated Newspaper, in order to bring about an increased knowledge of the Constitution and its interpretation, are conducting the "National Oratorical Contest" which is endorsed enthusiastically by educators throughout the country. The results are more numerous and beneficial than one might at first believe. Not only is it a great benefit to those competing for honors, but its effect is evident on all members of their families. When we consider the great number of immigrants who annually come into this country, and who from the very beginning of their residence here must work, we realize that there is but small chance for them to learn much of their newly adopted government and its functions. It is necessary for them to first get that which we might call a working knowledge of the language. Therefore, an understanding of the Constitution, which goes far to inspire love and respect for their adopted country, must be brought to them through their children. One Hundred Percent Americanism is not confined to the native-born. The same duties are expected of those who are adopted and pledge their allegiance. The privilege of being a citizen carries with it obligations to respect and obey the laws. The safety and continuance of the government depends upon the proper execution of these duties.

The more we know of our country, its laws, and their application, the greater will be our love for it.

"What constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

No: Men, high-minded men,

Men who their duties know

But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

These constitute a State."

DAVID S. BYRNE, A. B., '27.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE Duquesne social season will wind up in a blaze of glory the evening of May 6, when the Junior Class will be the host to the students of the University in the third annual Junior Prom. Dan Gregory's celebrated orchestra has been secured, the invitations are being distributed, and the chairman and his assistants are busily engaged in completing the arrangements. Everything is in readiness for the most successful social event in the history of the school and the steady sale of tickets insures a capacity crowd at this closing event of the season.

* * *

Following out his plan of presenting a new play at Duquesne each year, Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, Dean of the School of Drama, has chosen for this year's performance in the Nixon, on May 12, Meredith Nicholson's popular comedy, "Honor Bright." This play has never before been given in Pittsburgh, and its first presentation in this city is awaited with interest. Dr. Lloyd has selected the cream of Duquesne's acting talent for his presentation, and an outstanding performance is thus assured. Thomas J. Quigley and Cora E. Nill, who have been entrusted with the leading roles, are making their fourth appearance in Duquesne presentations, while James B. Durkin and Thomas F. Henninger are taking part in their third annual play. Others in the cast are John D. Holohan, R. Aloysius Berg, Charles O. Rice, Edward J. Montgomery, Paul R. Abele, Catherine Winter, Alice Walsh, Rose Virginia Brennan, Frances M. Oberdick, and Peggy Nicol.

* * *

Eamon De Valera, renowned Irish statesman, was a visitor at the University while in Pittsburgh, April 22. Mr. De Valera is a graduate of Blackrock College, the Holy Ghost Fathers' School in Ireland, and is acquainted with the Reverend President and others of the Fathers at Duquesne. Father Carroll, Dean of the College, was a member of the committee which arranged the meeting that Mr. De Valera addressed in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall. It will be remembered that on his last visit to Pittsburgh, several years ago, the Irish leader

was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the annual Commencement exercises.

* * *

"The Stone Lady," the famous farce comedy, founded on an incident in Greek mythology, was presented by the Duchess Club in the University Auditorium, April 28 and 29. Dr. Lloyd directed the cast, which included students from the different schools of the University.

* * *

The College Glee Club, under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dewe, gave a concert Sunday, April 3, in the University Auditorium, under the auspices of the Sophomore Class. They were assisted by the Duquesne University Orchestra, conducted by Mr. J. A. Rauterkus. A new school song, "Pep," was well received, as was "Men of Harlick." A duet by Father Dewe and Father Parent was a feature of the concert. The Sophomore Class, led by Frank Karabinos, Louis Minewiser, and Sylvester Wittig, followed with a program of readings, vocal and instrumental selections. Miss Eleanor Brindell and Ambrose Greenwald were the accompanists.

* * *

The results of the third quarterly examinations in the College Department were announced Monday, April 18. John F. Murphy led the Junior Class by a narrow margin over Thomas F. Henninger. John P. Desmond and Michael A. Drovecky were first and second, respectively, in the Sophomore Class. Dennis A. Abele and Charles O. Rice were the leaders of the Freshmen. The Seniors were excused from exams by Father Carroll on account of their excellent work during the term and will take their final examinations in the early part of May.

* * *

The Freshmen Pre-Med debating team was adjudged the winner over the Sophomore Pre-Meds in a spirited debate on the following proposition: Resolved, That the United States should strengthen its naval armaments. The victors upheld the negative side of the argument. They were Messrs. Withrow and Guthrie. The Sophomores were Messrs. Gardell and Whelan.

* * *

Few years have seen such a confusion of dates in Duquesne social activities. However, a remedy is in sight. The Student Senate is willing to take care of the social calendar, and see that no confusion arises. The various organizations

in the school are requested to get in touch with the Senate, so that this matter may be satisfactorily adjusted.

* * *

With this issue, the Monthly staff of 1926-27 makes its adieu. The June issue will be under new management. The outgoing staff feels that it made a contribution to Duquesne letters. Among the innovations inaugurated by the staff of this year's Monthly may be cited, the development of a Book Forum, the addition of an extra athletic writer, the substitution of a cover with the school colors, the reorganization of the staff, and the election of the new staff by representatives of the Student body.

* * *

The writer of this column has endeavored to conduct an impartial review of the school news of the various months. An effort has been made to avoid excessive and meaningless adulation, while at no time did we essay to enter the field of the school newspaper. This column will be conducted in future by Ralph L. Hayes, Sophomore student and orator, for whose ability and personality we have profound admiration, and to whom we offer our best wishes for success in his task.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

Alumni Notes

A Student To-day

An Alumnus To-morrow

IT is thirty-nine years since Albert, better known as Sydney Brent, went forth from college to seek his fortune in the midst of adventures in foreign lands. He went to the Malay Strait Settlement, bought rubber in the raw state, freighted it to the coast, and sold it to the trade. He went to Madagascar, and lost the money he had saved, prospecting for gold. Next, in the Philippines, he took part in an expedition against outlaws and was captured. On escaping, he joined the American Army, and during the next three years, he figured in twenty-five engagements; he carries three scars as mementos of his military experiences. Again prospecting, he found a little gold in the Philippines, in Mindoro. He then tried his hand as a silk merchant in

China. Then in a lottery, he won a hemp plantation in the Philippines. In his attempt to clear it, he was subject to frequent attacks by the natives. During the World War, he served in the U. S. Navy on scout cruisers, monitors and submarines. At the end of the war, he found himself on the Pacific Coast. He worked for the Savage Tire Co., but was soon transferred to the San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Co., in which he holds the position of Auditor of Special Constructions. The company specializes in building power houses, sub-stations and water-tunnels.

Sydney's home address is in Coronado, California. We hope that he will return to his Alma Mater some time to give us a more detailed account of his many adventures.

* * *

Stephen Tushak, '25, visited the University during his mid-year vacation. After spending a year at St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore, he was adopted by the Archdiocese of Dubuque, Iowa, and was transferred to St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. He has become a great admirer of the Northwest, and particularly of the seminary, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, on Summit Avenue, "the most beautiful residential street in America." As his contemporaries know, Steve is deeply interested in the fine arts, and particularly in architecture. He finds more of such artistic leanings in Minnesota than he expected. The seminarians make art pilgrimages to well-designed churches in the Twin Cities,—amongst others, one planned by Ralph Adams Cram, and two by our late fellow-citizen, John F. Comes.

* * *

P. S. Barto, in a letter to our Vice-President, imparts the information, that one of our former High School students, Robert J. Walker, has distinguished himself in scholarship, in the College of Engineering of the Carnegie Institute.

* * *

Dr. Daniel O'Brien, Pre-Med 1918-1920, graduated from Loyola University School of Medicine in 1924. He interned at Cooper Hospital, Camden, N. J., and took his State Board Examinations in June, 1925. He is now resident physician in the Kingston Contagious Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Joseph G. Lagnese has taken up a course of International Law in Fordham University as a preparation for entering Georgetown School for Foreign Service. His visit to Europe last summer and the pleasures he enjoyed there im-

pressed him with the desire for and advantages of serving America abroad.

* * *

At the recent Alumni Smoker, John V. O'Connor, President of the General Alumni Association, announced the following committee on reorganizing and strengthening the Alumni: Harry J. Thomas, Charles S. Lang, Rev. James Lavelle, Clement Strobel and Daniel Sullivan. It might be of interest to this committee to know that in 1920, Gregory Zsatskovitch, John P. Egan, and Paul Friday produced a constitution for an Alumni Association.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.



Exchanges

Of these exchanges one might say, as did the poet Holmes of the katydid, "You say an undisputed thing in such a serious way."

"The Dove," Mt. St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kan. Usually one either saves the best till last or begins with the best, hoping there will be no need to come to the worst. To apply this philosophy to your journal would necessitate stopping now. The stories, verses, and editorials are chock full of merit. The title, "Treasure Chests," is explanatory of its contents. The works of the great literary masters, Homer, Milton, Thomas Moore, Bacon and Lamb are the gems and each has its unique place in our treasure chest. (However, when one mentions an attic, even grandmother's, we think of it as dust laden, not immaculate.) "One Hundred Dollars Plus" has a very likely plot, so much so that it gives such a pleasant afterthought that girls ought to heed the moral it contains. The writer has both a rapid and fluent style suited for short-stories. Anyone who has read Cicero's book on friendship, would certainly appreciate reading the article, "Laelius De Amicitia." It is a remarkable bit of work, and not only gives us an appreciation of the Latin author, but clearly defines the whole contents of the book and refreshes it in our minds. Cicero's "Tusculan Disputations" was written about the same time as his "De Amicitia" and we look forward to an account

of this work, too. "Character Studies" are finished to a nicety. They reacquaint us with the characters of the best known drama, poems, and novels, and we readily recall their importance and position in them. "A Bit of Wire" has a suggestive title and presupposes mystery. In the opening, the little girl, hardly more than nine years old, seems to speak beyond her age. "The Age of Powder-Puffs" shows originality and delights us with a humor seldom found in student publications.

* * *

"The Villanovan" Feminine Number. "'Mid Cyril" is lacking in dialogue and description and reads more like a biography than a short-story, also having an overabundance of incident rather than just a single predominating one. "His Secretary," an exciting mystery story, has a lot of action condensed into a short space. As usual, everyone except the guilty party is suspected; it is a good story, however, but rather jerky, owing to the lack of transitional sentences. "The Triumphant Cry" also abounds in action. Good thought and description are to be found in the verse, "Deo Gratias of a Monk;" "Rosebuds," and "O Modern Girl," deserve mention, too. The article on George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," is instructive and interesting, even to one only mildly interested in music. We note also that you give a large amount of space to news, publicity, and advertising, paid and otherwise. A good magazine on the whole.

* * *

Villa Sancta Scholastica, Duluth, Minn. Your best offerings this time are the two short-stories, "Grey Tweeds" and "Mr. Minnie." The verse, "Home," is deserving of favorable mention. The article on Shelley's "Queen Mab" is well written and interesting. "Shakespeare Rejuvenated" is listed as a drama, but we should classify it as a delightful farce. The editorial, "College Portraits," is quite good, but should have been an essay; the one following is really news and belongs in the chronicle rather than in the editorial column. It appears that the exchange editor has been working—eight pages carefully written and full of wisdom. We wonder whether you could find time to give us a review next time?

* * *

Georgetown College Journal, Washington, D. C. There is no lack of worthy material to be found in this, the Freshman Number. The first thing to catch the eye is the large number of poems, an even dozen; of these, we award first place to "Fate," with "The Galley Slave" second. "An Exhorta-

tion" and "Verse to the Maiden Desired" also deserve mention. A new defender of modern youth is brought out in the person of the author of "Reform," a pleasant optimist who sees the youth of today as a reformer, trying to break down the old hypocrisy, and who believes that out of the present flagrantly open display of evil will come reform. Another defense of the modern tendency is to be found in an able discussion of "Modern Poetry," but the author of "Modern Novels" does not find it to his liking, at least not in novels. We enjoyed the interesting scene described so vividly in "Glimpses." Now as to the stories, your weak spot, "Legend of Lacdu-Lierre," can hardly be called a short-story, it lacks a plot. "Willie's Fiddle" relates a humorous incident; it, too, falls short of being a short-story. Your book and play reviews are excellent; why are there no editorials by Freshmen nor any exchanges? We are unfamiliar with your standards of literary excellence, but we think you ought to be satisfied with your All-Freshman number.

DAVID S. BYRNE, A. B., '27.

FRANCES E. PAWLOWSKI, A. B., 27.

Side Line Comment



NEW athletic regime at Duquesne is in the making. The appointment of Elmer Layden, nationally known sport figure, to succeed Frank McDermott is the first bold stroke in the reconstructing process. For many years, the Dukes have been striving to remount the pedestal where they once basked in the calcium of the athletic world. When most of us found our chief sport in chewing a toe or playing hobby-horse on the paternal boot, Duquesne was the preeminent character in the realm of athletics. Nowadays, when a red and blue eleven is the victim of an unaccountable setback and an iconoclast beams that I-told-you-so expression, we are wont, like the "old grads," to hark back to that golden period. The past is a poor argument to convince any critic, let alone a silent one. It receives the same consideration as one offered to our best friend when, in his presence, we asked for Prom money and again rode the parental broggan—but not in the traditional manner. Our explanation, to have effect, began:

“There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight, to me did seem
Appareled in celestial light”

Our best friend and a product of the same English class replied naively, “It is not now as it hath been of yore.”

Well might the athletic status of Duquesne be looked upon in the same light. It is true, that we harbor a remarkable, in fact, champion basketball team. With a view to accomplishing the same in football, the services of the stellar Layden have been secured.

The Notre Dame grid star needs no introduction to fans who read “All-American football selections. As one of the immortal “Four Horsemen” of the Irish, Layden ran rampant on gridirons from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is, perhaps, known in places where Duquesne is unknown. His nation-wide experience and reputation mean much to Duquesne. We are, indeed, fortunate in acquiring so valuable a man and are not hesitant in so saying.

As yet, Layden is known more as a player than a coach. His mentorship at Columbia University in the Hawkeye State was his first bid to enter the Warner, Rockne, Yost, et al. class. From there he comes to Duquesne. One cannot but expect much of him. Herb Stuhldreher, who rode halfback on the same team with Layden, is working miracles with Villa Nova at the other end of the state. If Layden does not do the same here, no blame can be laid on him, nor on the authorities who secured him. What Layden will do at Duquesne depends in a large measure on the student body. Ever since Duke gridders became ensnared in the meshes of defeat, the students loyally encouraged them to “snap out of it.” So far the undergraduates have been true blue. Their attendance at games here and abroad has been a vital force in preserving a morale that might have been lowered to the throes of despair. But experience bitterly testifies, that games are not won in the grandstand or bleachers. The stark alternative is that they are won on the field. Herein lies what might be termed a fault—candidates for the football team do not turn out on the Bluff as they do at other schools. The student enrollment at Duquesne outnumbers some colleges four to one, yet when autumn rolls around, these same schools reverse the proportion as regards football material. The proximity of the workaday world and other logical reasons have been given for this ailment. One thing is apparent—it must be remedied. More encouragement from native sons might

effect the desired result. There are athletes in school who starred during their high school days and with ability rusting—if ability can be said to rust—in premature old age. If Jack Burns, present leading athlete in D. U. High, comes back to rest on his laurels when he might just as easily merit All-American consideration, then the Student Senate ought to court-martial him. If he does not come back at all, then someone else should be court-martialed. Layden must have material to work with and the students must furnish that material. If not, the last recourse is the Alumni. They will have to send to Duquesne the much-needed, uncultured timber.

Lest we digress and editorialize too much, we go back to the topic at hand. The acquisition of Layden betokens the passing of McDermott. That there is a sorrow for every joy, was never more fully demonstrated. The probability, alone, that Mac would end his career on the Bluff has been a source of sorrow in a new-found joy. "Mac's" popularity was well earned and deserved. He is the champion of cleanliness in sports and his "play hard but play fair" slogan has won him many friends. There is no need to go back to the "lay of the land" when Mac came to Duquesne, unless to show by contrast what he has accomplished. Much can be said of Mac, for his qualities are many, but nothing can better exemplify this than his own work. As coach of the football team, McDermott has been a victim of circumstances. When assuming the mentorship reins, he had little material to build on. Not to be deterred, however, the fiery leader plunged in to mold some semblance of an eleven, and his team of last year lacked nothing but experience. He leaves the foundation of a real team for Layden. Yet his greatest legacy is the spirit he has succeeded in imbuing into his cohorts. The only disgrace in losing is in how you lose, and no such stigma ever characterized a McDermott array. Mac, too, like all of us, had his faults, but we go on record as saying, Mac's greatest fault was that he tried to do too much. Mac gave a lending hand wherever it was needed, and often sacrificed personal needs to boost a cause that was for the welfare of the school. Without doubt, McDermott will be missed and will go down in Duquesne athletic annals as the most popular leader that ever coached the Red and Blue. Like Father Mac, McDermott will always find a corner all his own in the hearts of Duquesne students.

MICHAEL A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.

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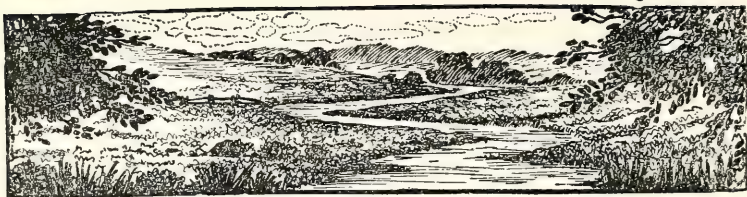
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A Butterfly

The butterfly that lightly spreads its wings,
And lifts itself above the grass so green
To glide, aloof from bugs and lower things,
And thus, with pride, become the insect queen ;
The loveliest of nature's fairy fold,
In glory, floating through the sunny air,
Reflecting tiny sparks of brilliant gold
From powdered wings, so delicate and fair ;
And falling silently upon a flower
To rest a while before its flight again—
Is just another bit of nature's power,
Employed to lighten heavy hearts of men.

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL, B. Sc. E., '28.



Twilight Rose



WELL-DRESSED young lady stood on the threshold of Schroeder's drug store in Chesterton, Pa. Her figure seemed to double up and then quiver all over. She was laughing, laughing at an amusing spectacle of the soda clerk, who, utterly unaware of a human presence, was pacing up and down in front of the mirror, singing and waving his arms. Of a sudden, the young man stopped, and reaching forward until his head almost touched the figure in the mirror, began to sing in a most pleading manner, what seemed to be an old love song. The silent listener was entranced; she ceased her laughing and seemed to strain every nerve to catch at least a word or two of the song. Her anxiousness caused her to step away from the door and then the inevitable happened. The latch clicked and Dick Brown came out of his trance to discover another figure in the glass beside himself, in the person of a well-dressed young lady of medium size, with a pair of blue eyes that seemed to sparkle with deviltry and say, "I caught you that time."

With this realization, Dick felt the very hairs of his head bristle while a blush spread across his handsome face; he felt powerless to move; he seemed frozen to the spot.

The noisy pit-pat of a pair of high-heeled pumps awakened Dick from his stupor and he tried to pull himself together. In this he was unsuccessful, and it was a very red-faced young man that turned around to the counter and stammered out with great difficulty:

"Wha-what's yours, Miss?"

The young lady seemed to hesitate for an instant, and without looking the clerk straight in the face, stammered out:

"Do—you—have a telephone booth here?"

The question, which seemed entirely unnecessary, as the booth was right in view of the public, being straight in from the door, served to calm Dick down.

"Right straight back, Miss."

She murmured a hasty "Thank you," and almost fled to the booth. Once inside, she soothed her excited frame and began to think over the proceedings of the last few minutes.

"What a goose I've made of myself, by listening to that clerk and then giving myself away by blushing like an old fool. It was nothing to me." She picked up the phone book and hastily looked over its pages. "I guess I'll have to do some mighty fine bluffing now. I didn't come in to call anyone up, but I have to do something for shame's sake.—Mayflower 0692—" "But— isn't he the grand singer though, I'd like to hear him sing at our class affair this year, but I'd be afraid to ask him," and then, as she realized her wandering thoughts, she gave vent to an exclamation of surprise: "Why, I don't even know him! In fact, I never saw him before. How silly of me to think of such a thing."

A voice at the other end of the line interrupted her reverie. "Hello, is this you, Peggy?" An affirmative answer followed, and then she burst forth in excitement: "I have something to tell you tonight that is really something. I'd tell you now, only—well, I'll tell you tonight, rest assured. By the way, Peggy, did you hear that the seniors this year are going to have a musicale, besides the regular class affair? It's going to be a general thing, a sort of advertising for anyone who has talent in the line of singing or anything musical. Outsiders will be permitted to come in with an invitation. The plan is all right. I think it'll go through. Are you going to the dance tonight? You're not, neither am I, so I'll see you tonight. So long."

Clickety-click-click. The echo of the "good-bye" drumming in the girl's ears served to calm down her excitement somewhat, and she hurriedly left the store without casting a glance to the right or left, so great had been the almost guilt of her girlish prank.

The soft kiss of the summer wind was a stimulant to a mass of overworked nerves; her pace sank to a slow walk and it was then that she discovered that it was past time for her singing lesson, a factor which played a very important part in the life of a lover of music, such as she was.

"Well, I'm glad I did miss that lesson, anyhow, even though Miss Chambers is sure to scold. But," and here she interrupted her trend of thought with a long-drawn-out sigh, "he is a good singer, though."

Three days later, Dick Brown was astonished to find included in his mail a dainty little missive, addressed in a girlish hand to

The Clerk,
Schroeder's Drug Store,
Chesterton, Pa.

With eager, though nervous hands, he tore open the envelope and with ever-increasing nervousness and excitement read the following: "The Senior Class of Union College cordially invites you to compete for the Dwight Prize, offered, this year, to the best singer at the Senior Class night, June 29th. Signed, Rose Dwight."

"Bad news, Dick," sang out the manager.

"No—no, sir! But,—read this and find out—"

"Why, Dick, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. Accept it, my boy, and don't think of me! Now is the time for you to make a grand display of your musical powers to an audience that will appreciate. Besides, I have heard that several New York critics have expressed their intention of coming to the affair. And, Dick, you must know that you are really capable if only one opportunity would come your way."

At this exclamation of good feeling on the part of his employer, Dick, embarrassed, replied:

"Thank you, Mr. Schroeder. I'm sure with all that encouragement, I can't help accepting the opportunity, even if the result be not as I hope. I know mother will be pleased to hear of it, and if you don't mind, I'll run home and tell her," and with the approving nod of his boss, Dick left the store.

A wonderful boy, and still more wonderful mother, shed actual tears over the invitation. They seemed to see in it an opportunity which would mean everything for them. Needless to say, many a prayer ascended to the just God, asking for light and aid, and giving thanks for the boon of fortune that both expected soon would fill their hearts with joy.

"If father were here to enjoy it!"

The kind old mother raised her head, and to this wish tearfully added: "God's will be done, my boy. Remember that I have you."

"Yes, mother, and I have you, the dearest and kindest friend a fellow could have. Some day, we'll be better off and have a home of our own and everything—"

"God bless you, Dick. You are my greatest treasure on earth. You are truly a son to me, but you had better get back to work and help Mr. Schroeder. He has been very kind to you, Dick, and never forget it."

A parting kiss, the greatest token of farewell between those who love one another, and Dick Brown returned to his place of employment.

To him, the world was all ablaze with that finest of dreams, success. His work became a pleasure; his very living was an ecstasy of delight, while an oft-repeated "Rose Dwight," swept through his mind. "That's the girl that was in the store here the other day. She lives at the far end of the town in that great mansion there. Mother knows her. She must be a wonderful girl," thought Dick, "but look at me—"

The people of Chesterton used to say that many a love affair of the village owed its origin and starting to the wonderful shade cast by the steeple of St. Mary's Church, at the corner of Campus and Church Streets. At any rate—

Under a widespreading tree, near the edge of the campus, an excited and blushing young man was talking earnestly to a young girl of some eighteen years, whose appearance would only signify wealth and position in life, and who evidently attended the college.

"I wish to thank you for your kind invitation to the college musicale, and I'd like to say that it is my intention to compete for the prize offered by—your father. I'm sure I had never dreamed of taking part in the social event of the year at Union."

Rose Dwight smiled. "Dad has often complimented me on my ability to pick out any musical talent that may seem to be in a person, developed or undeveloped as it may be, and it is for this reason that I took the liberty of inviting you to take part in our class affair. It is not the prize offered by father that is so much, as the effect on the public as a whole. There are wonderful opportunities in the musical line, you know, and we are going to have a noted music critic present in the audience. In New York, you, perhaps—"

And now, Dick Brown was really excited. "Do you mean to say that I might make a success in opera, or in musical revues?" And the voice of a most ardent music-lover trailed off to nothingness and seemed to displace the world from its pedestal, there was such a ring of pathos and cheer intermingled with it.

The girl was amazed; she felt seized by an unknown power and carried to a blissful peace of a seventh heaven. Here was a man to make the most of his opportunities, but how few they were! Well, she would see to it that—

“I beg your pardon, Miss, but I let myself be carried away by-y-y your words. I did not realize. I could not think. Music is everything to me. I-I-I thank you again for your invitation. I must get back to the store. Good-bye.”

With an empty feeling in her heart, Rose turned her back to the fast-vanishing young man who had suddenly and almost unconsciously entered into her life. She, the heiress of millions, who had spurned many a boyish suitor, had fallen in love with a poor boy, and at that, only a clerk in a drug store! But the ways of love are strange, and who is there who will dare transgress her laws?

The town was ablaze with the time of the Senior Class Night at hand. Although an annual affair at the college, still the fact of the musical addition to the program, and the added fact that a local boy, who was quite inexperienced, was to take part, added an incentive to such an occasion, and the college hall was packed with an excited, surging crowd.

Eight numbers comprised the program as offered by the graduating class. Of these eight, the appearance of Dick was placed last. The reason of this can be laid to the subtle arrangement of Rose, whose ideas of arrangement always met with approval from her classmates. And especially at this time, well—

The evening was drawing to a close and the dainty white program gave forth the announcement that Richard L. Brown, the local boy, would close a very well-arranged entertainment with a song of his own choosing.

In the second row of seats of the orchestra section, Rose was breathlessly watching the turn of events; she was becoming more and more excited as the time wore on and number after number passed on. At last, a murmur ran through the crowd, and Dick was seen approaching the footlights.

The young man seemed to scan the audience for a particular face; of a sudden the orchestra took up the strain of an old love song. Rose realized that she was not the only lover in the audience, for she melted beneath his earnest gaze, and

the last words of the song clung to her ears long after the song was finished.

As the summer twilight grows
Into a darkened night,
I am thinking of a twilight rose.

Time passes swiftly and brings with it ever-changing fortunes. Three weeks after the great musicale, which witnessed Dick Brown chosen as the winner of the Dwight prize, Chesteron was in the throes of the greatest event that ever seized the town.

In a far-away corner of the college campus, perhaps it is under a wide-spreading tree, Rose Dwight is making a last farewell to her new-found lover. Dick was leaving for New York in a half hour, and in that half hour, much had to be accomplished, in the way of "good-byes."

"Miss Dw-Dwight."

"Rose, if you please."

"Rose, today I am leaving for New York, perhaps to be gone for years, and I'd like to ask you one question before I go. Mother is very pleased over my success and I lay it to you, and you alone. So, for that reason, I'd like to ask you—"

"Y-yes."

"Will you be my twilight rose?"

And the answer could only be one thing. Maybe that's why the bells in Old Saint Mary's started to peal out the joyous notes of peace in a queer old world. I don't know. Do you?

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.

Predjudice---A Bar to Progress



REJUDICE is found in every age and clime. Manifesting itself in divers forms it has, since the dawn of history, seared the lives of men, left suffering and distress in its wake, and is the seat of the intolerance and bigotry so rampant in life today. Prejudice and intolerance are utterly opposed to Christianity, and yet even in our enlightened age, some of the most baffling problems arise from the intolerance and prejudice of Christians.

But what is prejudice? As the derivation of the word indicates, prejudice is a prejudging, a constructing of opinions independent of facts, a drawing of conclusions unfounded on truth, a conceiving of dislikes unwarranted by cause, a judging as false, injurious, hostile whatever differs in faith, speech and custom from what we hold as true. Prejudice arises from a mistaken conception of what loyalty really signifies. The weak point in prejudice is, that it does not accomplish what it undertakes. It neither protects nor defends its idol. Its loyalty is superficial. For true loyalty is keenly aware of the weakness as well as the strength of what it loves, and is ever eager for its improvement. Loyalty demands open-mindedness. Prejudice closes the mind, starves and thwarts its victim.

The greatest field for prejudice since the so-called Reformation has been in matters of religion. Many a picture has history given us of a people worshipping the same God, honoring the same flag, and loving the same country, yet hating each other because of this or that difference between them. We have seen deserving men and women. We saw Thomas à Becket fall at the altar, struck by the hand of a prejudice-crazed opponent. The Church has but lately canonized a little French maid, Joan of Arc, whose death was plotted and accomplished by minds sated with prejudice, and even the beneficiaries of her exploits raised no finger to aid her. We have viewed its arousing of bigotry and religious rancor and have seen its devastating waves roll over England, France, Germany and the other nations of Europe. Here, in America, at our own back door is Mexico in the throes of a bitter fight with prejudice, intolerance and bigotry. A saintly Archbishop, many of his Bishops, and hundreds of his priests, have been forced into exile, and some even death, because of this affliction that dries up the wells of human love and affection and turns the milk of human kindness to vinegar and gall.

Indeed, the United States is not free of this evil. The flames of prejudice and bigotry are burning brighter than ever among the various sects of the Christian religion. Only within the last few weeks have we seen this situation brought out in bold relief. A set of questions appeared, challenging the right of an eminent governor of a great state to aspire to the presidency because of his faith. This was no sudden fancy, nor chance outburst. No! It has been smouldering beneath the surface; for years it has been steadily growing in intensity, and we but witnessed its appearance above the surface at this time. It is, indeed, fortunate that Governor Smith was a man capable and willing to meet the issue in a clear-cut fashion. We can but echo him in his hope, that never again will a man's religion be taken a part of his qualifications for an office, that this document will help to quench the fires of prejudice in a land that guarantees to every man, by its very Constitution, the right to worship God in his own way.

Again, we have seen prejudice raise its head in the political activities of the nation, and blind men when important policies are involved. It is a known fact, that the enemies of the World Court opposed it in the Middle West with the assertion that the Pope of Rome dominated the League of Nations and its court. Fantastic as this argument may seem, it served its purpose in arousing prejudice and defeating the issue. Prejudice has blocked the settlement of the prohibition question, it has interfered in the educational affairs, notably the Smith-Towner bills, and their like; it has stood in the way of open-minded consideration of a host of important questions. We have seen prejudice reach out and tie the hands and curtail the efforts of able executives. We have seen a Blaine barred from office by prejudice, this throwback from the past, this child of ignorance, malice and wickedness.

We had prejudice in one of its worst forms during the war, and its influence is still felt. In that period, men became atrocity-mongers, distorters of the facts, libelers of the human race. All this they did in the sacred name of patriotism and loyalty. To die for one's country, to strike and be struck fairly and heroically brings satisfaction and a halo. But to lie for one's country, to arouse the fires of prejudice with falsehoods, is a despicable act and leaves a foul odor about our national life like that of a putrid sore. We endowed our enemies with superhuman power; we pictured them being able and doing everything with a diabolic wickedness. Now we know these stories to be false and malicious lies, mere inven-

tions of the propagandist who was seeking for the sensational. Such acts did not help to win the war, except, perhaps, that momentarily they fanned the flames of hate, which ultimately was one of the greatest damages which the war inflicted. For the hate and bitterness thus aroused, and this is always the case, opened deep sores in human souls and filled them with the poison which has caused much of the unrest prevalent in the world at the present time.

But the hateful thing about prejudice is that it gets into our daily lives and destroys the peace and contentment of the home, the amicable relations existing among neighbors and friends. Too often men mistake their prejudices for vital convictions, and they stubbornly cling to these in spite of persuasion to the contrary. They hold them up as standards. Not content with this, they try to force others to accept them. They make these mistaken notions the criterions of truth and right. Yet in most cases they are but the adherence to decisions and judgments which are determined and made without sufficient proof. Social prejudice against a race or individuals has been the cause of much suffering. For centuries, the Jewish race has been the victim of an unjust and unfair prejudice. Even here in America, where the Constitution offers a haven and a home to all, they have felt its distressing influence. The Negro is fighting desperately against it, but it will take years to overcome it.

All this is a sad commentary on Christian America in the twentieth century. We all know it is true. We ourselves have met prejudice in its more or less aggravated forms. We have felt its sting, we have reaped its bitterness. Let us all unite to stamp this evil out. Clear thinking, the weighing of all evidence before reaching a decision, and a kindly regard for every man are remedies. But the greatest hindrance to straight thinking lies in a blind, fanatical loyalty to one's own group. Such a mind believes the unbelievable; its reason becomes submerged in a wave of emotion, and civilized man sinks back to the level of his primitive ancestor, if not to that of the beast.

Before prejudice shall cease to play so effectively in the affairs of man, we must come to realize that one can be sincere in his own faith and worthy of it without casting slurs on that of another; that it is possible to be a loyal American without despising the Chinese, the Japanese or the Germans; that it is possible to believe that our institutions and culture

are the best without decrying the value of those which have grown up on another soil.

If you would banish prejudice, then stand for freedom of thought and expression. Fight intolerance and bigotry. There is a scriptural maxim, "The truth shall make you free." It is only as we can know the truth that we will be made free of prejudice and its accompanying evils. An unprejudiced spirit toward those with whose opinions we disagree is a necessary basis of intellectual progress. We know, after all, very little at present. There is much that we can justly hope to learn. We have seen many changes take place in the past few years which, 50 years ago, were undreamed of by man. How, then, can we be certain that we possess the whole truth? May not our viewpoint be wrong or faulty? Let us, then, show a spirit of understanding. For ours is the power that can free the human race from the stranglehold of this bane of happiness and contentment. Ours is the force that can make the future brighter by banishing this evil from our lives. We ourselves can hasten that day when prejudice, like King Arthur's sword Excaliber, will be drawn from its sheath and flung into the sea of justice, knowledge and understanding, never to reappear again.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.



A Mid-Victorian Novel



VERY recently, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, a writer spoke of the different viewpoints of the different generations as exemplified in their current literature. He proved his point very well, namely: that we can learn quite correctly the feelings, foibles and characteristics peculiar to different times by the reading of the novels popular in those times.

That is not my purpose. Rather, I intend to speak of a novel written in 1866, in the "good old days," and which was very popular then. It certainly makes me feel glad that I didn't live in the same age that could endure such a work. The book undoubtedly would have a hard time now to find a publisher, and our age is to be praised for such an attitude. The book is "St. Elmo."

The plot of this relic of Mid-Victorianism is very, very simple. (You may take the last word in all its meanings.) The story opens with a young Tennessee maiden standing in "the attitude of the ancient Caryatides," whatever that may mean. What else is this young rustic maiden doing? Why, what a foolish question! She's doing nothing other than chanting a prayer to Habakkuk. If the person is like his name, I certainly wouldn't sing to him. Evidently this young rustic partakes of the nature of spiritual substances, for, according to the author, "her bare feet gleamed pearly white on the green grass." Yet she had walked through the dewy grass and mud. Nothing corporeal could mar this paragon of grace and mind.

Some more encyclopaedic knowledge follows, and then we hear of her adoption by a certain rich family. Here she meets a surly brute, continually growling, and fond of very obscure allusions, which no doubt cost the author much trouble in consulting various encyclopedias. This queer fellow had, it seems, a menagerie. Our bright author saw here a chance to flabbergast the human mind, and she includes in the menagerie: "a Lapland reindeer, a Peruvian llama, some Cashmere goats, a chamois, caught on the Jungfrau, a white cow from Ava."

In describing a certain room in the house, we come across word like these, thrown in with lavish hand: Telamones, Saracenic style, Turcoman, Denderah. Behold this clear description: "A huge plaster Trimurti stood close to the wall

. . . . and the Siva-face and the writhing cobra confronted all who entered." A page later, we come across terms which very likely the poor old Encyclopedia Britannica could not explain: Parthenope, Lucanian, Sybaris, ormolu tables, Abraxoids, Samian lapidary, cryptography, Nitrian desert, St. Macarius, Nebuchadnezzar's diary. The woman goes out of her way to drag in all the names of artistic objects contained in various museums; she places them in this one small room, and all simply to impress. What a travesty on art! On a single page, she often has twenty words or allusions that would require extensive research in order to understand them. The absolute pedantry, the overweening desire to confound the intellect with many-syllabled words makes the reader disgusted. That any woman of intelligence would permit herself to fall into such an artificial and inartistic way of telling a story is inconceivable.

After weird wanderings through Grecian mythology, also touches of Arabian, Roman and Egyptian folk-lore, we get a dim idea that this beautiful young rustic is going to take studies in earnest. "As Edna's reasoning powers increased, Mr. Hammond led her gradually to the contemplation of some of the gravest problems that have from time immemorial perplexed and maddened humanity, plunging one part into bigoted traditionalism and scourging the other into the drear, starless wastes of Pyrrhonism." Plainly, our young Edna was no mean scholar.

Some of our students complain about the study of Greek. Listen to this conversation between this beautiful young damsel and her tutor:

"My child, are you tired of Hebrew?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, it possesses a singular fascination for me."

Many of our modern students, when hearing this, will say: "That's a lot of banana oil." I agree with them. Not satisfied with Hebbrew, this delight of teachers took up Coptic and Chaldeeic and various other Eastern tongues.

Later on in her studies: "The Druidic rites and the festival of Beltein in Scotland and Ireland, she found traced to their source in the worship of Phrygian Baal. The figure of the Scandinavian Disa, at Upsal, enveloped in a net precisely like that which surrounds some stauves of Isis in Egypt." So on, and so on, ad nauseam.

Another thing that should not be omitted is the perfectly natural dialogue carried on in the story; here is a sample:

"Oh, Mr. Murray! Save it from destruction!"

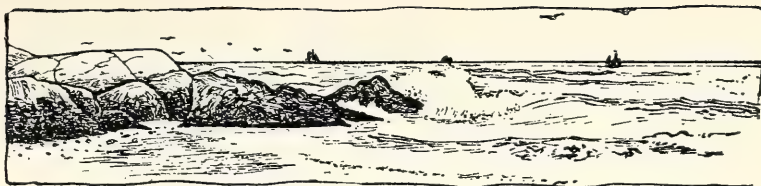
"Stand aside, if you please. Cleopatra quaffed liquid pearl in honor of Anthony, Nero shivered his precious crystal goblets, and Suger pounded up sapphires to color the windows of old St. Denis." Now, isn't that so natural! A man in ordinary conversation would easily, of course, drag out into the light of day the matter that took the author wearisome days in looking up. The young rustic received all this naturally. A modern lass would give him a queer look; search for the nearest door and bolt. Again, I would state, she would be perfectly in the right, if she did.

Such is the way the story goes, page after page. Yet the book obtained a publisher and was well received by the people. If that is not sufficient evidence to prove that we have advanced in intelligence over the past, we would like to know what is. I might repeat some love passages to you, but they are so perfectly unnatural, so labored that I will not weary you. The story ends with the marriage of the young rustic with the surly brute, who shortly before had become a minister. The young rustic also had become something in the world of affairs. She was now a famous author, but if she wrote like her creator did, the people who gave her fame should have their heads examined.

Thus ends my review of a very tiresome book. If such a monstrosity could gain fame in those days of old, then we ought to thank the Lord that those days are gone forever.

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.





Whine of Life

JIM ROBERTS flicked the ashes from his cigarette and intently watched the glowing tip fade to a dull grey. The natural result of such an action, to all appearances, was not satisfactory, for Jim scowled and buried the offending fag in an ash tray at his side. A thin, lazy line of smoke, arising from the container, distinguished this hump from its defunct kinsfolk, and attracted the gaze of the young man who had just sentenced it to the limbo of forgotten, useless things. As the last bluish stream floated ceiling-ward, to become lost in the atmosphere, Jim's countenance once more assumed a mien of strained attention. Unconsciously, as it were, he pushed back his chair, and focusing his eyes on a row of books, which lay sentinel-like atop his desk, surveyed them in a manner somewhat akin to that given the fatal cigarette. Were his books as easily gotten rid of, one might have expected him to crumble them in the hollow of his hand. The very impossibility of such an act might be construed as responsible for the anger which now produced a ruddy tint in an otherwise pallid complexion.

That Jim Roberts was angry, there could be no doubt. To attribute his anger to the books which lay before him, would be to waive the cigarette episode and, at the same time, betray an utter lack of acquaintance with Jim Roberts. At dinner, earlier in the evening, a trusted spy informs us, Mr. James T. Roberts, Sr., penetrated the sullen mood of his "kid" by betting, "Helen Bowers hasn't accepted Jim's invitation to 'the greatest social function of the year.'" With that, Jim cast a meaning look at his amiable sire and hied himself to the seclusion of his study, where his every action has been duly and painstakingly recorded.

Knowing the reason for Jim's pensiveness, it would not be a difficult task, for even a distant friend, to form true and logical conclusions. Helen Bowers and Jim Roberts, in the parlance of the hour, kept "steady company." As all knew, Jim was of a jealous nature, augmented by an uncontrollable

temper. Helen, on the contrary, had none of Jim's traits with the exception of the temper. Another component of Helen's personality was an air of finality. To be exact, her word meant no recanting. With the Senior Hop only a week away, and Helen not accompanying Jim, the plot is easily unravelled. The fairest girl in school had merely said, "No!" to Jim, and that spoke volumes, including the implication someone else would take her. Now that one knows the "facts of the case," the antics of the hero may be followed, perhaps, in a more interested manner.

At this moment of the narrative, Jim is still the temperamental occupant of his room. Nothing has been changed since we left him brooding on his books. In fact, he is in the act of plucking one out of the line. We are just in time to hear him address it as the subject of his grievance.

"Well! Miss Bowers, when I again ask you to my school's biggest dance, I'll have whiskers like the other goats. What a fine bimbo you take me to be! I guess you think I won't get over it? Well, you're right. You'll pay for it, though. You're not getting away with that—not on your life, girl!"

As his thoughts found an outlet, Jim cooled perceptibly. Pointing a finger at the object of his scorn, he continued, in a milder tone.

"I wouldn't mind it so much, Helen, if you weren't going with Bob Crawford. Of all guys, you had to pick him. Boy! won't he gloat over it? And, maybe, I won't get a razzing. Well, young lady, you're going with me—and that's that." Throwing the book skyward, with reckless abandon, Jim arose and began pacing the room in tragic fashion.

"Boy, if I could only talk to her like that," he muttered. Then, realizing the helplessness of his plight, he moaned, "She'll go with him, all right. She's a girl of her word and I admire her for it. She'd have a better time with him, anyway. I'd spoil her whole evening, pouting every time she looked at someone. She, probably, knows that, and that's why she won't go with me. Bob is not a bad fellow, at that. I'll make the best of this—fool 'em all. I'll see that she has one glorious time. Why! I'll even MAKE her go with Ralph."

Glancing at his watch, he murmured, "It's ten o'clock now. I can dash over and see Helen before she goes to bed. I'll do it! Tell her how I feel about it. I'll show her I'm a good sport."

Snatching his hat and coat, he rushed down the stairs, and was in his dilapidated car in less time than it takes to tell it. "I'll show 'em—the whole town . . . Maybe she'll like me better for it. . . . The 'old bus' sure is in fine fettle." Thoughts such as those entered Jim's mind before he parked his machine in front of Helen's home. Up the few steps to the door, dashed Jim, and with him the most gallant heart in the world.

"Hello Helen! I'm sorry I'm a little late," saluted Jim.

"'Sorry you are a little late.' Why, I thought you were the milkman. This is the second time you 'flimmed' me on a date. What kind of a story are you going to tell this time?"

"It's a wow of a story, and I'm going to read it to you. Wrote it myself! Wait till you hear it!" Seeing Helen was not thrilled at this show of emotion, Jim began to explain. "You see, I had to write a story for class tomorrow. I figured on coming over here at eight-thirty, and instead of going out with you, have you help me with it. Well, I started it and forgot the time. You'll excuse me when you hear this story. I'm the hero and you're the girl. Here goes: 'Jim Roberts flicked the ashes from his cigarette . . . and with him the most gallant heart in the world.'

"How's that? Some idea, isn't it. You'll have to help me end it—there's no plot."

"Why, of course, I'll help you end it. You know me, perfectly, in your story, even if you did surmise a lot. We'll make it realistic. Bob phoned at nine o'clock, and I'm going to the dance with him. Now that makes your story a true one, and makes you a gallant Arthur. Ta! Ta! this way out!"

Jim stupefied, completely amazed, found himself exploding to the night air—

"Ye gods! What price story!"

MICHAEL A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.

Governor Smith's Reply to Marshall



FROM the earliest days of our country's history, the Catholic candidate for public office, has always been discouraged from placing his name before the electors. The non-Catholics of this country have ever been influenced by a prejudice, as deep and as unreasonable as can be found in the history of any nation. A suspicion that the Pope of Rome exercises an illegal and unholy influence upon even the humblest aspirant for public office, has never been entirely eradicated from the minds of large groups of our fellow-citizens. This sinister prejudice has been fomented for generations, by a long line of scurrilous publications, and by the inflammatory orations of bigoted and misguided men. It has reached its culmination, in the unwritten law, which has debarred Catholics, and in more than one case, men suspected of Catholic leanings, from aspiring to the highest office in the gift of the people, the presidency of the United States.

The folly of the bigoted stand has been shown again and again by Catholic writers, both lay and clerical. The Catholic Church has declared that it has not interfered, and will not interfere, in the domestic affairs of the United States. Cardinal Gibbons had repeatedly explained the attitude of the Church in this regard. Catholic citizens have shown the falsity of this prejudice by giving their lives and labors to their country with wholehearted love. In every war that our country has waged, her Catholic sons have marched to battle and suffered and died that their country might be preserved. Catholics have shed their blood for the Stars and Stripes on every battlefield from Lexington to the Argonne forest. A long and illustrious list of Catholics decorates the record of America's faithful public servants. The position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the most influential position in the nation, has for one-fourth of its history been held by two Catholics, Roger Brooke Taney and Edward Douglas White, two of the most illustrious names on its roster. But all these noble deeds, and all those faithful servants, failed to remove the suspicion in the hearts of non-Catholics, that a man reared in the Catholic faith is not fit to hold the highest office in the land. A Catholic might give his best services to his country, he might have successfully occupied distinguished positions in state or nation, but when he aspired to the presidency of the country, he had served so unselfishly, he was

told, "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther."

But when the reply of Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York State, to Charles C. Marshall, was published in the press of the country, Monday, April 18, a heavy blow was struck at the barrier that, for a century and a half had been erected to keep Catholics from the administration of the affairs of the nation. In that historic document, Governor Smith brought the objections of our non-Catholic citizens into the light of day, and showed them for what they were worth, the illogical and un-American results of religious bigotry. Mr. Marshall had stated that the Catholic Church interfered in the domestic policy of the country, that the Catholic Church was intolerant of other religions, that Catholic education was un-American, that Catholic marriage laws were an insult to the citizens of the United States, and that the election of a Catholic president would result in American interference in Mexico. The reply of the New York statesman silenced for all time the unjust accusations of Catholic policy that had poisoned American political thought; and restored to its place in our national life that tolerance, for which our country has always been so admired.

Governor Smith began by citing his own record as chief executive of New York State. He showed how his religion had never deterred him from the exercise of his duties, how he had handled the most complex social and political problems without ever having been accused of religious partisanship. He quoted the records of other distinguished Catholic laymen, who had fulfilled their obligations in the most satisfactory fashion. The governor then banished forever the non-Catholic fear for the public schools, by demonstrating that the present efficiency of the New York Public School system is due almost entirely to his efforts. He mentioned how he had always labored for freedom of speech, and how churches of every denomination had supported him in his social reforms.

Marshall was chided for quoting Church documents incorrectly. The governor then proceeded to demonstrate the unequalled tolerance of the Catholic Church. The praise of Catholic Popes and prelates for the religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States was then stated. He then pointed out that harmony has existed between the United States and the Catholic Church throughout the one hundred and fifty years of our existence as a republic.

Governor Smith did not let the slurs on the parochial schools pass unnoticed. He called attention to the patriotism, justice and tolerance that were inculcated in the Catholic children of America, through the parochial school system, and affirmed that he, a graduate of that system, had never heard an intolerant or unpatriotic statement in the parochial school. After demonstrating the reasonableness of the Church's marriage laws, Governor Smith proved that the Catholic Church did not want armed intervention in Mexico, and that he heartily agreed with this view, inasmuch as no Church had the right to ask armed intervention merely for the defense of its rights.

Governor Smith ended his letter by summarizing his creed as an American Catholic. This creed is one of the noblest statements ever written. It exemplifies, to the utmost, that harmony between Church and State, for which the governor made so forceful an appeal. It is a creed which could have been written only by a patriot and a Christian.

Governor Smith has not only shown how he can give undivided allegiance to his country and to his Church, but he has torn down the barriers that confronted a Catholic citizen who aspired to public office. He has captivated the country, he has silenced the bigots. His letter is recognized by all as an historic document of far-reaching importance. It was hailed by men of every religion and of different parties as one of the most outspoken and clear-cut declarations in American history. Governors of States, senators, leaders in every walk of life, hastened to congratulate the writer on his statement.

How universal is the effect of Governor Smith's letter on the nation, can best be appreciated by the fact that every newspaper of note in the country, especially in the South, commended the governor on his statement, and that the politicians who intended to attack the governor on his religion have endeavored to concentrate on other issues.

Governor Smith has done more to overcome the prejudice of American non-Catholics than any other man. His statement will take its place with the other famous documents that Americans will never forget. Alfred E. Smith may never become the president of the United States, but he has raised the banner of tolerance to a height it never reached before, and he has cleared the way for religious freedom in every sense of the word.

Let us join with Governor Smith "in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged, because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God."

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

Pardon Me

If I hurt your tender feelings,
If I interrupt your dealings,
Pardon me.

If I step on your pet bunion,
If I smell much like an onion,
Pardon me.

If I knock your hat into some dirt,
Or with you, my maid, I try to flirt,
Scusata mi.

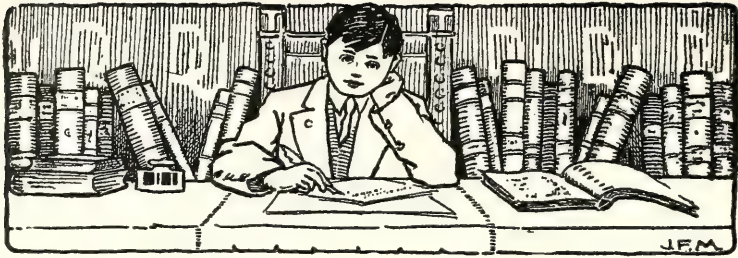
If I bump you as I hurry by,
If I hurt you with a nasty lie,
Verzeihen Sie.

If I splash you as I roll along,
If I interrupt your sleep with song,
Pardonnez-moi.

If I talk out loud behind your back,
Or 'gainst you make a dirty crack,
'Scuse me.

For—
No matter what I may have done or why,
Remember, please, my nature, and then try
To pardon me.

MARTIN J. MOONEY, A. B., '28.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

On With the New

IT is with mixed emotions, that we, of the incoming staff take on ourselves the duty of managing The Monthly. There is, within us, a feeling of diffidence at the thought of the enormity of our task; a feeling of anxiety as to our fitness and ability to shoulder such a burden; and, above all, a feeling of pride and gratitude for this most singular honor that has been bestowed upon us.

With a full heart, we wish to thank those who saw fit to place the future destiny of The Monthly in our hands. We promise them to do our best to justify the confidence they have reposed in us. At first, we shall, no doubt, make many errors and our work may perhaps show the tyro's hand. Still, we shall always work with might and main, to maintain the standard of excellence set for us and to carry on the work so well begun.

We wish, also, to thank the retiring staff for the help given us in getting out this, our first issue. They have set us a shining example. We shall feel proud, indeed, if at the end of our term of office, we can "steal silently away" (as they so modestly claim to have done) with a record of achievements behind us, comparable to theirs.

Our policy, in running The Monthly for the coming year, might be put into the word of a famous Pittsburgh slogan, "A bigger and better Monthly." That we shall strive to make it a better Monthly goes without saying; that we shall strive to make it bigger, requires some explanation. We should like, first of all, to increase the size and scope of the maga-

zine; and next, the number of contributors to its pages. As all who read this magazine know well, the number of those who have contributed to it in the past has been confined mainly to the Arts Department, to a comparatively small group. This condition of things, it is our aim to remedy. In the coming year, we should like to get articles from every department in Duquesne. The Monthly's pages are thrown open to all, and we welcome everyone's contributions, whether he is studying to be a doctor, lawyer, or Indian sheik. What is more, we should like to hear from Duquesne's co-eds, the Duchesses, who have proved so active along other lines. To our knowledge, no Miss has as yet adorned the pages of our publication with her efforts—it is up to someone to break the ice. The outgoing staff has suggested that we organize a writers' club. Next year, we will see what can be done to putting this suggestion into practice. Meanwhile, suggestions are welcome. Anything in the nature of a suggestion or contribution left with the deans of the various departments will be sure to reach us.

In this issue, we have ventured an innovation. This is in the nature of a column by George Haber, erudite Junior Arts student. This article will be our first step in bringing back a department devoted to humor into the pages of The Monthly. George's column should be funny, for George is a funny boy. (We have often laughed at him.) He is going to call his column "See Breezes." This title we will let him explain for himself in his usual windy—I mean, breezy style. We promised not to censor his first offering, but we found ourselves compelled to break our promise in one regard. George, in one part of his column, refers to the editor-in-chief as being a **very** fat fellow. In the interest of truth, we found it necessary to blue-pencil the "very."

However, apart from all this, we truly feel the seriousness of this, our present undertaking, and our own unfitness for it. It is, indeed, a heavy load that we are taking upon our shoulders; and we feel that the only thing that can enable us to bear it is your cooperation. Once more, we ask you for it, and knowing that we shall get it, we thank you in advance.

And now—with thanks for all past and future favors, with maledictions for our enemies and blessings for our friends—We're off !!

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

Welcome



OUR campus can now boast of an Interfraternity Council, a body found in any institution of higher learning that has several fraternities enrolled in its organization. At some schools these bodies exist in name only, while at others they are an influential group. Upon the ability of the men in the Interfraternity Council depends the worth of fraternities as single units. Too well is known the fact that fraternities often are an evil in college circles, but little is known about the value of fraternities, not only to their members, but also to the school and to those students not in fraternities. Thus, then, an Interfraternity Council to Duquesne University. First, we may school.

But let us consider the relation of Duquesne's Interfraternity Council to Duquesne University. Firstly, we may say that it is a step in the ever-present progressiveness evident on our campus. Secondly, it comes at a time when fraternity life here is in its infancy. Thirdly, we may presuppose that its power to do good is most potent. And, lastly, its organization was almost simultaneous with the formation of the Student Senate, another great governing body.

In an era of progress, new things are tried and either adopted or left drop, according to their worth. Fraternity life here is growing, as is the school, and when any body or group grows, they must necessarily progress. Thus, in this sea of advancement, it was only natural that an Interfraternity Council should be organized here. It is well that this body should begin at this time, too, for fraternities have not yet become numerous, and an infant quickly acquires habits, whether good or bad. Fraternities are made up of humans, and being human, have their stages of development. As we learned to distinguish between pa and ma, so will fraternities learn to respect aan Interfraternity Council. We like to associate with those of our own age and hate dictation from our youngers. Then, fraternities should learn to obey the laws of the new council.


If the laws and regulations of the Interfraternity Council are obeyed a strong influence for good can be wielded by fraternity example. The student body generally considers fraternities as something to be attained, and will, therefore, follow the lead of the fraternities in any student activity. If you

glance over the list of student leaders, you will find that most of them are fraternity men, and because of this possession of leaders, fraternities are able to wield a weighty influence. This influence, together with that enjoyed by the Student Senate, will go far to govern student activities as well as student opinion. These two bodies, having their birth so close to one another, will have to combat the same things and will meet the same difficulties at the same time, so that they will have much in common. This should be productive of a strong bond of co-operation. In fact, co-operation is necessary, because as precedent shows, that in future, bigger years, the one cannot flourish without the other. True, they may exist, but their life will be an inactive one.

It is with pleasure, then, that we welcome this new body to our campus, and we heartily wish it the fondest dreams of its most ardent supporters and, if we may, we predict a most rosy future for the Interfraternity Council. May it live long, be prosperous and do good and, above all, advance Duquesne.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

Education and Success

T is just at this particular time of the year that certain students, commonly called Seniors, now and then think of graduation day, which is to come some time in June. But along with this joy or sorrow or mystery springs forth an idea of the unknown future, and the usual question arises: "What am I going to do after I receive my diploma?"

Men, the world over, make known the fact that education pays. This statement must surely be true. We often hear people saying: "I wish that I had an education." Yes, America needs educated men and women. This does not mean, that America has unintelligent people, but it does mean that she needs more educated people to keep alive the true spirit of democracy.

At the present time, the opportunities for educated men and women are greater than they have ever been in the past. There seems to be a common feeling among ordinary people that a man without an education is just like a man without a country, a brainless worker. Anyone who is at all experi-

enced with life, knows that a man with an education who enters upon a profession, such as pharmacy, law, medicine, or business, usually leads an easier life than the man without an education. What is not so plain, however, is that so many students consider school only as a place for pleasure.

If you glance at the ad columns of any daily newspaper, under "Men Wanted," you will surely notice that the advertisements offering the best positions contain the additional phrase: "high school or college graduates preferred." It has been found by experience, that it is truly the college men who apply themselves to life's daily task in the most efficient manner. Let us hope that in the ranks of these "preferred" men will be found Duquesne students of the class of "27," and that their scholastic worries and labors will be well rewarded.

MICHAEL NEUWIRTH, A. B., '28.

Call of the Sea

I've stood on the bow of a vessel,
Watching the waves rushing by,
Watching the sea gulls careening
Low in the storm colored sky.

I've stood on the shore, whilst the sea breeze
Made music and song in my hair.
I've reveled in, tasted and loved it—
The tang of the salt sea air.

I have seen the wild waves in a tempest,
Enraged at the furious wind.
And I've seen that same ocean in slumber,
Smiling and gentle and kind.

I have loved it and longed for it ever,
And I've dreamed that I saw it once more;
But I wake in the midst of my dreamings
To listen in vain for its roar.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

See Breezes



HELLO, everybody! We are open to congratulations on the inauguration in this issue of a new column, which we hope you will find every month somewhere amongst these pages, and which we further hope will prove somewhat decorative, if not instructive. As you might have suspected, this column springs from a heartfelt desire to improve *The Monthly*, and, as you might not have suspected, it marks the realization of a long-unrealized personal secret ambition to be a columnist and write most anything we pleased and have it published by an editor who would be tall and thin, with a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on his sharply-pointed nose, and an unpleasant expression on his wrinkled countenance. Now our wish has been gratified, except for the fact that the editor is a rather short and—fat fellow, with a complacent expression, and the sort of glasses that go over your ears, and without wrinkles. Monthly editors have a tendency to be different; the last one was built somewhat along the lines of the one now reigning, with the addition of oratory, and the one before that played second base on the baseball team. Under such conditions, what is a perfectly good columnist to do? Personally, we shall do nothing, and try to bear up under our fate as nobly as possible.

Now, of course, you want to know what it's all going to be about, and we might very well begin by explaining our title, or rather the title of the column. The word "see" is, we flatter ourselves, of our own coinage, and is a noun meaning—well, we're not sure whether it should be defined as "a period of time devoted to" or "an action consisting of, the perusal, observation, or perception of everything or anything." "See" used in this sense has nothing at all to do with the Pope—or the C. S. M. C. If a person has had a see, it simply means that he went a-seeing, just as a fellow might go a-walking and have a walk, or go a-drinking and have a spree. "See," however, is a more comprehensive term; one can see things when walking or spurring; indeed, sometimes more than if not. Two hours spent at the Aldine—whether you went on a two-bit pass or took somebody with you, no matter—would be a "see." So would the reading of a book. A glimpse of a

pretty girl might be considered a very special kind of "see," called a vision. It is pretty hard to avoid having "sees," unless you're asleep, and even then there is always the possibility of dreams. Thus, you have the subject matter of our column. Sees. Or, in other words, anything at all.

The "Breezes" mentioned above refer to our breezy style, which you may or may not have noticed. We don't know if it is breezy or not, but we are hoping so and trying hard, because "See Breezes" seemed to us a very clever pun. You mustn't mind, gentle reader, if you find us at one time writing much like Ring W. Lardner, and the next month sounding like Henry James or Arthur Brisbane, or John Greenleaf Whittier. We are like that. The only thing to do is clench your teeth and pray fervently that we don't get ahold of something by Dostievsky.

* * *

We believe that Pittsburgh matinees are attended by a percentage of Duquesne students larger than that of any of the other schools in the district. Proximity is the answer, of course. The theatres are easily accessible, and being in sight, they attract. The result is that we know our theatricals. Just at present, there isn't much to look at except stock companies, and such tropical affairs as "Rain" and "Kongo." As for them—well, spring fever is bad enough.

The Alvin closed with another presentation of "The Vagabond King," which was somewhat disappointing to Duquesne students. Not that it wasn't very good, but due to the presence of Dennis King, the original Francois Villon, we rather expected it to be exceptionally good, whereas the company, as a whole, hardly came up to the standard set by the one which appeared here a couple of months ago. King was good, but not so good as to make us forget his sterling performance as Mercutio in Jane Cowl's Romeo and Juliet on the same stage three years ago. I remember, particularly, Mercutio's green suit, and the difficulty we in the second balcony had as we struggled manfully to see Juliet acting womanishly in her balcony. One thing about the Vagabond King: they built their balconies low enough to be seen from Row G, at any rate.

* * *

If you want to enjoy a mystery story, where you absolutely won't guess the identity of the criminal until you see the name printed on the page as the doer of the deadly deed,

by all means try "The Murder of Roger Acroyd," by Agatha Christie. If you have read a thousand murder mysteries and found them all the same, so much the better. The solution in this one is very cleverly concealed, and the story is guaranteed to please, provided you read it through to the end.

* * *

We feel bound in conscience to say a few words about "Honor Bright," the annual "official" Duquesne play, produced this year under the direction of Dr. Lloyd at the Nixon on May 12. The presentation, as a whole, went along very smoothly and was considered quite successful, with all the players giving nice performances. The title role of "Honor Bright" herself was brightly done by Miss Cora Elizabeth Nill (herself). Tom Quigley upheld the honor of the college and his own unblemished record as an actor by his fine work as Richard Barrington, while not a few were quite pleased with Catherina Winter as Mrs. Peggy Carton. But it is of Thomas F. Henninger, as the learned Dr. William Carton, Ph.D., that we wish principally to speak.

"Dr. Carton," said the program, "is a famous Doctor of Philosophy and a profound explorer in the attractive wilderness of metaphysics—an erudite scholar who has deftly drawn the bow of understanding across the superconscious strings of an intriguing and puissant psychology, and caught therefrom the melody of a wondrous life philosophy." We can safely say that Mr. Henninger, an erudite scholar himself, brought to his part a deft and understanding philosophy sprung from a more or less profound exploration in the intriguing and puissant "wilderness" (very appropriate) of metaphysics. An that's that. Mr. Henninger is the editor of this magazine, and is to be praised in spite of Thespis and the Seven Canons of Journalism.

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The following have requested that their names be in The Monthly: Joseph Mulvihill, August Marzhauser, William Keown, Frank Karabinos, Thomas Durkin, and John McGrady.

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE annual Oratorical Contest of the College Department was held in the School Auditorium Sunday evening, May 8, and Cyril J. Vogel, a Senior, was declared winner of the medal. For four years Cyril has been one of the most active members of the college, and has proved himself a capable speaker on previous occasions. The subject of the winning speech was "Prejudice." The other finalists were Patrick Rice, James Durkin, and S. Anuszkiewicz, all of the Senior Class. The speeches of all four were so well delivered that the judges had difficulty in reaching a decision. Selections by the college Glee Club, under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dewe, and the University Orchestra, conducted by Mr. J. A. Rauterkus, helped to make the evening a most enjoyable one.

* * *

The first affair of the Inter-Fraternity Council, a smoker, was held on May 16, at Schenley Hotel. Members of the Gamma Phi, Kappa Sigma Phi, and Phi Alpha Fraternities were present. The principal speakers were Mr. Clarence Overend, of Carnegie Tech; Father Carroll, Dr. Moran, Dean Muldoon, and the presidents of the three fraternities. Mr. Bluestone, president of the Inter-Fraternity Council, was toastmaster. More than sixty men attended. A luncheon and entertainments completed the program.

* * *

On the evening of May 12, the annual play was presented at the Nixon Theatre, under the direction of Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd. "Honor Bright" proved to be a most enjoyable play, and one that lived up to the standard of other years.

* * *

The big event of the Duquesne social season, the Junior Prom, was held on May 6, at the Schenley Hotel. Dan Gregory's famous orchestra furnished the music and all arrangements went off without a hitch under the management of Joe McDonald and his assistants. The favors were Silver Colonial Dames, with a jewel box and powder case concealed under

the lid. A capacity crowd was present, and all felt that they had spent an enjoyable evening.

* * *

That Duquesne fraternities take an interest in the academic as well as the social, side of school life was demonstrated when the Kappa Sigma Phi fraternity announced that, beginning this year, they will hold a yearly essay contest and award a gold medal for the best essay. The contest is open to students of every department of the University. The subject chosen for this year is Socialism, and the essay is limited to two thousand words. All must be typewritten and handed in by June 1. The judges for the contest will be Father Carroll, Dean of the college, Dean Muldoon, Dean Laughlin, Dr. Moran and Dr. O'Carroll.

* * *

In the recent election of officers for the Newman Club, Duquesne students were elected to four of the six positions. Paul G. Sullivan, who has long been active in Newman Club affairs, was elected President, and Arthur J. McGervey was chosen Vice-President. Thomas H. Yeaglin and Miss Alice Fansmith will serve as Treasurer and Secretary, respectively. Miss Louise Broskey, of the University of Pittsburgh, and Miss Margaret Deely, of Carnegie Tech, were elected to the other two offices.

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Arthur J. McGervey has been elected editor of the Duquesne Duke for next year. Mr. McGervey, an Accounts student, served as Business Manager on the 1926-27 Duke, and should prove a capable successor to Mike Moll, the retiring editor. Joseph R. Cunningham will occupy the post of Business Manager for the 1927-28 publication. The whole school owes its congratulations to Mr. Moll for his excellent work, and wishes the new officers the same success that their predecessor enjoyed.

* * *

The recent decision to have every graduating class leave some work of art to perpetuate its memory is a wise one, and one that meets with the approval of both the faculty and the student body. In college, a man forms friendships and attachments that are rarely broken, and it is natural that he should want the school to remember him and his class. At the same time, these memorials will have not only a sentimental value, but a practical value as well, for they will be a big step in making Duquesne a bigger and more beautiful University.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.



C. S. M. C. Notes

WITH the idea of arousing the dormant interest of the students and people of Pittsburgh in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, a series of debates took place in this district among the major units. That they were a success was evident, for, in all three cases, the halls used were crowded to capacity by an appreciative audience.

The first debate was held on Sunday, March 27, at Synod Hall, Craig Street. The Seton Hill College Unit upheld the resolution that "The Written Word is More Effective Than the Spoken Word in Combating Prejudice," and the Father Simon Unit, of Duquesne University, opposed the resolution. The decision of the judges favored the Father Simon Unit.

Seton Hill was represented by Betty Gray, Helen Boggs, and Sara Gealey; Father Simon Unit by Charles Rice, Thomas Henninger, and James Philpott. Dr. Behan, Mr. Edward Weber, and Mrs. John Hermes rendered the decision. The other officials were Gladys Boslett, Mary M. McNally, William Brennan and John Holdhan.

On Tuesday evening, March 29, the Duquesne Debaters journeyed to Beatty, where they met the debaters of the Saint Vincent Unit. The topic of discussion was the same resolution, and this time Duquesne upheld it and St. Vincent's opposed it. Joseph Hackel, Thomas Madden, and Nicholas Scoville, of St. Vincent's College Unit (the Negative side) defeated Patrick Rice, Ralph Hayes, and John Lambert, of the Father Simon Unit. The judges for this debate were Dr. Richard Behan, Edward Weber, and James O'Toole. More than six hundred people attended this debate.

The third debate, between St. Vincent's College and Seton Hill, was held at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. In this debate the affirmative side of the same question was defended by St. Vincent's and the negative by Seton Hill, who gained the judges' verdict.

In all the debates the negative side triumphed and the series ended in a triple tie. The enthusiasm shown by both Crusaders and lay people prove that debates on religious topics are worthwhile and should be encouraged. The chairman of the debates was Rev. Edward J. Quinn, C. S. Sp., Moderator of the Father Simon Unit.

* * *

The University Unit of the C. S. M. C. held its annual Missicn Day Rally on May 17. The day opened with a solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp., Dean of the College of Arts. He was assisted by Rev. Edward J. Quinn, C.S.Sp., as deacon, and Rev. Henry McDermott, C.S.Sp., as sub-deacon. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Daniel J. Killeen, C.S.Sp. In the afternoon, Thomas J. Quigley, Thomas McLaughlin and William Daly, in the name of the student body, read the Crusade Act of Faith. For this occasion, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas J. McCarthy, C.S.Sp., Dean of Discipline. Solemn Benediction was given by Rev. Thomas Lappan, of the Epiphany Church. The music for the Mass was rendered by the Junior and Senior choir, directed by Rev. John F. Malloy, C.S.Sp., and Rev. James Parent, C.S.Sp. Edward White sang the Ave Maria at the afternoon service.

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On June 8 and 9, the Unit will present Chesterton's "Magic" as its closing activity of the year. The play will be directed by Professor Dwyer.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

Alumni Notes



HOWARD J. CARROLL, now the Rev. Howard J. Carroll, was recently ordained to the holy priesthood at Fribourg, Switzerland. On the following day, Passion Sunday, he celebrated his First Solemn Mass, in the Fribourg Cathedral. Having taken his B. A. at Duquesne, he spent two years in St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., where he received his Ph. D. He was then sent to Switzerland, where he expects to remain until he finishes his theological course. His brother, Coleman Carroll, A. B., '26, is also a Duquesne alumnus.

At the recent election of officers of the Newman Club of Pittsburgh, two alumni of the College of Arts were especially honored. Paul G. Sullivan, A. B., '25, Maxima cum Laude, has been elected to the office of president. He succeeds Walter Braun, student in the School of Accounts. The office of treasurer was entrusted to Thomas P. Yeaglin, A. B., '26. Both of these gentlemen are now enrolled in Law School.

* * *

The Rev. Charles M. Keane has assumed the duties of pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Sugar Creek, Pa. St. Patrick's enjoys the distinction of having been the first Catholic Church erected west of the Allegheny mountains. On Wednesday evening, May 11, he was given a farewell party by members of St. Canice's parish, where he had acted in the role of assistant pastor.

To fill the vacancy left by Father Keane, the Rt. Rev. Bishop has appointed the Rev. Martin J. Brennan, formerly of St. Mary's Church, New Castle.

Father Brennan, in turn, is succeeded at St. Mary's by the Rev. Dudley Nee. Father Nee has been transferred from St. Leonard's Church, Monessen.

Also the Rev. Fathers Charles F. Gwyer and Francis J. Mueller have received new stations. Both of these Fathers have been assistants at Holy Rosary Church, Homewood, but one of them, Father Gwyer, goes as pastor to St. Ann's parish, Waynesburg, while the other, Father Mueller, has been transferred to the Church of the Resurrection, Brookline. Meanwhile, the Rev. Francis R. Shields goes to Holy Rosary Church.

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Cyril Bott, one of those who, by their floorwork, have helped to make the name of Duquesne not only respected, but feared in College basketball circles, is now employed as a traveling salesman for the Oldrich Ammonia Company, a New York State concern. Athletics still hold its lure for him. He plays baseball for St. Philip's Church, Crafton, Pa.

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It is with pleasure that we record the marriage of Mr. Owney Dwyer to Miss Butler; also that of Frank M. Loebig to Miss Adelaide Foret. Mr. and Mrs. Loebig are now residing at 1023 Woodland Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh. Both Dwyer and Loebig are Alumni of the School of Accounts and are now enrolled in Law School. The staff of The Monthly, on behalf of the student and alumni of the school, extend to both couples their most hearty congratulations.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

Exchanges

IN taking charge of the Exchange Department, we realize that we are undertaking a duty that is strange to us, and for which we are quite unfit. We see clearly that, to hold the position of literary critic on *The Duquesne Monthly* is no mean task. It is, indeed, a responsibility to set forth a criticism of other magazines that is supposed to be representative of the entire feeling in our school. We have only our own personal judgment to go by, our own private taste. What pleases us, may displease another, and vice versa.

Consequently, we feel a trifle diffident in taking on ourselves this task, and therefore we intend to review only two magazines this month, merely to accustom ourselves to the feel of the critic's pen and chair, and to gather courage for our subsequent efforts.

And so we take up the *Fordham Monthly*, the March issue. The feature article in this issue is a criticism on the much discussed and much criticized Ibsen. Our critic is one of those who weighs him in the balance and finds him wanting. He also casts some interesting sidelights on his life, which might account for the mind so heavily burdened with curious ideas. We see him an unfriendly, gaunt young man, walking up and down the main street of his home town in Skien, Norway, about the year 1850, deeply thinking and evolving some of the ideas which were to make him famous. Our critic comments on Ibsen's style, how he adhered to the unities of time and place, how he unknowingly reverted the trend of plays back to the type of Aristotle's; how he was interested in the problem of the individual rather than of society. A fine piece of criticism, that shows a knowledge of the subject and a well-ordered grasp of detail.

Another article, "Spain and Modernism," casts an entirely different light on Spain, the land of romance, guitars and bull-fights. Our author pictures it as a land of people, businesslike and eager to get ahead. An interesting portrayal of a new phase of a land really unknown.

"The Lap of Luxury," shows how the idle-rich pity the poverty-stricken, and how they in turn pity the rich. The harmonize.

"Sirocco" is a good, descriptive story of a youth seeking for expression. Circumstances and practical experience soon restore to him a proper perspective on life. "The Last Hour" describes the interworkings of the mind of a semi-conscious man being thrust into eternity. Among the poems, "The Ideal" stood out prominently. A good retrospection of an ambition, not completely realized. "Return of the Lilacs" has fine description and reopens the heart to a sacred memory. There is a subtle undertone running through the "Song of the Music Master" that makes it lovely and altogether charming. "Spring Ho" carries with it the breath of Spring, adventure and country lanes. Concluding with a glimpse of the "Opinions on Books" and a complete summary of athletics, we came to the end of a finely constructed and interesting book, containing a wealth of good material.

* * *

The students of Trinity College must make an exhaustive study of American literature, for in the "Record" there are no less than five appreciations of what might be called the lesser known authors of this country. "Henry Van Dyke, Idealist," is the best of these, but none of the others are far behind. "Amy Lowell" especially deserves praise. Two very good short stories also found their way into the book, "Shadows" and "Thorns" being the best of them. "Thorns" shows unusual originality for a college student. The real literary merit of the "Record," however, lies in its numerous poems and essays. Out of the score or so of short verses, "Tired" and "Perplexed" seemed to be the best. In both of these, the authoresses had the daring to leave the beaten path of poetical structure and adopt an unusual meter. Their achievements certainly justify their methods. Among the essays, "Darkness," which won the annual essay contest at Trinity, ranks first, and it is highly deserving of the honor bestowed on it. "Roof of the World" and "Walking in Circles" also are worthy of comment. A trio of book reviews, the best of which is on Tarkington's "The Plutocrat," and a number of first-class editorials complete a publication that is worthy of a school of Trinity's standing.

WALTER S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.

Tennis

ENNIS, the sole spring varsity sport to occupy Duke athletes, opened with consecutive victories over Bethany and Grove City, what promises to be one of the most successful seasons since its inaugural on the Bluff. The Dukes, hampered by inclement weather and dearth of veteran material, found little difficulty in defeating the Bison racketeers in the initial tilt. The Dukes captured all of the single matches and the doubles were split.

The summary of the Bethany match is as follows: Sullivan of Duquesne defeated Ryan, Bethany, 4-6, 9-7, 6-0. Creighton, Duquesne, defeated Kirley, Bethany, 6-1, 3-6, 6-2; Collodi, Duquesne, defeated Johnson, Bethany, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4. J. Philpott, Duquesne, defeated Addy, Bethany, 6-1, 6-2. Olko, Duquesne, defeated Stalnakee, Bethany, 6-0, 6-1.

Results of Doubles: Sullivan and J. Philpott, Duquesne, defeated Ryan and Kirley, Bethany, 6-4, 6-3. Johnson and Addy, Bethany, defeated Rehn and Keller, of Duquesne, 6-0, and default.

* * *

In the second tennis match of the year, the Duke net men easily defeated the Grove City College racketeers. The Grovers were able to cop only one match of the six, that being in the third single match, when Hassler of Grove City defeated Collodi in closely contested sets. The Dukes showed an improvement of form over the opening contest, and if the results of the above two games are criteria, then 1927 will be a banner year for Duquesne—with two championships—basket ball and tennis.

Summary of Grove City game: Singles—Sullivan, Duquesne, defeated Reese, Grove City, 6-3, 6-2. Creighton, Duquesne, defeated Madory, Grove City, 6-1, 6-4. Hassler, Grove City, defeated Collodi, Duquesne, 6-2, 7-5. J. Philpott, Duquesne, defeated Price, Grove City, 7-4, 7-5.

Doubles: Sullivan and J. Philpott, Duquesne, defeated Price and Madory, Grove City, 6-3 and 6-3. Creighton and Olko, defeated Reese and Hassler, Grove City, 6-3, 1-6, 9-7.

Again, the varsity netmen displayed dazzling form to defeat West Va. Wesleyan racketeers 7 to 2, at the Bluff courts. Wesleyan's only victories came in the singles, when F. Haugh defeated Creighton and J. Haught bested Collodi. The feature match of the day was the doubles between Sullivan and J. Philpott of Duquesne and Modlin and F. Haught of Wesleyan. This hectic session was won by the Duke pair 15-17, 6-3, 6-4.

Summary of the matches—Singles: Sullivan, Duquesne, defeated Moglin, Wesleyan, 6-2, 6-1. F. Haugh, Wesleyan, defeated Creighton, Duquesne, 1-6, 7-5, 6-3. J. Haught, Wesleyan, defeated Collodi, Duquesne, 2-6, 7-5, 6-4. J. Philpott, Dukes, defeated Corbiers, Wesleyan, 6-4, 7-5. Olko, Duquesne, defeated Ritzinger, Wesleyan, 6-0, 6-2. Keller, Duquesne, defeated Sigofoose, Wesleyan, 3-6, 8-6, 10-8.

Doubles: J. Philpott and Sullivan, Duquesne, defeated Modlin and F. Haught, Wesleyan, 15-17, 6-3, 6-4. Creighton and Olho, Duquesne, defeated Ritzinger and Coburn of Wesleyan, 6-4, 6-4. R. Philpott and Collodi, Duquesne, defeated Sigofoose and J. Haught, Wesleyan, 6-3, 6-4.

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29



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Farewell

To the Graduating Class of 1927

How joyous, schoolmates, this your great success!
Your school-days done, life's goal at last in view.
How happy we! and proud! Can words express
The overwhelming pride we have in you.

Our faith in you, we know you'll justify.
O fail us not in any way; and when
With cruel Fate's adversity you vie,
Be strong, be loyal, brave and true—be MEN.

And, comrades, has it yet occurred to you
That from us soon—No! now, you must depart;
And that no balm of gladness can subdue
The sorrow that is settling in our heart.

Perchance, we'll see thee soon again—but stay!
It may be no more in this life—who can tell?
Farewell, then, if we part but for the day;
But if forever, then forever
Fare—thee—well.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



The Legacy of the Past



WE belong to an age where civilization has reached an amazing perfection, and where the ingenuity of man has attained stupendous results by harnessing the forces of nature, and making them do his will. On the earth, under the earth, and over the earth, men are daily attaining greater proficiency. Our very lives are bound up in the inventions of our fellows. Our food, our dwelling places, our means of locomotion, our very amusements are the result of the resourcefulness of men. The means we used to come to this hall, the invitations that brought us here, and the programmes we have in our hands, are due entirely to the creative genius of those who have succeeded in overcoming the powers of nature. This very hall is made possible only by science and invention. We live in a mechanical age, where our every act is dependent on man's explorations in the domain of science and our lives are molded by its influence.

But in the rush of our daily lives, do we ever stop to consider who is responsible for this animated civilization of ours, which has reached such a height of mechanical perfection? Are we not inclined to give all the credit for our scientific and cultural achievements to our own age? Do we not smile at the laborings of past generations, and say: "These people of old were slow and stupid. How intelligent and progressive are the men of our own time!" Rather, let us pause awhile and see how much we really owe to our forefathers, upon whose arduous labors our vast civilization has been firmly built. Let us pay honor to the achievements of other ages. Let us show our appreciation for the Legacy of the Past.

Consider, my friends, that science which we are accustomed to consider as peculiarly our own, which we hail as a product of our age. Let us investigate its origin. Let us find out from whom it has come. Go back to the men of Egypt who constructed the pyramids, with a scientific precision that has astonished the ages; take notice of the mechanical per-

fection of ancient Crete, where there existed an architecture the equal of our own; recall the Greeks and Romans, with their buildings and roads, and viaducts. Did not these primitive beginnings of scientific research have a profound influence on us? Are we not indebted to those plodding pioneers of the past? To come to a somewhat later period. Does not our mechanical age owe a debt of gratitude to Galileo, Newton, and a host of others, for their excursions into the realm of science? In fact, our mechanical perfection is the product of the efforts expended by the men of old. It is the realization of their dreams. They laid the foundation for our progress by their work, and we have benefitted by their legacy.

The greatest pride of modern ages is our civilization. We boast of it at every opportunity. We glorify it on every occasion. What is responsible for this civilization? What is the force that has made this age a civilized one? Was it not the work of those Jewish and Christian leaders who have striven for four thousand years to turn the world away from vice and materialism; who have given their lives, in all ages, to the propagation of virtue, and the abolition of murder, servitude, and immorality?

Yes, our age does not stand alone, our progress, our civilization, our culture, are not due to the men of our time alone. The monk in his cell, the alchemist of the middle ages, the inventor of every age, all had a hand in fashioning the civilization to which we are so attached.

In our studies at Duquesne University, we have learned to appreciate the contribution of the past, and look kindly on the achievements of other generations. In the college we have peered at the ruins of Egypt and studied the lore of Greece and Rome. We have run the gamut of philosophers, from Aristotle and St. Thomas to Descartes, and reviewed the literature that gifted men of all ages have poured forth. In Law, we have studied the same judicial systems developed by Demosthenes, Cicero, Justinian, and Blackstone. The laws of commerce first perceived by the Phoenicians three thousand years ago, and later developed by Venice and the Hanseatic League, have been viewed in our school of business administration. In medicine, the labors of Mondeville, deChauliac, Vesalius, and the other doctors of the middle ages, have given us a foundation upon which to build our studies. We have ever been made cognizant of the debt we owe to those who have gone before, and have never failed to appreciate the legacy of the past.

Tonight, we graduates are together for the last time. For four years we have labored together, in class and out of class. A bond of union has sprung up among us and between us and our University. Let not that sacred bond be shattered. As we leave our Alma Mater forever, we are aware of the debt we owe to her. As the years go by, let us not forget the part she has played in our success. Let us appreciate the priceless legacy she has given us.

It is with a deep feeling of appreciation for what has been done for us, that we say to our school, our professors, each other, FAREWELL.

PATRICK W. RICE, A. B., '27.

Ode to Evening

The sun has set at last,
And now the eve has cast a shade
O'er hill and little glade,
O'er meadows, broad and green,
Whose lovely sheen
Sparkles with a beauty unsurpassed.

The night has come again
And brought with it a note of mirth
That covers all the earth,
And makes my soul to start rejoice,
As if in voice,
Of what the close of day has brought to men.

JOHN A. McKENNA, A. B., '28.

*International Socialism**



THE title shows that the subject takes in a very wide scope. INTERNATIONAL sets forth that it is not confined to any one nation or kind of government, but takes in the whole world, though at the present time the United States dominates any international consideration. SOCIALISM is a theory, the definition of which even Socialists cannot agree upon. Originally, it was a Utopian idea of a common life, too idealistic to be seriously taken up; then it became an alleged philosophy of life based on a so-called scientific understanding of the economic relationships of man to man. In its latest stages, Socialism has changed into Bolshevism or Socialism-Bolshevism, which is the exact opposite of the earliest form of Socialism. Bolshevism is a definite step to confiscate everything to the state and to make the private citizen the subject of the absolute state by destroying all existing methods of government and commencing all over again.

To begin at the beginning, let me show that the deep springs of its action lie in rebellion, in atheistic materialism; that its forces are drawn up in solid array, hostile to Christian civilization; that its philosophy and psychology vitiate every mind and organization that give it sympathetic service. It has even a place in our educational system in its higher branches, distracting both students and professors. Within the five grand divisions of human society, namely, the domestic sphere, the social sphere, the political sphere, the economic sphere, and the religious sphere, no part escapes its mental and moral blight.

The two forces of rebellion and destruction go hand in hand and are greatly aided by the gross materialism and anti-Christianity of Socialism. It is a gross system, because it bases every consideration of life on scientific economics. It has no God but Mammon. Where Socialism has been adopted, rebellion against sound principles has followed. Materialism holds sway and displaces Christianity by murdering its bishops and priests. The opposing standards of rebellion and authority point out to level heads that order, as opposed to chaos rests on the belief in Almighty God and obedience to His commands. The stability and peace of nations is based

*This essay won the gold medal, donated by the Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity, for the best essay on the question of "Socialism."

upon a recognition of what God intended the state to be, not upon any man-made scheme that departs from the Ten Commandments. The structure of human society is sound in so far as right reason is obeyed, and man's love for man is made manifest. Society is sick and will be sicker in so far as it takes Socialistic remedies, since reconstruction on solid principles is not its object, for it takes from the patient his best friend—hope in God.

In our country, our government is too strong to be seriously affected by Socialistic influences, but it attacks us in a weaker spot—education. Here we witness a somewhat obscure struggle between those who stand for right as against wrong upon the broad field of learning and artistic culture. Here the most insidious efforts of Socialism are greatly rewarded. Its atheistic philosophy is leavening the whole lump of so-called free thought with a pagan view of things as relentless as it is cruel. It is truly a culture of sense perceptions as was that of degenerate Rome under the vile rule of Nero.

We have in our colleges and universities today a society, "The Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society," founded in 1905 in New York, with Jack London, president; J. G. Phelps Stokes and Upton Sinclair (the author of several of our recent best sellers), vice-presidents. In form, this organization is made up of student and alumni chapters for the "purpose of promoting interest in Socialism among college men, graduate and under-graduate." We find chapters in seventy-one of our leading schools, and fourteen alumni chapters. These are not in small or out-of-the-way institutions, but in the leading ones of our country, like Yale, Harvard, Brown, and our neighboring institutions.

One hundred years ago, when Stephen Girard bequeathed his estate to found what is called Godless Girard College, for the education, without any knowledge of God included, of poor little white orphans, Daniel Webster characterized the will as "giving evidence of sheer ribald, low, vulgar deism and infidelity." Evidently our standards have changed, for we now have many Godless colleges instead of one, but today, just as one hundred years ago, we cannot but agree with the great Webster's closing thought, that if Mr. Girard had sought he could not have found a way of doing more harm.

Many of our teachers espouse the cause and teach the false theories of Socialism, either openly or covertly. They

condemn the benefits they enjoy but do not give them up. They turn against the educational system that has given them their place in the world. Such ingratitude is like biting the hand that feeds you. They enjoy the social advantages of a free nation, and are never molested in holding legitimately acquired property. There is no question but that something has blighted their mental and moral growth to make them adopt such a course.

E. W. Howe, editor of *Howe's Monthly*, has characterized Socialism thus: "Ever think of what a piece of impudence Socialism is? Ever think of this phase of the subject? Here are our best men in transportation, finance, manufacturing, farming, mechanics, engineering, merchandising, and in all the other legitimate activities of life. They have at least done so well that our country ranks first in all essential respects, but here come a lot of palpable second-raters, calling themselves Socialists, and declare that everything has been done wrong. Probably not one of the Big Critics who denounce our financial methods has ever been a banker; probably not one who denounces conditions of employment has been an employer of any consequence; certainly the bulk of these tremendous fellows are much like barbers talking about the money markets of the world, or tennis players discussing the problems of transportation, employment, statecraft, credits and the like. They have no credentials; they have won no spurs; they have simply erected press galleries everywhere and set themselves up as critics of everything. Find, if you can, one of these fellows who is actually a first-class men in anything except criticism."

The evil effects of the Socialistic system on our domestic life put before us the philosophical opposites—the Christian principle of moral responsibility and the Socialistic principle of irresponsibility as regards marriage, children, and even the economic burdens of married life. They pretend that our present marriage system is all wrong; that we are living under conditions the exact opposite of former marriage customs. Ferri, in "Socialism and Modern Science," says: "The right of freely dissolving the marriage tie, which was recognized in primitive society, has been gradually replaced by the absolute formula of theology and mysticism, which fancy that the 'free will' can set the destiny of a person by a monosyllable pronounced at a time when the physical equilibrium is as unstable as it is during courtship and at marriage." Marriage is made

a mockery, and all the safeguarding influence of God's and man's efforts to make the family more secure end in vain. Man is to be allowed unlimited license. Man, and not God, would be the only binding force. It is sad, for every theory and practice which separates mankind from the knowledge and the providence of God necessarily ends in despair. The joy and responsibility of parenthood are both removed. A man is not a father and the children are orphans. The father is not called on to take care of his own children's needs for sustenance. The whole burden of family life is placed on the state, just as today when the parents are killed; but today it is a misfortune, while under Socialism it is the accepted thing.

Our social life would be disrupted, for with God gone out of our life we are absolved from being our brother's keeper. The less fortunate would have no claim on the more fortunate,—again the Socialistic principle of irresponsibility. Our social problems would not be considered with an alleviating touch of pity; it would only be a question of which is cheaper—let the people be ignorant and suffer, or educated and happy? We would not give to any family or cause with a sense of charity,—there would be no charity. Everything would be only a question of what gives an economic advantage to the state.

Our political life would be a violent upheaval of all existing systems of government. The effect of practical Socialism in Russia, Mexico, and China has been the demonstration of the principle of might against right, "dog eat dog." In all these countries have the weak suffered and the strong waxed fat, for under Socialism man is a mere chattel of the state.

George Washington said: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail where religious principles are excluded." Washington was the most trustworthy authority on good government up to our time. He condemned Socialism, or any kind of Godless government, and he had only the French Revolution to look back upon, but today we have the above-mentioned countries, and the latest attempt of one of them—Russia—to destroy England, the government that was first to recognize her. The underlying trait of Socialism seems to be ingratitude. Russia is also working in China, and as a result of the vicious system of trade carried out by England, contrary to the spirit of the League of Nations, and a growing fear of Japan, Bolshevism

has done its work. We see in China today war within war, revolution and counter-revolutions, excessive patriotism and treachery. There is nothing to buy and no money with which to buy—want is stalking through the land.

Our economic life would stagnate and initiative die. As a matter of fact, there has been a decline in the material wealth of the countries referred to, where Socialism has been tried. Socialism has often erroneously been defined as the public ownership of public utilities. This is one of the so-called principles of Socialism, and is merely a lever whereby those in power wrench private property from disliked citizens, while covering all with a gloss of righteousness with the cry, "It is for the good of the State." It seems odd, but when Henry VIII, in England, and Calles, in Mexico, confiscated church and private property, it was never any undeveloped territory, but only the richest and best, and both took rich tracts for themselves. England's economic decay terminated in a population of beggars vainly intimidated by hanging them for begging. Mexico has not yet reached that stage, but already there has been a marked decline in the sources of her wealth. Economic suffering is the rearguard of Socialism.

Socialism directly and by force tries to destroy religion. In this it defeats its own end, for man so longs for religious solace that he quickly gives up Socialism.

The fundamental error of Socialism, is the assumption that all human institutions of whatever nature are the more or less remote outgrowth of our economic relations. George D. Herron, author of the socialist work, "Between Caesar and Jesus," has stated it thus: "The world's sentiments and religions, its laws and morals, its arts and literature, are all rooted in the struggle between classes for the control of the food supply." This is what makes Socialism fail, for any right-minded man can see that a nation is more than just so many stomachs. The duty of a father and of the state extends further than the mere feeding of the family. Even in the world of dumb brutes, the parents do more than feed their offspring.

Let me sum up. The menace of International Socialism can best be seen by a synthetic view of its workings; its constant efforts to tear down what has been built up in our governments, our educational systems, and in our home, social, political, economic and religious life. Let us understand that it contemplates a complete overthrowing of the Christian

civilization that was built upon the pagan authority of Greece and Rome. Once again, it would have a state where God is unknown, where human will is responsible only to human authority, and where justice is one thing today and another tomorrow.

JAMES B. DURKIN, A. B., '27.

Delusion

Some people wish to have the love
Of those they love; to have the smile
Of fortune, fate, and then at death
To journey to a fairy isle.

Alas, too often saddened lips
Tell mournful stories of delights
That vanish as do mountain mists
When once is reached the lofty heights.

The lives of such are but a husk
When viewed with those who, pilgrim-wise,
Transverse the quiet ways till dusk,
And thence go forth to Paradise.

Such fools ne'er have the urge to pray
Nor seek the everlasting light;
They suck the nectar of the day,
But, ah! their fate when comes the night!

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.

The Obligation of the Law

THE fleeting moments of Commencement are precious and happy ones for the graduate. But for the Bachelor of Law it is no time to shout paeans of great joy. The conferring of his degree is an honor, to be sure, but it is significant to the recipient principally because it is a step upward on a ladder that has been traveled by hosts of the great. It marks an appropriate time to consider the obligations which are to be imposed upon him as a lawyer.

There is probably no profession on earth which has been so subjected to the quips and criticisms of the masses as that of the law. Against this criticism, the law needs no defense at my hands—or at the hands of any man. The profession stands, and for ages has stood, upon the excellence of its service and the integrity of its members.

From the period when men first adopted the forms of civil polity, the principle of advocacy must have existed, though the name may have been unknown. For what is it but the aid offered by those gifted with the means and the power to petition for right? And when did a time ever exist when there were not the timid and the oppressed, who either dared not or could not plead their own causes without assistance at the footstool of justice? Even when the appeal was not to justice, but to power, how often in the infancy of the world must the suppliant have needed the agency of a friend to stand between him and vengeance and to plead for mercy and pardon? That friend thereby became his advocate.

As in those early days, so it is true today, that the high honors and great distinctions of the profession of the law are granted to those who render the greatest service, without reference to their race, their color, or their creed. Lawyers of every race and every color stand at the bars of our courts on an equal footing with advocates whose direct ancestors stepped upon American shores from the Mayflower. A communicant of the Roman Catholic Church, Edward Douglas White, was called from the ranks of the bar to fill the highest judicial position in the world—the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the present day, a Protestant, Chief Justice Taft, presides over the same august tribunal and listens with attention to the counsel of Mr. Justice Brandeis, a Jew.

So while the rewards of the law are bestowed indiscriminately upon those who deserve them, the profession acknowledges but one aristocracy, the aristocracy, the nobility if you will, of learning. For, as the lawyer's value depends upon the service he can render, so the measure of that service is the value of his intellect, and the extent of his knowledge of the science which he practices.

The laws of nature are immutable, so that to him who clearly understands and rightly interprets them, they form a solid foundation upon which science may build with the confidence that no act of man may overturn the work.

But man-made law, as we have it today, is subject to change. The vast and complicated structure of the law is a creature of infinitely slow growth.

The governments of Babylon and Sparta, as empires, have passed into the oblivion of decadence, but the influence of Hammurabi and Lycurgus is still to be seen in our statute books. Those ancient lawgivers, together with innumerable others, have helped to shape and guide the course of the law; a thin golden thread running through the many-hued fabric of history, sometimes mouldering and tarnished by revolution, anarchy and war, often emerging into the golden ages of great empires, never quite obliterated, and always widening and becoming brighter as order in government is gradually erected out of the chaos of political unrest.

During this long and painful growth of the science, great dignity and high privilege have attended those who were learned in its lore. But concurrently with the honor, increased responsibility has descended upon the lawyer as a result of the high position which he occupies. Because of his peculiar status, there is demanded of the lawyer something besides knowledge.

To his client he owes the first duty. The statement that a lawyer owes a duty of the highest good faith toward his client has become hackneyed. He must exert every effort which his ability and skill will in honor permit him to put forth. The client frequently puts into the hands of his lawyer, his property, his reputation, his liberty, even his life, and the lawyer who gives less than all his ability to serve, is false to his profession. But the lawyer's honor comes before the client's cause. No lawyer is the keeper of his client's conscience, but he is keeper of his own, and is never obliged to do a dishonorable act to further his client's ends.

Toward the court, the lawyer owes his second duty, as one of its officers. His obligation is to see that justice is done. As the circumstances of the case require, he uses the law as a sword to right a wrong or punish an offense, or as a shield to protect the innocent and keep inviolate the rights of parties entitled to the protection of the law.

Finally, toward the public, the lawyer owes the duty of maintaining and defending the existing law. He is peculiarly qualified to guide and direct public opinion, and as a member of organized society must lend his learning and ability to no movement of a destructive and subverting nature. Nor should the thought of monetary gain be a moving factor in the selection of the causes he champions. Rather should his care be to enforce the right, without reference to financial benefit.

Briefly told, these are the obligations which a lawyer takes upon himself when he swears the oath under which he is admitted to the Bar. These are the duties which have been observed by the great ones into whose company his membership in the Bar brings him. They are the principles which have been handed down by Gaius and Justinian, by Coke and Hale and Erskine, by Marshall and the lawyer President whose words you see on the wall behind me now. They are the tenets and talismans of the great and honorable profession of the law.

The University can make a man a Bachelor of Law; the Courts can make him an attorney; but only the man can make himself a lawyer worth of the honor of the name.

The University, through the earnest and patient efforts of the lawyers and judges who compose her faculty, has placed in our hands the tools with which we shall toil; has entrusted us with the implements with which we shall meet these great obligations.

It rests with us to say how, as debtors, we shall repay that gift, or as lawyers, discharge that trust. Can we do more than hope and pray that the light of the high example of the great lawyers who have preceded us will burn on through many generations, to guide the footsteps, to encourage the efforts, and stimulate the ambition, to inspire belief in the observance of ideals, to fortify the courage and spirit of duty of us who follow them.

Let us take upon ourselves the obligations of the lawyer. and guided by the holy heritage of the traditions of the pro-

fession, build upward the great temple of the structure of the law, lifting higher its pinnacles of freedom, liberty and right to the magnificent sun of true Justice.

RICHARD H. WOOD, LL.B., '27.

Words

Some words are there so cheery
They fill our souls with joy;
And when one speaks of beauty,
Such words he must employ.

But words are there so gloomy,
That day seems changed to night;
The soul has tremors eery,
And mirth and peace take flight.

Some words are there so airy,
They whisper thoughts so fey;
They seem to be a fairy,
Who o'er our souls holds sway.

In joy or peace or sadness,
These words their purpose bear;
They cleanse our souls of meanness,
And lighten every care.

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.

A New Wage Policy in the United States?



FEW decades ago, an English writer, after analyzing British industry during one of those depressions to which modern business is periodically subjected, put his finger on what seemed to him the cause of the trouble. "The chief obstacle to British prosperity," this writer claimed, "is dear labor." Yet only a few months ago, a British Commission, after studying industrial conditions in America with a view to relieving in some measure the prolonged industrial depression in their own country, reported substantially as follows: First, the people of the United States are enjoying a condition of material prosperity that has never before been equaled in any country. Secondly, the general level of real wages, especially in the unionized trades, is the highest that has ever been paid in any country at any time.

The traditional view of employers has always been to regard the wages of labor as a cost—often the principal cost—of doing business. If, following a period of expansion and prosperity, the profits' margin was threatened or had ceased to exist, the natural and apparently inevitable thing to do was to cut the costs by reducing wages. If an actual cut in the wage scale was not possible, then practically the same result could be accomplished by reducing the number of workers. The aim has been to keep on producing. To meet growing competition, costs had to be reduced, and since labor loomed so large among the costs of manufacturing, naturally it came in for a large share of the reduction.

Viewed from the sidelines, this policy which has dominated American business for a hundred years, seems strange and almost unbelievable. Those who have been directing industry have seldom stopped to ask what was to be done with the goods after they had been produced. The great aim has been to keep on producing. They have proceeded as if the goods and services that flowed from business enterprise were intended primarily for foreign countries or for consumers on another planet. The labor actually engaged was thought of merely as a factor in production, and as such, it was to be obtained at the lowest possible cost—efficiency, of course, always being taken into consideration. They apparently forget the important fact that at least ninety per cent of the goods and services produced in America must be used,

if they are used at all, by American workers and their dependents. Forgetting this, there was little hesitancy in reducing the purchasing power of the very persons upon whom they were dependent for a market. Like many other well intentioned people, they proceeded "to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs."

In the presence of prosperity, there is a pronounced note of apprehension among business men. How much longer can prosperity last? What about 1928? Of a dozen or more business reports analyzed recently, not one fails to sound some note of warning about what may happen in the next few months. What is the cause of this apprehension?

If you should ask any merchant or manufacturer what is causing him his chief concern today, he would probably say, "finding an outlet for my goods." In the language of the market, he is confronted with increasing sales resistance.

That this sales resistance is a reality, and that a tremendous effort is being made to market an ever-increasing stream of goods is shown in many ways. First among these, is the unprecedented volume of installment sales. Sellers are not willing to wait until purchasing power has been earned; they prefer to anticipate it by several months. The terms offered are becoming more and more attractive; according to reports, some manufacturers are so anxious to increase these sales that they are subsidizing and guaranteeing the houses that discount the commercial paper growing out of such transactions.

Further evidence of a desire to unload goods in the market is afforded by our exports to Europe. Each year hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods are sold on credit terms, and this in spite of the fact that no one is wise enough even to suggest a possible method of collecting the billions in debt already accumulated.

The unprecedented expenditures for advertising, the various proposals for handling the agricultural surplus, the buy-at-home campaigns, the high protective tariff—all these point to the same situation, a desire to sell more than the market will readily take, and a haunting fear that foreign goods may come in to make the task of selling all the more difficult.

What are the causes of this sales resistance and these extraordinary sales efforts? On the productive side, it is largely the result of an accumulative process. For more than a hun-

dred years, we have been accumulating capital—those forms of goods which are used in further production. The creation of capital is a kind of self-accentuating process. The more a country has, the easier it is to add to existing supplies.

The president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in a recent report, says that in the steel industry two men with the aid of unloading machinery can do the work that was formerly performed by from twelve to twenty men unloading by hand. In pig iron casting, seven men have replaced sixty. In the open hearth operation, one man can do the work that was formerly done by forty; and two men, unloading pig iron with the aid of an electric magnet, have replaced one hundred and twenty-eight. Similar examples might be cited in other industries.

On the side of consumption, the procession has not kept pace. It is true that the average of wages throughout the United States is more than double what it was in 1913, although the cost of living is less than seventy per cent higher than it was at that time. This means an actual increase in real wages. It is true also that many workers of all classes are able to supplement their regular earnings by returns on savings and investments. But this increase in purchasing power has not equaled the remarkable increases in the productivity of the workers during the same period.

If then, as many observers believe, we are approaching a period when it will be even more difficult to market an ever-increasing flow of goods at a profitable price, what will be the attitude of the larger employers? Will they follow the traditional policy of the past? Will they, when the cost of production approaches the highest possible selling price, cut wages—or reduce the number of workers—or both? It is probable that many, if not most, of them will. It would be too much to expect a new wage policy to be ushered in all at once.

But it is just on this point that the attitude of employers seems to be changing. In a recent interview, Henry Ford is reported to have said that if three or four large employers would, when a business crisis is impending, simultaneously raise wages and lower prices the whole tide of business could be changed. Other representatives of capital have expressed themselves in the same manner. Some Trade Associations, in their conventions, have discussed the matter, but thus far there has been little concerted action.

Just what the outcome will be must be left to the future. Certainly, when sellers of goods and services generally realize that the ultimate market for most of their wares is largely with the very people who man their shops and factories, they will not willingly destroy that market by cutting off its purchasing power. In the meantime, it is beside the point to talk of further expansion in American business, until we find a way to sell the goods and services we are already producing.

DANIEL J. DAILEY, B. S. in E., '27.



The Prisoner of Calculus

(With due apologies to Lord Byron)

My hair is gray but not with years,
 And grew it gray
 In a single day
From none but Calculus fears.
My chums and I at school did work
And never did a problem shirk;
Even though 'twas not e'er well;
'Twas thus in work we loved to dwell.
The year was long, the passing days
Surrounded us with C O S I N E haze,
And all those other funny things
That dawn of winter weather brings.
Our teacher did his very best,
And trusted us to do the rest,
But how could we in such a case,
Repel Disaster's chill embrace?
The very walls and windows, too,
Became a curse, the mid-year through;
The door, its panels three of glass,
A prison cell did hide our class.
The mid-year came, the mid-year went,
The mid-year found our thoughts far-spent.
I can't attempt to tell again
The other half and all its pain.
Suffice to say, in June 'twas I
Who won my freedom with a sigh.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Commencement

CHIS is the Commencement issue. Therefore I must commence, strange as it may seem, by bidding farewell to all the boys who are going to leave us. I will not dwell long on this, however, having already spent considerable time on the poem, which you will see decorating the first page of the present issue of the Monthly. However, for the benefit of those who have neither the patience nor the intelligence to understand those pregnant lines (good word that), I just want to say to you boys who are graduating, that I'm sorry to see you go and I hope I'll see you again, and if I don't—farewell,—preserve always the traditions of your old Alma Mater—and God be with you.

This is, as I said, the Commencement issue. It is written for, and in the main by, the graduates. It contains, as you will see, speeches delivered by representatives of the various departments at the Commencement. The essays are also by graduates. One of them, "International Socialism," written by James B. Durkin, won the gold medal in the annual essay contest sponsored by the Kappa Sigma Phi fraternity. We are also printing, for the first time in the history of the Duquesne Monthly I believe, the complete programme of the Commencement and the list of graduates. Since Duquesne has produced no year-book this year, I hope that our Commencement Issue of the Duquesne Monthly may, in some measure, make up for this lack by giving the graduates some small reminder of their graduation day.

Not only is this the Commencement issue, but also the second issue of the Duquesne Monthly in the hands of the

present staff. We wish to thank all those who have been tendering us their compliments and their criticisms on our first issue. We feel that we have aroused your interest and your co-operation. Keep it up. Remember our slogan, "A bigger and better Monthly."

If in any way I have injured the tender feelings of our new columnist, I humbly apologize. He is pained that I have mistaken his column for a humor column. He claims that it is not, and after reading it most of us will agree with him. By the way, how do you like "See Breezes"? Most people think it is great, though why I cannot see.

And now I can feel vacation's languorous lassitude creeping over me. I am possessed by an almost irresistible longing to lock away my typewriter and my pencils in my desk, and to lose the key for several months. But before I do, however, let me thank all those who have helped us thus far—and let me wish all the laziest, happiest and jolliest vacation they could wish for.

Until next September—Au Revoir !!

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

"Lindy" Provokes Thoughts



Y now we are thoroughly familiar with the escapades of one, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, late of the United States air mail service and more recently of "New York to Paris by air" fame. To indulge in a recital of this young man's history-making flight over the Atlantic, or to bring up any of his past glories would, indeed, be useless, for you have been shown them time and time again in the newspapers, in the news reels and by word of mouth. And you, undoubtedly, have had various thoughts emanating from thoughts of "Lucky" Lindy, as he has been affectionately named by his countless worshipers. Let me try to set forth some of these thought waves thus set in motion and see what they mean.

When we pick up our favorite daily news dispenser, we cannot but notice some mention of this courageous American, and we are led to wonder why the editor permitted so much to be printed. He did it because he had to, not because it was

news, but because the readers wanted it. Lindy had captivated the hearts of the world and everyone wanted to read of his deeds. In this phase of Lindy's acclaim, we see the wonderful power of the press; we can see the immensity of its scope; we can see that newspapers exert an influence on the language of the people. Writers of heads for the reporters' stories became hard pressed for short words, so they coined expressions to suit their needs. "We," "Our Hero," "Lindy," "Lucky," and other synonymous expressions have become common already to a host of newspaper readers. More copy was written on Lindbergh than on any other human that ever trod this earth. As high as seven columns of an eight column page were printed on the front page of many dailies, let alone what was printed on inside pages.

Aside from these cold, material things of life, the higher, finer, more idealistic characteristics of human existence were brought out by this flight of Lindbergh. It was the homage which he paid his mother and the strong bond of feeling that seemed to exist between them. It is a story for every American to take heed of—that this man, given honors never before showered on a human being, still has a great respect and love for his mother. His first thought on landing in Paris was of her, and she was praying every minute for his success. She knew he could not fail, she had confidence in her son. And what a beautiful gift of God—this love of mother and son. It is a story in itself.

As these two loved one another, so did the peoples of the world take to the air hero. Those cities in Europe did not have a chance to see Lindbergh's mother or they would have accepted her just as they had her illustrious son. Washington, New York and St. Louis never saw a greater celebration, and in New York, the honor paid "Lucky" was equivalent to the monster demonstration when the Armistice was signed. These demonstrations symbolized the American's hero-worship; it is a racial characteristic. But we are led to ask, "How long will it last?"

Then in Lindbergh himself we see the embodiment of an ideal hero. He is a man unaffected by the worshipping throngs. In fact, from the pictures we see of him, we feel that he is somewhat bored by the honor lavished upon him. He has the happy faculty of making speeches short and sweet, but yet full of much meaning. Furthermore, the Colonel gives credit where credit is due, and that is why we have a new

corporation, "we" by name. He is a true Viking, for the manner in which he endured the solitude of his thirty-six hour flight on a lone ham sandwich was heroic. He made the flight in the interest of aviation and not for any commercial gain, and to find a prominent public figure free from this sordid attachment in this day and age is a blessing. Truly, Lindbergh is a hero and a man.

Further thought is aroused when we try to visualize the future of not only Lindbergh, but his work as well. In his honor, the government has already issued 15,000,000 air mail stamps, which Postmaster General New thinks will net the United States \$750,000, or 50 per cent profit, because stamp purchasers will keep them as souvenirs. Imagine what interest this air mail pilot has created for his former means of livelihood.

Lindbergh's trip across the Atlantic and his subsequent actions are a novel in themselves. It is a novel of an idealistic kind. If idealists have a good influence on life, then Lindy himself has an excellent chance of improving life. If any young man tries to copy the life of Lindbergh, imagine what it means for future generations. If Lindbergh is a criterion of the generation now arising, imagine what it means for the universe, and then how can anyone decry the generation now coming into its own? Youth has a battle on its hands, and has always had one, but at last it is exerting itself supremely. Heretofore, it was the older generation who were accomplishing things, but now we have a new turn of events and Youth leads while others follow.

All these things we think of when we think of the world's most famous Colonel, and others will think of still better things than I have brought out. Then why should we not pay homage to the man of the hour, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, a St. Louis citizen, a descendant of his Scandinavian ancestors, and one of America's most illustrious sons?

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

Duquesne Day by Day

THE Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity just had a birthday; more than that, a birthday party. On June 23, the members celebrated their first anniversary with a supper dance at the South Hills Country Club. In the one short year of its existence, this fraternity has advanced by leaps and bounds. Increasing its membership, holding several successful dances, and donating the Essay Contest medal, are only a few of its achievements. The fraternity and all its members are a credit to the school, and judging by the start it has made, should continue to be one for many years to come.

* * *

In recent years, Duquesne Fraternities have become such a prominent factor in school life that it would be unfair not to write of them in the news column. The Gamma Phi, which was one of the first, recently held its annual election for next year's officers. John D. Holohan, for two years manager of the varsity basketball team, and active in other movements, was elected to the office of president. We think, and hope, that he will be an excellent one. Joseph R. Cunningham will serve as vice-president. Gerald E. Scheib and J. Regis Meehan were chosen treasurer and secretary, respectively. The Monthly wishes them all the luck that four such capable men deserve.

* * *

Every year, the Pharmics hold what they are pleased to call a "soiree." The plan is a good one, and this year, with Jock Rosenberg as chairman, the affair was even more successful than their first one. Jock learned how to keep things moving on the basketball floor, and he carried this executive ability to the soiree, so not a dull moment marred the evening. While speaking of the Pharmics, it would not be amiss to remark that they intend to celebrate their third anniversary on April 20, 1928, with open school.

* * *

In keeping with the plan of starting a new department in the University every year, it is announced that a School of Education will be begun next year. The names of the

Dean and Faculty of the new school have not yet been disclosed. The opening of this new department will be another big step in Duquesne's advancement. In September, 1925, the School of Pharmacy was opened, and last year, the School of Music. Both have been highly successful. If these can be accepted as criteria, the Department of Education should offer further encouragement to the Very Reverend President and the others who are trying so hard to put Duquesne University where she rightfully belongs—foremost among colleges in Western Pennsylvania.

* * *

The first annual essay contest for the Kappa Sigma Phi medal was won by James B. Durkin, a senior in the College of Arts. Ever since coming to Duquesne, he has been an honor student, and has shown exceptional brilliance in English. His versatility is proven by his work in class, on the stage, in student activities, and as an orator. Duquesne is sorry to lose such a man, but at the same time, proud to graduate one. This reward, coming as a climax to four years of hard work, is a deserved one, and the school is glad that he was the one to win it.

* * *

The Sophomore Class of the College of Arts held its first social function, a smoker, in the French Room of the Hotel Schenley, on June 1. The entire class was on hand, and the affair was a decided success from every point of view. Music was furnished by Wittig's Blue Circle Orchestra. It was so good that it attracted people from other parts of the hotel. John C. Stafford, president of the class, was in charge of the arrangements and was assisted by Albert Ondeka and Regis Amrhein. A luncheon and a program of vocal and oratorical selections completed the evening's amusement. Paul A. Nee was toastmaster.

* * *

On Friday, June 10, the Duquesne Glee Club put on a half hour radio concert, over station WCAE. The Glee Club, which now consists of thirty members, was under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dewe, D.Lit. Three groups of songs were given, a college group, a humorous group, and a serious group. Miss Eleanor Brendel, student from the Music School, was the accompanist of the evening. From all reports, the initial appearance of the Glee Club over the air was a decided success.

The last semester examinations in the College of Arts began on Wednesday, June 15, and closed three days later. The results of the examinations were made known and honor-cards and certificates were given out in the new gymnasium on Tuesday morning, June 21. The honor men are as follows: College of Arts—C. O. Rice, D. F. Abele, J. C. Thompson; J. P. Desmond, M. A. Dravecky, L. G. Minewiser; T. F. Henninger, J. Murphy, C. Mullan. Premedical Department—G. E. Zukovich, R. V. O'Neill, J. F. Demaria; F. Mudzinski, R. E. Philpott, J. F. Dreier.

* * *

The High School Department on Sunday, June 20, graduated ninety-five students from the Academic, Commercial and Scientific Departments. The exercises were held at 3 o'clock in the new gymnasium. The program consisted of orations by class leaders in each of the three schools and music by the orchestra and glee club. Over the stage hung a very large flag, the gift of the Academic graduates to their school. The presentation was made by James F. Morgan. William C. Backowski and William P. Weirauch, both of the Academic class, were respectively salutatorian and valedictorian. Victor B. Berini spoke for the Scientific Class and Arthur L. Holohan for the commercial class. The Rev. John F. Malloy presented the candidates for diplomas and the recipients of the medals. The complete list of graduates and medalists is as follows:

HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ROLL

COMMERCIAL

Ladislaus Thomas Benz	Arthur Lewis Holohan
Andrew Lewis Funtal	Elmer Joseph Lutz
Mieczyslaw Stanislaus Golebiewski	Andrew Regis Smeaton
William John Winter	

SCIENCE

Victor Benjamin Berini	Regis John Hoffmann	Paul Charles Swiech
Richard Thomas Cleary	Edward George Krasinski	George Nevin Thomas
Charles Joseph Haney	Adam Edward Quider	Martin Frederick Walsh, Jr.
	Andrew Thomas Slaine	

ACADEMIC

William Charles Baczkowski	Francis Hilary Boslett	Edward Aloysius Cosgrove
Thomas Francis Barrett	Edward Louis Breinig	Michael Francis Costello
Joseph Francis Battung	Thomas Robert Brennan	John Cornelius Dawson
Samuel Clarence Bower	Edward Joseph Burke	Franklin Vincent Deet
Herman Charles Baumann	Henry Patrick Burke	Dennis Joseph Doran
Leon Joseph Blackston	John Francis Burns	James Thomas Doran
Alvin Francis Blockinger	John Robert Callahan	Cornelius John Finneran

Stephen Anthony Flandro
 Joseph George Franz
 Gerard Paul Hammill
 Holger Reynold Hedstrom
 Paul Francis Henry
 Joseph John Hickly
 George William Hobson
 Paul Damian Hogan
 Michael Joseph Horgan
 Charles Francis Huckestein
 John Joseph Jablonski
 Ernest M. Johnson
 Theodore Vincent Kapsch
 John Clement Kelleher
 James Patrick Kilkeary
 Joseph Leon Kruk
 Leon Kupiec
 Vincent Martin Leonard
 Joseph Stanley Lubas
 Robert Francis McCloskey
 John Charles McDonnell
 James Francis Regis McGinley
 Thomas O'Brien McLaughlin
 Henry Haas McGlinchey
 Norman Michael Mackin
 Walter Albert Mahler
 William Charles Mahler, Jr.
 Joseph Clair Maloney

Arthur Regis Manion
 Joseph Theodore Meny
 Raymond Franklin Merkel
 James Francis Morgan
 Francis Regis Mudler
 Joseph Gerald Murphy
 Arthur Joseph O'Connor, Jr.
 Emmet Anthony Niederberger
 James Hanlon Nugent
 John Pirhalla, Jr.
 John Lawrence Pulnar
 Francis William Quinn
 Francis Joseph Rooney
 Imrich Vincent Rozboril
 James Francis Ryan
 Frederick Joseph Sauer
 Regis Marion Scanlon
 Francis Xavier Schillo
 Isidor Joseph Schwartz
 Thomas Joseph Shannon
 Charles Francis Shields
 Francis Joseph Shiring
 William Lee Showalter
 Michael Earl Smith
 Henry Benz Stafford
 William Paul Weirauch
 Edward Francis David White
 William Cluse Zeuger

MEDALISTS

SILVER MEDAL for Elocution I., JACK C. HUGHES
 SILVER MEDAL for Elocution II., WILLIAM F. FRAWLEY
 SILVER MEDAL for Elocution III., JAMES F. DEVINE
 SILVER MEDAL for Elocution IV., EDWARD A. COSGROVE
 GOLD MEDAL for Excellence, Commercial Department, MIECKSLAW S. GOLEBIEWSKI
 GOLD MEDAL for Excellence, Science Department, CHARLES J. HANEY
 GOLD MEDAL for Excellence, Academic Department, WILLIAM C. BACKOWSKI
 GOLD MEDAL for Excellence, Academic Department, LEON KUPIEC

PROGRAMME

Tone Poem—"Finlandia" (Sibelius)-----Orchestra
 Salutatory-----William C. Baczowski
 Address—"The Scientific Mind"-----Victor B. Berini
 Overture—"Don Juan"-----Orchestra
 Address—"Commercial Credit and Honor"-----Arthur L. Holohan
 Songs—"Lead Kindly Light" (Kuhn) "The Heavens Show
 the Glory" (Beethoven)-----Glee Club

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS

Address-----Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., LL.D., President
 Valedictory—"The Romance of American History"-William P. Weirauch
 Priests' March from "Athalia" (Mendelssohn)-----Orchestra
 Director of Orchestra—Professor Joseph A. Rauterkus, B. Mus.
 Director of Glee Club—Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, D.Litt.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

The forty-ninth annual commencement was held on Wednesday, June 22, at Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The largest class in the history of Duquesne received their diplomas from the Right Reverend Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh. That this class was not only the biggest but the best is evidenced by the fact, that in the conferring of B.A. degrees, three special mentions were made. Patrick W. Rice received the mention of "summa cum laude"; Thomas J. Quigley and Cyril J. Vogel each received the mention of "magna cum laude." These gentlemen are, respectively, the former Day by Day editor, the former Sporting editor, and the former Editor-in-chief of the Duquesne Monthly. We, of the present Monthly staff, take this opportunity of congratulating them; and of squaring our shoulders complacently and bathing in the effulgent light of their glory. We, furthermore, congratulate the other graduates and wish them the best of luck in the future.

Two hundred and one diplomas were conferred, ten honorary degrees and six medals. The complete programme and list of graduates is as follows:

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

Tone Poem—"Finlandia"—(Sibelius) -----Orchestra
Latin Salutatory-----Thomas J. Quigley
Economics Oration—
 "A New Wage Policy in the United States?"--Daniel J. Dailey
Overture—"Don Juan"—(Mozart) -----Orchestra
Lawyer's Oration—"The Obligation of the Law"----Richard H. Wood
Song—"The Heavens Show the Glory"—(Beethoven)-----Glee Club

CONFERRING OF MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

Address—

Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, Chancellor
Valedictory—"The Legacy of the Past"-----Patrick W. Rice
Priests' March from Athalia"—(Mendelssohn)-----Orchestra
Director of Orchestra—Professor Joseph A. Rauterkus, B.A. in Music
Director of Glee Club—Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, D.Lit.

GRADUATES, 1927

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS

Bachelor of Commerce:

Erwin P. Brender

Joseph E. Burke

John J. Rizzo

Bachelor of Science in Economics

Edward Franklin Adams
David Simpson Anservitz
Stephen Barnes
Abraham Alexander Bluestone
A. Ford Boucher
James Howard Brennan
Katherine Butler
James Albert Cole
Abe Eugene Corn
James Francis Creighton
Daniel Joseph Dailey
John Bernard DiGiorno
Owen John Dwyer
Bryan C. S. Elliott
Sam Eisenstat
Joseph F. Fallon
J. Paul Farrell

Elizabeth Fleming
James Orlando Hackett
Leo P. Haller
George Patrick Haney
L. L. Hammond
Emma Hood
Joseph J. Johnston
Ben Katzen
Sam Robert Keller
James Desmond Kennedy
Harry Labovitz
Ursula Kane Link
Samuel William Listenes
Frank M. Loebig
Louis Lockhart
James Michael McIntyre
Marcella Rose McNamamy

Ralph Mirabal
James W. Martindill
Louis J. Modispacher
Michael L. Moll
Frank G. Mulloy
J. Carroll O'Donnell
William James O'Donnell
Harry Clark Ploeger
Daniel S. Powell
Saul Lawrence Rubin
Leonard Shapiro
Albert Shiring
Joseph Johnston Stephens
Elizabeth Loretta Swords
Arthur Ung
Harold J. Venger
Albert Paul Viragh

FALL TERM GRADUATE

Bachelor of Science in Economics

B. A. Scheinholtz

COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

Bachelor of Science:

Francis V. Bielski
Regis Francis Burger
Paul John Dunn
William Logue Flanagan
Marcus Hanna Flinter
Joseph Aloysius Gilmartin
Edward Stanley Graff

James Francis Harrigan
Michael J. Hayden
Sister M. Norberta Hoffman
Philip Harold Isacco
Sister M. Baptista Jochum
William Anthony King
Edward J. Lang

James L. Murphy
Sister M. Salome Nolte
Robert Edward Phlpott
Joseph Charles Schifano
Sister M. Mildred Selzer
Cyril James Shiring

FALL TERM GRADUATE

Bachelor of Science

Sister M. Berchmans Shields

SCHOOL OF SPEECH ARTS AND DRAMA

Bachelor of Arts in Drama:

Mary Alice Walsh

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Bachelor of Arts in Music:

Sister M. Beatrix Keller

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Bachelor of Literature:

Sister M. Isabella Cisneros

Bachelor of Science in Education:

Sister M. Angelica Black

Sister M. Hilary Conrad

Bachelor of Arts

Stanislaus F. Anuszkiewicz	Sister M. Appollonia Menner
Sister M. Lucina Appel	Sister M. Emily Miller
Sister M. Cecilia Beck	Sister Alphonsus O'Brien
David Stephen Byrne	Sister Elizabeth S. M. O'Connor
James Joseph Campbell	Sister M. Laurentine Pauley
Mary Gertrude Caulfield	Francis Edward Pawlowski
Sister M. Teresa Cunningham	Sister M. Mathia Pfeil
Sister Dympna Deasy	James Thomas Philpott
Charles Francis Dolan	Thomas Joseph Quigley**
James Bernard Durkin	Sister M. Immaculata Raich
Thomas Daniel Durkin	Joseph Benedict Reardon
Sister M. Vincentia Endres	Patrick William Rice*
Sister M. Bernard Farrell	Maurice William Rihn
Sister M. Electa Glowienke	Robert Thomas Sandman
John Joseph Hannon	Sister M. Callista Schmidt
Sister M. Eustachia Hirschinger	Sister M. Xavier Slater
Sister M. Gertrude Ivory	Mark Joseph Stanton
Sister M. Edmund Jacob	Sister M. Callista Strauss
Sister M. Victorine Jacob	Eugene Charles Sullivan
Joseph Thomas Kilkeary	Sister Mary Agnes Swint
Anthony Kolodziej	Sister M. Francis Thompson
Sister M. Gabriel Langan	Cyril John Vogel**
Sister M. de Sales McCann	Sister M. Aquina Wacker
Charles Eugene McDonald	Esperance Walsh
Sister Joseph Therese McHugh	Sister Deo Cora Wehrheim
William Peter Maxwell	

*Summa cum laude

**Magna cum laude

FALL TERM GRADUATES

Bachelor of Arts

Henry A. Anderson	Sister M. Ildephonse Donnelly	William P. Shaughnessy
Sister Evangelista Brady	Sister Victorine Ellsworth	Sister M. Clare Sheehy
Raymond J. Buechel	Thomas P. Lynch	Sister M. Alberta Spinneweber

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Master of Arts:

Sister M. Grace Gilboy	Paul Gerard Sullivan	Edward J. Quinn
	Sister M. Angelique Schivnen	

SCHOOL OF LAW

Bachelor of Laws:

William A. Ashe, A.B., '20	James N. Fullerton, A.B., '24
Stephen William Biss	Edwin Goldberg
Lewis Day Brown	Rosella Golden
James F. Callagher, Jr.	Blair Frederick Gunther
Walter J. Callahan, B.S. in E., '24	Philip K. Hoerr, B.S. in E., '24
Joseph S. D. Christof	Herman C. A. Hofacker, B.S. in E., '25
Joseph Merrill Cohn	George R. Isherwood
Anthony M. Connelly, A.B., '24	Walter F. Kaufman, B.S., '24
Joseph R. Doherty, B.S. in E., '25	Esther Kochin, B.S. in E., '25
Frank T. Ebberts, B.S. in E., '25	John Joseph Laffey, A.B., '23
John Henry Evans	James J. Lawler
Edward Louis Feldman, B.S. in E., '25	Charles Pollock Lewis, B.S., '24
Martin A. Flanagan, B.S. in E., '25	Joseph P. McAteer
Charles Henry Fleming, B.S., '23	

Francis Patrick McDermott, B.S., '21, M.A., '25	Albert Pendleton, B.S., '23
Howard Clifford McElroy, A.B., '21	Wilbert D. Pinkerton
Lawrence Francis McGrath, B.S. in E., '24	Charles Joseph Portman, A.B., '25
Neice A. Malloy, A.B., '25	Bernard B. Phillips, B.S. in E., '25
James F. Malone, Jr.	Samuel Kniess Philips
William D. Markel, A.B., '20	Camillus A. Rogan, A.B., '25
Frank W. Marshall, B.S. in E., '23	Cyril F. Ruffennach, B.S. in E., '25
Louis Edward Meyer, B.S. in E., '25	Paul G. Schaefer
Dennis Joseph Mulvihill, A.B., '18	Henry Schor, B.S. in E., '25
James Claire Murray, A.B., '24	George Arpad Varady
Ernest George Nassar, B.S. in E., '25	Samuel A. Weiss, B.S. in E., '25
Earle W. Nolf, B.S. in E., '25	John A. Witt, B.S. in E., '25
Patrick Eugene O'Leary	Richard Heath Wood, B.El.En., '22
Oscar W. T. Peterson	Rosetta S. Young, A.B., '20

MEDALISTS

GOLD MEDAL for Proficiency in Studies and Athletics, donated by the Tri-State Conference, JAMES F. PHILPOTT

GOLD MEDAL for Excellence in the Pre-Medical Department, ROBERT E. PHILPOTT

GOLD MEDAL for English Essay, donated by the Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity, JAMES B. DURKIN

GOLD MEDALS for Oratory: CYRIL J. VOGEL, first honors

STANISLAUS F. ANUSZKIEWICZ
JAMES B. DURKIN
PATRICK W. RICE

GOLD MEDAL for General Excellence in the College of Arts, PATRICK W. RICE

HONORARY DEGREES

- (1) The Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on

Albert Joseph Bruecken, M.D.

Pathologist, St. Francis' Hospital, Pittsburgh

Brother Vincent John McInerney, A.B., A.M.

Professor of Chemistry, La Salle College, Philadelphia

- (2) The Degree of Doctor of Commercial Science was conferred on

Clarence Cameron Kochenderfer, A.M.

Professor of Economics and Commerce, Duquesne University

Albert Bayard Wright, A.B., M.A. in E., M.A. in Pol. Sc.

Professor of Economics, Duquesne University

- (3) The Degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on

Rev. Paul Edward Campbell, LL.D.

Superintendent of Parochial Schools, Diocese of Pittsburgh

Right Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B., D.D., LL.D.

Archabbot, President, St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.

- (4) The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on

Michael Thomas Carey, Ph.B., A.M., Attorney-at-Law

Professor of Commercial Law, University of Pennsylvania

Rev. John Francis Enright, A.B., '99
Rector, St. Bede's, Pittsburgh

Rev. James J. McGuane
Rector, St. John's, Noroton, Conn.

Rev. Leo L. Meyer, A.B., '99
Rector, St. Mary's, McKees Rocks, Pa.

Harry F. Stambaugh, LL.B.
Professor of Corporations and Constitutional Law, Duquesne University

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., President of the University, stated that the programme brought to a close the Commencement exercises that occupied the Faculty and students since the preceding Sunday.

During the past school year, Duquesne University had registered 3,071 students in all the departments. One hundred and seventeen lecturers and professors were employed in teaching this large body of students. Some 250 teachers, from the public and parochial schools, took courses on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Many of these are going to attend the summer school. The majority of these teachers have obtained state certificates, and they are now working to secure the A. B. and the A. M. degrees, according to a definite programme mapped out for them by the University authorities.

Father Hehir concluded his brief address by stating how all thinking men of the United States clamored for the need of teaching religion to the youth of the country. This he confirmed by saying that many states had legislated, in recent years, to allow children out of the public schools during class hours to receive religious instruction in their respective churches; and President Coolidge, on two occasions during the past year, asserted that religious teaching is a matter of vital importance in order to have good members of society and good loyal citizens.

This necessity of religious education has been emphasized recently by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, and the spokesman of Pope Pius XI. In writing to the President of the Italian Federation of Catholic men in Italy, he asserts that the Catholic school is among the first of social agencies and that the educational programme of the Federation will be vital in the preparation of the best citizens for her civil communities.

Right Rev. Bishop Boyle, Chancellor of the University, spoke in part as follows:

"It is my pleasant task each year at the close of the graduation exercises to offer, officially and formally, on behalf of the University, its congratulations to the ever-increasing group of young men and women who receive degrees at its hands. I want to stress at the outset the great service rendered by the University to them and to the community in preparing them for their part in the life of to-day. After they have been for a while under its benign and wholesome tutelage, it offers them, equipped for civic duty and social service, to the city and the commonwealth.

"The University is proud of its work, but it is not content with its work. It rightly believes that there is no greater bar to progress than complacency in one's achievements. Hence, it desires to see the present student body grow still more, and it plans to establish courses of the same high standard as those now operated, in education, journalism, dentistry and medicine. And it would have its graduates cherish this wholesome discontent with past accomplishments. Once a student entertains the idea that he has done all he can do, growth has ceased.

"I desire also to congratulate those men and women in the audience whose efforts and sacrifices have made graduation possible for these on the stage; and to say how highly I esteem the self-denying and self-effacing qualities that have marked their well-nigh hidden cooperation in the graduates' education. It is a pity we have not some sort of diploma for the fathers and mothers.

"To the graduates I say: Observe the ethics of your calling; live up to the ideal with which the University faculty has striven to imbue you. These things attended to, you cannot fail to be successful and blessed by God."

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.





See Breezes

Spring



AIN, poignant and pathetic, was our portion on the first of last month when, as is our wont, we glanced through the Monthly and found that after we had written several pages in all seriousness, and handed them to the editor, that same editor had read them and then sate himself down and written an editorial, the chief purport of which seemed to be, "Aha! Now we have a humor column!" And lest there be any doubt as to which column he meant, he mentioned "See Breezes," amid many dirty slams. Now, personally, it seemed to us that if there was any humor column in that issue of the Monthly, it was Mr. Martin Mooney's attempt at poetry, entitled, if we remember correctly—we probably don't—"Excuse It, Please." However, that is neither here nor there. The point we wish to make is, that we do not wish our efforts on these pages, terrible though they might be, to be considered a humor column. It is rather our aim to discuss in an idle sort of fashion, the things which college students might be supposed (by persons who don't know college students, of course) to discuss in their better moments, such as literature, drama, the fine arts, the philosophy of Schopenhauer, or what-have-you; or in their worse moments, such as—well, this is one of our better moments just now. Anyhow, we don't wish to feel obliged to write humorously if the day is dark and gloomy and we have indigestion; and we won't.

* * *

Balmy breezes, so they say, bring the wanderlust, and this being so, it is not to be wondered at that what few moments of the days immediately preceding the close of school, the Dukes spent at the theatre, they spent at the Aldine, where some dizz, one Benny Rubin, wandered from Pittsburgh to Shanghai, Spain, and a very real land called Jazzmania, in rapid succession, accompanied by a couple of orchestras and some motion pictures that were nothing to write home or anywhere else about; we, therefore, will not discuss

them here. (Note: The foregoing constitutes our theatrical review for this month. Espanol! Denk you.)

* * *

In accordance with our usual custom, we reprint herewith the following items from the Duquesne Fluke. These items were intended for the "Duquesne Day by Day" column, but Mr. Ralph Lochinvar Hayes was nowhere to be found, and they were therefore thrown our way.

Dean Balloon Has Fit.—Dean Balloon, of the Druggists' School, it was announced, after trying on several hats at Truly Warner's last week, finally found one which comfortably rested on his cranium and left the emporium with the top-piece in his possession.

Father Bryan Stops Drinking.—Rev. Stephen Bryan, C.S.Sp., Professor of Latin and Greek, recently found several students in the College of Arts lined up at the fountain on the third floor of Canevin Hall, after the second bell had rung. Father Bryan immediately stopped the drinking, it was reported, and sent the offenders to their classrooms.

Joe Mulvihill Engaged.—The news has leaked out that Joe Mulvihill, A. B., '28, has been for some time engaged in teaching Sunday School for the Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Joe says that he likes the work and intends to remain at it.

C. S. M. C. Head Resigns.—Rev. Edward Quinn, C.S.Sp., Dean of the local unit of the C. S. M. C., was compelled to resign a few days before school closed by Mr. J. Balzer Dawson, a high school student who has since graduated. Mr. Dawson, it is alleged, contrary to his usual custom, applied to Father Quinn for a billet extending permission to be absent from the campus during lunch hour. Father Quinn, according to bystanders, was taken by complete surprise, and granted the request. Mr. Dawson, thereupon, started down the hill in a driving rain without an umbrella, and carrying the billet in his hand; but after having progressed some distance, he noticed that the rain had played havoc with Father Quinn's fountain-pen-ink, so that his signature was scarcely discernible. Mr. Dawson therefore returned immediately and had Father Quinn resign the billet.

Summer

Between the last issue of the Monthly and this one we have had what some people refer to as a solstice, bringing with it a change of seasons. Nor is that the only change. In the life of every educational institution a distinct period has ended. Many fellows have gone from Duquesne who will never return. It is not a bit unreasonable to think that we shall never see some of them again. Now such a thought might very well either elate or depress one, but for some reason or other it rather depresses us. During the brief period of our acquaintance we managed to get the impression that they were very much all-right.

* * *

The hot weather is upon us. Heavy morning. Parched afternoons. Sultry nights. Flies. Fans. Perspiration. Sun-daes. Summer work and summer play. Baseball. Motoring. Swimming. Boating. Canoeing . . . in the moonlight . . . on the Ganges. . . or the Allegheny, Monongahela, Ohio . . .

In the mellow twilight of any of these warm evenings, we have found it possible to be quite thrilled by the dancing reflections of the lights and the re-echoing shrieks of the cal-lope on the "Homer Smith," as she stirs gently, making ready to be off down the river towards the point where a few red streaks in the sky show that the sun has just hidden itself somewhere down there. We are reminded of the day when the "Cotton Blossom Floating Palace Theatre" must have passed these same shores; a day marked by greater loneliness, perhaps, but certainly by more natural grandeur and sublimity.

* * *

Autumn

In the Fall, autumn will be here, accompanied, as usual, by football. Elmer Layden, our new Athletic Director, flew over Pittsburgh in an airplane last week in order to overlook the football situation at Duquesne. He is said to have decided that the team can stand strengthening in several positions, and on that account asked Father Dodwell to make any and all trades that might prove beneficial. Father Dodwell immediately asked waivers of all Tri-State Conference teams on Velar, Scally, Donelli, Charles McDonald, Joe McDonald, Steamer Flanagan and Hubil Fitzgerald. Just what the ultimate destina-

tion of these men may be, nobody knows, but rumors, like New York to Paris planes, are flying thick and fast. If waivers are obtained, and no trades can be effected, they will probably be farmed out to teams in the Parochial High School League, or possibly Penn State, which has already shown some liking for taking Duquesne players without the formality of waivers. Duffs, Iron City, Curry, and Nossokoff's Barber College have already extended unsatisfactory bids, according to Father Dodwell. Geneva offered a straight swap of Cal Hubbard for Velar, Scally, and Donelli, but Duquesne, having no track team, was unable to use him. McMillan then offered Ollie Harris; Father Dodwell complained that he has only a few more years of football left in him, but agreed to the swap provided McMillan would take Joe McDonald, in addition to the other three; Bo flatly refused and negotiations ceased. Things are now at a standstill, but Seton Hill has shown quite a bit of interest in Joe, and seems to have some claim on him, so he will probably go there. This will assure a greatly improved team next year. Latest dispatches have it that the ever-busy Father Dodwell has now opened negotiations with P. C. W., seeking to trade Jake Olko, left-handed tennis addict, and John McKenna, an also left-handed pitcher, for one good two-handed piano-player.

* * *

Another Fall feature you don't want to miss will be the next Monthly, appearing on the news stands, provided that the owners of the news stands don't notice it, on October 1st. This will be a bigger and better Monthly than ever, in case it contains more pages and better material. Even "See Breezes" may be good, as Mr. John Lambert will spend the summer in New York, viewing the latest productions, and we may therefore have some first-hand information about the New York stage for you. Of course, regarding Mr. Lambert, there remains the question, "How Ya Gonna Keep Him Up on the Bluff, After He's Seen Broadway?" But we may, and if we do, for these and other reasons, **Don't Miss the October Monthly.**—Adv.

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.

Alumni Notes



N Saturday, June 4, at the St. Bonaventure Seminary, Allegany, N. Y., Father James S. Garahan was ordained to the holy priesthood. On the following day, at St. Canice's Church, Knoxville, he sang his first Solemn High Mass. Then on Tuesday, he celebrated the weekly student's Mass for us in the University Chapel.

While yet a student, Father Garahan was constantly vexed by unfavorable circumstances. Several interruptions in the pursuit of his studies, coming at the most inopportune moments, were the cause to him of the loss of over two years. One of these interruptions was in the form of a period of service to his country during the war. Notwithstanding the difficulties that seemed to bar his way, he succeeded in finishing his High School course, and had taken two years of college here at Duquesne when he decided to matriculate at St. Bonaventure's. While with us he was a leader in every line of endeavor, having served for a period at Student Manager of Athletics. He has also been at all times a very loyal Alumnus; he has been Student, Soldier, Alumnus, and Priest.

* * *

Strikingly parallel to the student career of Father Garahan has been that of Father Leo McIntyre, who, on Sunday, June 5, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at the Church of the Resurrection, Brookline. He, too, like Father Garahan, has been a victim of circumstances. After having completed his High School and College courses, he was stricken ill and was forced to move to a more favorable climate. He took up his residence in the State of Colorado until he had recovered his health, upon which he returned to the struggle that was necessary for him to undergo to realize his life's ambition. He entered the Seminary for the Diocese of El Paso, Texas, where he finally received Holy Orders.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

